MUSIC: STARS - 19 / FILM: SIN CITY - 42 / ARTS: THE UNLIKELY BIRTH OF ISTVAN - 45

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BERNER

An intoxicating conversation with the self-proclaimed Whiskey Rabbi [By Shannon Phillips] - 30



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ON THE COVER

Accordions and whiskey don't normally go together too well. Pour a bottle of Jack Daniels over the nearest squeezebox and you'll see what we mean—the liquor gets inside the folding part, it eats the finish off the casing and once it dries it makes the keys horribly foul and sticky. But somehow Geoff Berner makes the combination work wonders; Shannon Phillips talks to the self-proclaimed "Whiskey Rabbi" and finds out his secret • 30

FRONT

Got MLK?: Ho Che Anderson on his biographical comix epic King • 5



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Miller's crossover:
Sin City makes the leap to the big screen • 42



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Puppet regime: the Old Trout troupe spawns The Unlikely Birth of Istvan • 45



Win Ralph Klein's money

Mayor Mandel says province has shown new willingness to dispense money to Edmonton

BY STEVEN SANDOR

have expounded on the need for both the federal and provincial government to reinvest in their cities.

In Alberta, where governmental bodies have historically obeyed the mantra of cutting back expenses, cities were often left with the unenviable task of going hat in hand to taxpayers in an attempt to make up funding shortfalls created by fiscal conservatism at the top levels of

government. But over the last two years, this has begun to change.

Last year, Alberta municipalities were thrilled to see themselves getting mentioned in both federal and provincial campaign promises; nevertheless, the 2004 provincial election still gave city officials in both Calgary and Edmonton reason to groan. The Tories, as they always do, won a strong majority, which never

NEWS

bodes well. But this time, the Klein government suffered heavy losses in the two major Alberta cities—a loss reflected in a cabinet staffed by a strong majority of rural politicians. Of the 25 Tories in cabinet, only two hail from Edmonton proper (education minister Gene Zwozdesky and

Hancock) and just seven more including Ralph Klein, represent Calgary ridings; rural cabinet members outnumber their urban partners by almost two to one.

But mayor Stephen Mandel says that, so far, the lopsided balance of power in the new Tory regime has given Edmonton no reason to worry

"So far, there has been response to the concerns of the larger municipalities," he says. "Really, the government has really stepped up there's a lot of money on the table and most of it is going to Edmonto and Calgary."

Edmonton is slated to get per capita infrastructure funding from the province over the next five years, based on 2006 population

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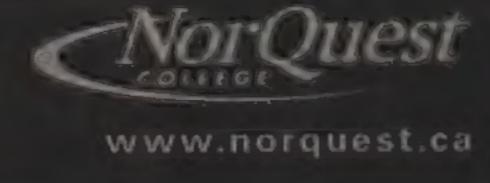
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- I drink socially.

 I'm in a rock band
- O My friend is in a rock band
- My rock band is playing tomorrow with my friends rock band
- U My girlfriend is Asian
- I My ex-girlfriends roommate is Asian
- I collect vinyl records
- I smash vinyl records

 I own 2 or more keyboards
- I own a vintage leather jacket
- I own at least one pair of 'cons'
- \$250 on a pair of pants
- I'm a vegetarian except for bacon
- I know what a 'keetar' is

I've worn a headband while not

- ☐ I own a delay pedal ☐ I own a vespa scooter
- playing tennis
- I've got a tattoo on my neck that says 'excelsior'
- D I'm a dj/artist
- I'm a singer/songwriter
- I'm a designer/illustrator

 I'm an illustrator/designer
- I shrug indifferently
- when someone says 'emo'

 I like post-punk but not post-post-punk

- Priends would describe by
- hairstyle as a 'Curtis'

 I shop at Value Village
- I'm a writer for a local paper

 I like professional wrestling
 but not internet porn

I play the guitar but want

I run an independent label

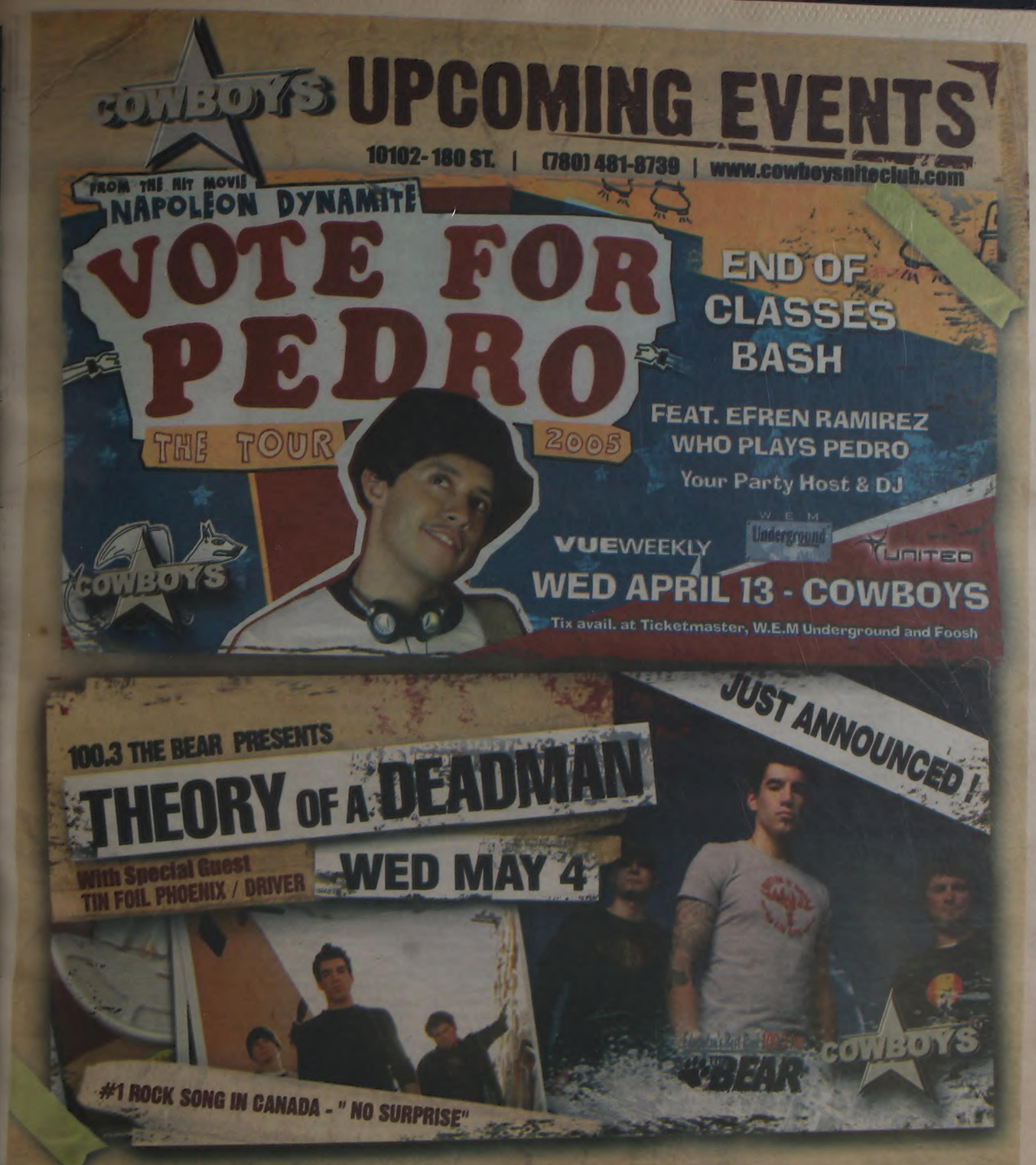
- to play the drums but want to play the guitar
- I own at least one ironic
 70's t-shirt
 I live in a basement suite
- I live in a basement suite
- trucker hats were trendy

 My Visa is maxed
- I'm spending my student loan

 I know the barstaff intimately



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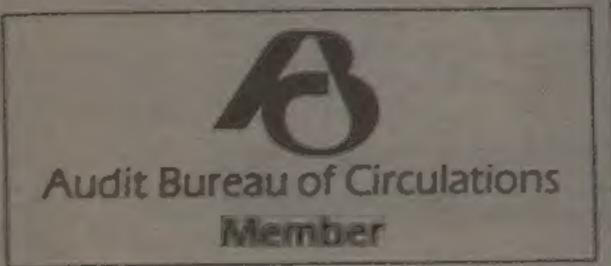
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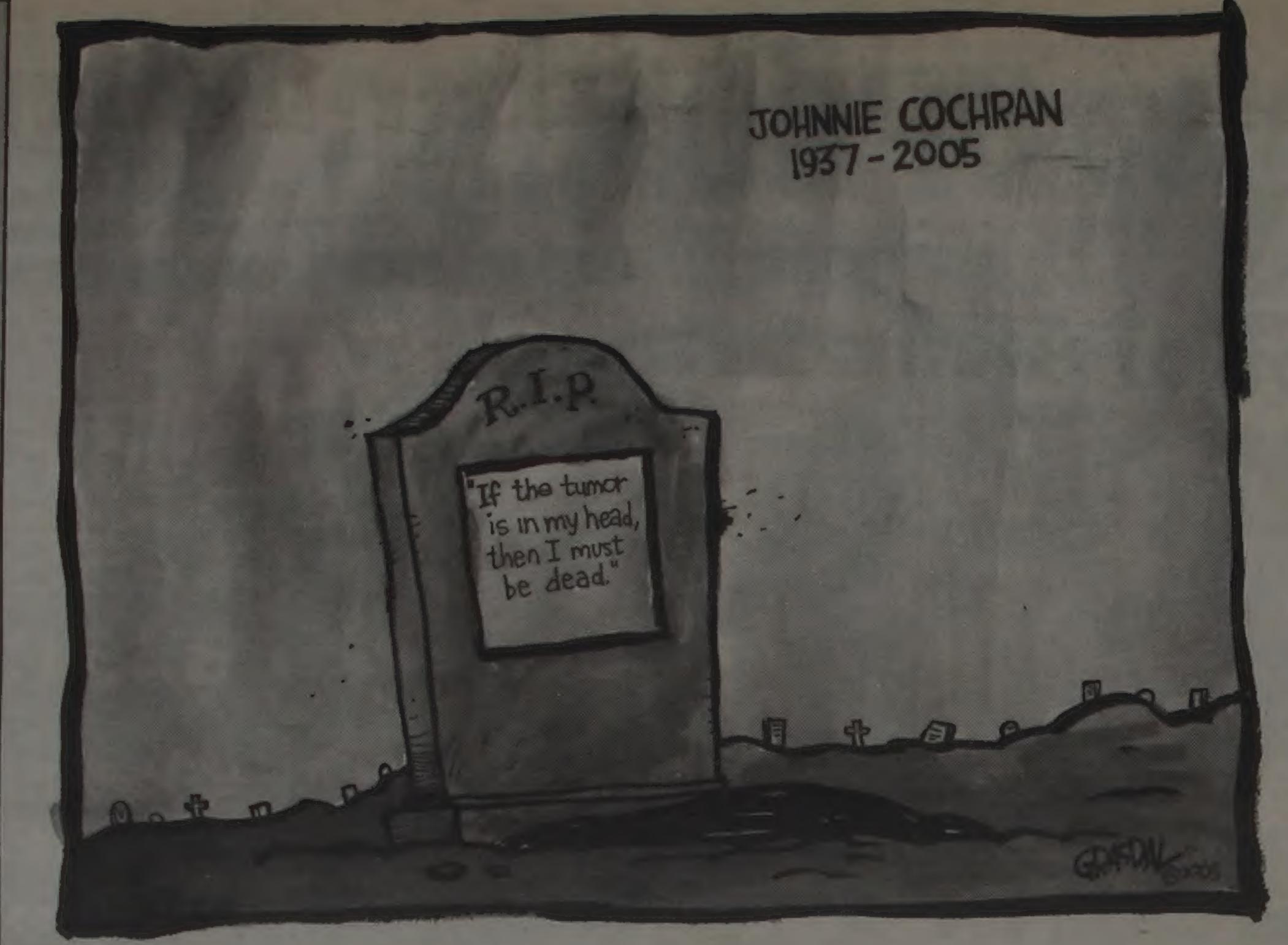
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BY CHRIS BOUTET

FOOD REGULATIONS!

Let's face it: when it comes to the type of news that tends to dominate headlines in Canada, proposed changes to the regulation standards of food and drugs just ain't one of them. I mean, how could food regulation news possibly compete with such sexy news items as the rift in the Commons over the federal budget, or even that least darling of history's media darlings, Terri Schiavo? (Although, I suppose, one could argue that the Schiavo story is also one about food regulation... but uh, yeah. Funny?)

But that, of course, doesn't mean that nothing's happening: in fact, according to the Canadian Press, a new "smart regulation" initiative unveiled by Treasury Board president Reg Alcock earlier this week has critics worried that Canada is prepared to sign away its sovereignty and widely adopt U.S. standards for food, drug and environment safety.

Over the next five years, says the CP, Alcock's office plans to conduct a complete review of rules governing how crops are grown, how foods are labelled, how drugs are approved and how industrial projects are assessed for environmental impact in Canada. The review will be largely based on recommendations made by an advisory committee struck in 2003, which in its report to Prime Minister Paul Martin called for a reduction in the number of Canadianmade regulations. "The emergence of global markets and the need to co-operate in managing international problems

means that country-specific solutions are increasingly less effective," says the report. "Canada should develop its own regulatory requirements only when they are necessary in order to meet national goals and values." The report goes on to add that "if the approach of key trading partners meets Canadian standards for protection, their approach should be adopted," a statement that some suggest will lead to widespread adoption of American standards, which in turn could have a major impact on the sale of genetically modified foods and the future shape of agriculture.

Most critics, however, fear that Canada is too eager to integrate itself into the American economy. "Canadian regulations will increasingly be aligned with American ones to facilitate the so-called deep integration of Canada's economy with America's," said David Coon, policy director of the Conservation Council of New Brunswick, in an interview with the CP. "The belief by Canadians that government should protect their health, safety and environment against the drive to accumulate wealth is under siege."

LABOUR DISPUTES!

Hey, remember the absence of that game called hockey that everyone's still supposed to be sad about? Yeah, me neither. But prepare to get really excited anyhow, former hockey fans, as TSN reported Monday that National Hockey League officials have filed an "unfair labour practices" complaint against the Players' Association with the U.S. National Labour Relations Board—a move which appears to be the first step towards sidestepping the union and using replacement players to save next season.

Without naming any sources, TSN reported that the complaint is directed at a union policy which stipulates that any NHLPA member who became a replacement player must repay lockout funds received from the union. The union stipend is reportedly \$10,000 a week.

Replacement players will likely be discussed when the NHL board of governors meets April 20. The owners could try and set up a 2005/06 season with players willing to go against the union and join other replacements in the league. TSN also reported that the union, meanwhile, has indicated that it would decertify any agent who makes a deal for a player to serve as a replacement without a deal in place, which will probably lead to a second grievance being filed.

Come on, hockey fans—replacement players! That means we can finally start paying big-league prices again for... well, a mid-league quality game, probably. But hey: as Vue layout manager Sean Rivalin just suggested to me, maybe all those European hockey players who lost their jobs to NHL strikers will finally have a place to play.

COPYRIGHT LAWS!

Hey, you! The guy downloading all that music and shit-stop it! Christ, man, haven't you heard? The Canadian government proposed several copyright amendments on Monday that would serve to crack down on file sharing, which means what you're doing is... illegal. Or, you know, will be. Someday.

According to reports from the webbased E-Commerce Times, the proposed amendments to the country's Copyright Act include legislation that will clarify liability for internet service providers, facilitate the use of the internet for educational and research purposes and harmonize the treatment of photographers with that of other creators. But most of all, it'll finally allow the poor, beaten-down-yet-totally-massive music industry to finally get what's coming to it: your money.

"This is terrific news," said Canadian Recording Industry Association president Graham Henderson of the announcement. "Canada is one step closer to having a copyright law that will reflect the realities of the digital marketplace and allow the music industry to prosper." 0

BY RAYMOND BIESINGER

All over the tube

"Schiavo in 'last hours," read a frontpage headline, and CBC Radio 1, too, did its part to make Terri Schiavo a household name in the upper half of North America. Almost hourly, listeners were apprised of the status of her sustaining "feeding tube," forcing millions of Canadians into the kind of family fight they would wish to never be a part of. Fifteen years after having a heart attack and falling into what doctors describe as a "persistent vegetative state," the Florida mother of two has become the subject of a very public campaign by her parents to save her life from her husband.

Her family is convinced she'll beat distant odds and recover, if only given more of a chance. The husband? He claims his wife made clear that she would rather die than be incapacitated (as she very much currently is). Courts have sided with him many times over the years (he is her legal guardian, after all), but for their own reasons the Republicans are on her parents' side. And me? Well, I can't help but to think that this needn't have played out the way it did. Somewhere in the acres of newsprint dedicated to the case, one important question isn't being asked: why should we be privy to the Schiavo family's intensely personal battle?

Certainly, not all cases like this do go public. In 2002, an eerily similar case regarding the life of Edward Janzen ran through Ontario courts. When Janzen's guardian decided to withdraw his life support, his siblings sued, unsuccessfully. When the National Post solicited comments on the case, it was so obscure that even legal experts "hadn't heard of it."

Terri's parents, though, felt they had something to gain from going public with their story, and the Republicans wouldn't have taken up their cause without that happening. On the flip side, well, they still weren't granted guardianship, and as of press time, the feeding tube remains removed.

And I can't be a better judge of the situation than Michael Schiavo or Terri's parents, so I'll refuse to say whether that tube should be removed or be replaced. I also don't know who Schiavo was or the tremendous pain her suffering (or her death) would bring to those who clearly love her. But I do know that sometimes death has to be accepted when a life is seriously compromised, and millions of North Americans need not have been invited into Schiavo's Florida hospice room. And sometimes—like right now—I feel that getting an estate planner to start working on my living will would be a very good idea.

The man who would draw King

Ho Che Anderson releases a brand-new edition of his massive comics bio of Martin Luther King, Jr.

BY BRIAN GIBSON

In recent years, some of the best memoirs and histories have been illustrated allegories of the Holocaust (Art Spiegelman's two-volume Maus), stark reminiscences of post-Shah Iran (Marjane Satrapi's two-volume Persepolis), or an imaginative history of Canada's most famous rebel (Chester Brown's Louis Riel). Toronto artist Ho Che Anderson's three-volume series King is not only one of the riskiest, most visually eclectic and ultimately most rewarding works of them all, but the ambitious project suggests that comics can offer a truly kaleidoscopic, multifaceted view of the history of common struggles and revolutionary individuals.

The volumes, originally published in 1993, 2002 and 2003, trace King's childhood in Atlanta and his marriage to Coretta Scott, and then follow the great orator as he leads passiveresistance movements in the '50s and '60s to desegregate buses in Montgomery (after Rosa Parks's courageous refusal to sit in the Blacks Only section in the back) and then interstate buses, pushes Kennedy to sign the second Emancipation Proclamation, moves to Chicago and is assassinated in a Memphis hotel room in 1968. Along the way, Anderson raises questions about JFK's realpolitik versus MLK's passionate activism, reforming the democratic system from within, the black struggle today, and the value of reclaiming the "N" word.

Now, with material cut and substantial content added, including a different beginning and ending, Anderson's volumes have been collected in one book. King: A Comics Biography of Martin Luther King, Jr. caps a 14-year trek through creative peaks and valleys for the writer/illustrator. "It started out in—I guess it was 1989 or 1990. I was trying to break into the business and sent some samples to the publishers of Fantagraphics Books, and the publisher, Gary Groth, offered to publish a

which was a project called I
Want to Be Your Dog," Anderson explains over the phone
from his home in Toronto. "During this whole forcing the conversation Groth asked me if I was interest."

conversation Groth asked me if I was interested in taking on the King project."

The teenaged writer/illustrator eagerly seized the opportunity, approaching the project as though he were directing a film script, and he found the six months of research he undertook-reading books, watching documentaries—were surprisingly enjoyable. Soon, however, King proved far more of a challenge than he could have imagined. "The first volume was done in my early 20s," he says, "and I did it all in one go. Then I started to work on Volume Two, but that's when I kind of ran into trouble, because I was no longer living at home, I was out on my own, I had to make money, and doing King was just not paying any of my bills at all. So it took a long time to get the second book finished; it took seven or eight years to get that book done." Then, with more time and security, he got the third volume finished, like the first, in less than a year,

but of course his artistic style had changed after 10 years. "The third book is drastically different from the first, but if it was gonna get done, it was going to get done that way or not at all," he says.

The pages of the first volume of King are full of shadow-lined faces, and Anderson deftly uses ink lines, dots and blots to show expressions, crowds of people, a face being slapped, the spattering of blood on a sidewalk, the outlines of Manhattan at night, even pant creases. The second volume involves more colour, while some of the drawings are rougher and fiercer. At the March on Washington of August 1963, King, his face half-shadow and half-light, shimmers into focus as he faces the grey photo-backdrops of the rally's crowds, about to

give his famous speech. King's final volume unfolds in muted colours and hazy light, with sketches of geometric faces and marble,

mythic figures. The drawings of King, especially, seem to shift between realism and abstraction as the man approaches martyrdom.

ANDERSON BEGAN

with four scenes that covered blacks' racism, white cops' racial profiling and black-on-black violence. "My thinking, I suspect, at the time, was just to show that despite all these struggles that these people went through in the '60s," he explains, "things haven't progressed as far as I would

want them to. And the way
the book originally ended up
was going back to contemporary times and kind of rein-

forcing that point that we haven't gone as far as we'd like. The reason that stuff was dropped [for the book] was because, looking at it as a whole, it started to feel like a bit of a slap in the face to what King and his compadres had accomplished. Not to say that all their work was successful, but the book ended on such a down note and I wanted to show that there was some hope, that the work that they've done had had some impact and wasn't for naught."

All through King, though, Anderson takes a clear-eyed view of a flawed man who was a patriarchal husband and had many affairs. "Maybe an American would have taken more of a reverential tone," he muses. "I've got boatloads of respect for Martin Luther King, but I didn't grow up as a King devotee, he was just a dude whose name I knew from the 'I have a dream' speech. He was a name that I was aware of, but I didn't know the ins and outs of his story by any means. So I came to him with an unreverential eye, I came to him strictly willing to accept

whatever I found, good or bad.... I think he was aware of many of his flaws and I'm sure they probably helped to spur him on to try and make positive changes in the world, maybe as a way to kind of balance out the things that he knew were wrong with his own personality."

ANDERSON QUESTIONS how far white America (and white Canada) have come since King's days, and the extent to which black communities have built on the man's legacy. He visited Florida last year and found that the "racial tension was there and as an outsider, I could feel it right there on the surface. Which on the one hand I found kind of scary; It made for a very tense experience, but

made for a very tense experience, but at the same time I kind of appreciated the fact that it was so overt. At least if it's there, it's more on the surface, it's something you can deal with, as opposed to in Canada, where a lot of the time I think we assume the stance that it doesn't exist in this country, and that can foster some deep attitudes that just don't want to come to the surface. So it's better if you can at least get them out there on the surface to examine them."

Anderson wonders, too, if the

Anderson wonders, too, if the impetus for change amongst blacks hasn't sputtered out. "I think black folks have got to a

ly, the sheer fact that my skin colour restricts me so much," Anderson says. "God, it can be tough. I think I'd be a much more successful cartoonist and it'd be an easier transition to film simply if my skin were a few shades lighter, and that's annoying, that pisses me off immensely, but what's the point of getting pissed off about it, because it's not going to change, I'm just going to have to keep going on." O

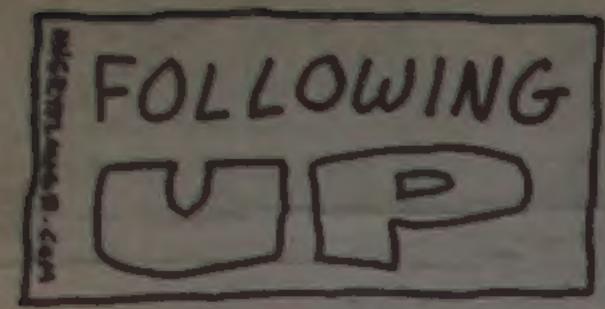
By Ho Che Anderson • Fantagraphics • 240 pp. • \$32.95

place where they sort of feel that, 'Well, okay, I'm not being turfed out of this restaurant, I can sit down here and eat, and I can get a half-decent job, so the struggle is over,' and I don't think that's necessarily the case at all."

As for his own half-decent job, Anderson's completion of King reignited his passion for the comics medium, but he's finding it hard to get his latest idea off the ground. He made a better living during a stint as a journalist, and now he wants to pursue film, his other love.

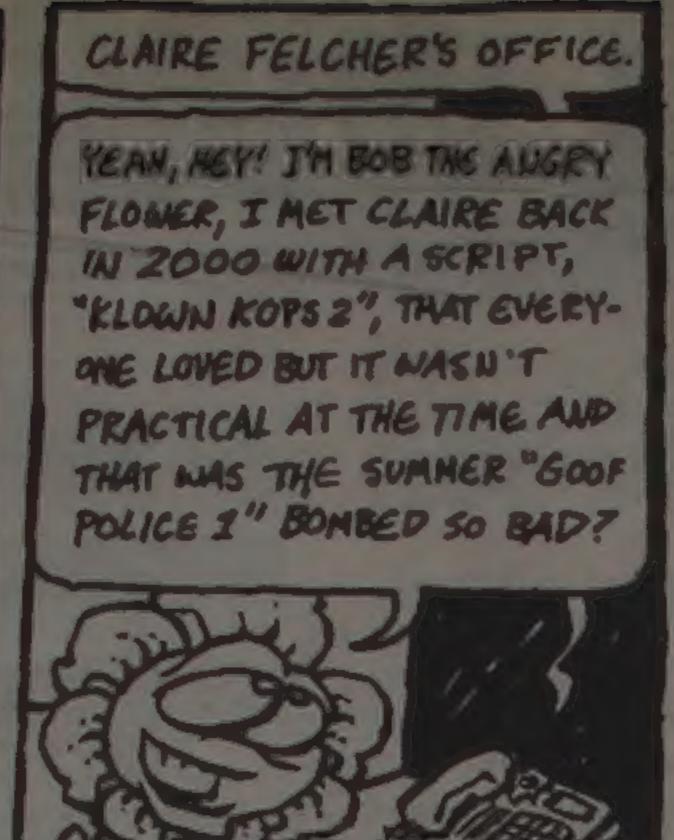
He's found, though, that the industry is awfully hard to break into, for reasons that the advances of the civil rights movement still haven't erased. "It distresses me great-

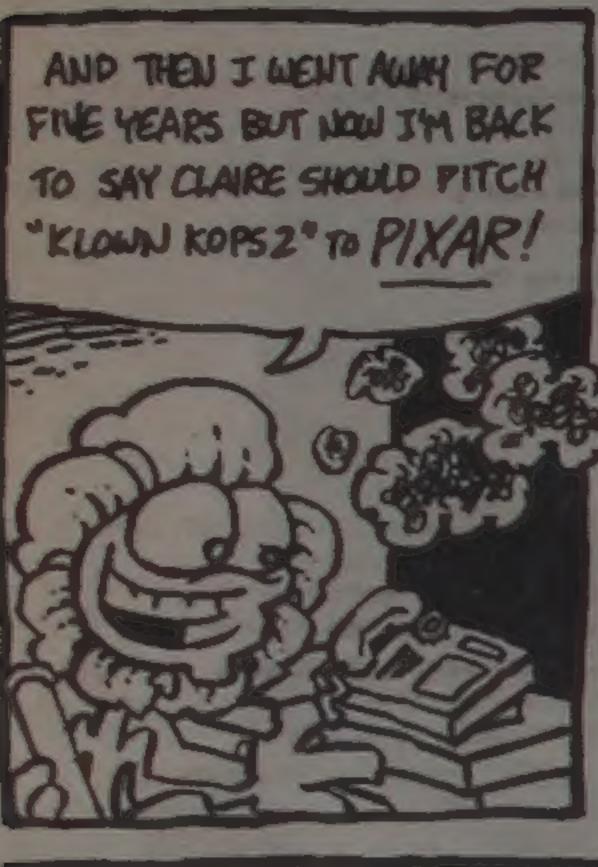




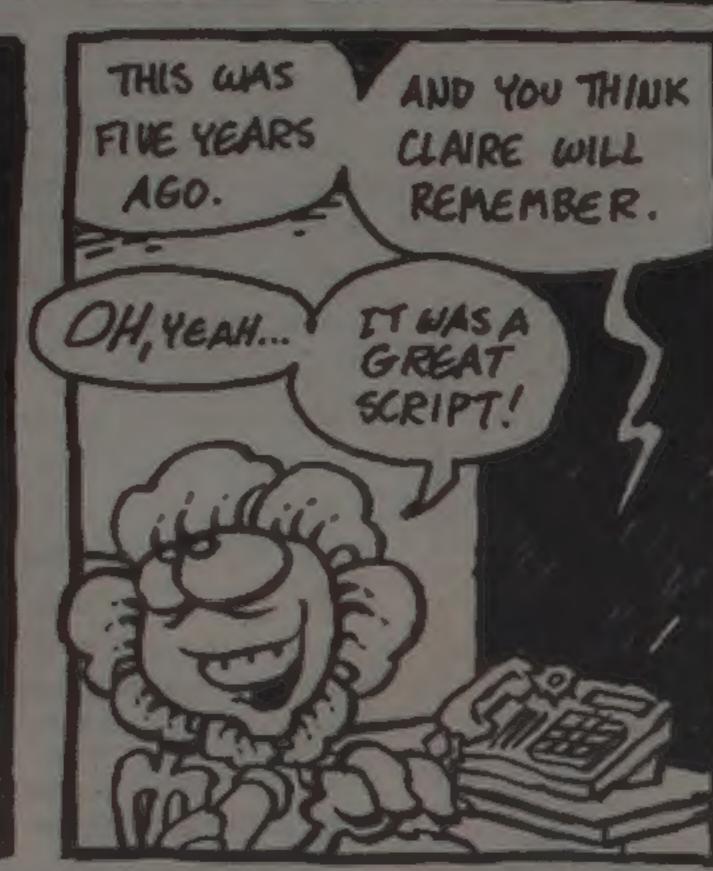


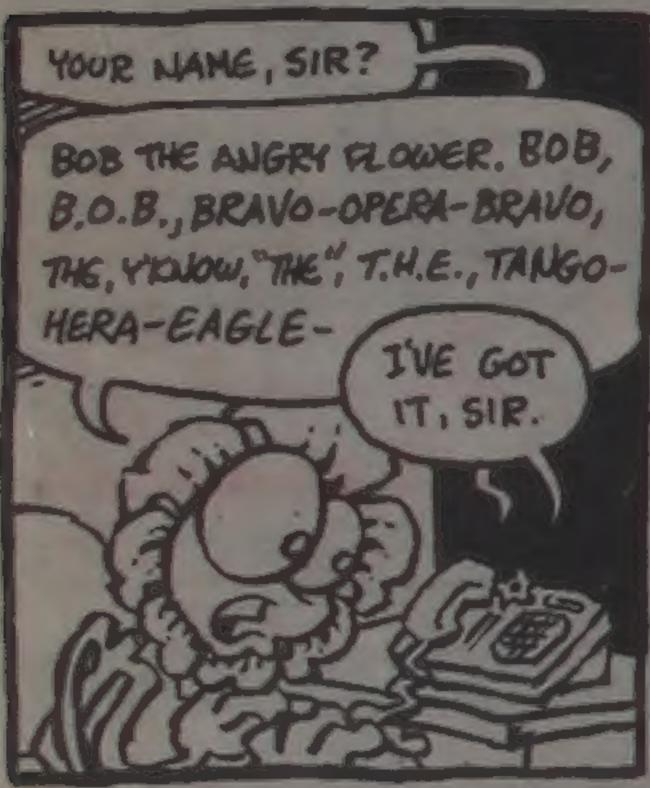


















BY CHRIS BOUTET

28 up

As of this writing, Wednesday is still pending, but by the time you read this I'll have officially turned 28 years old. And naturally, I'm having a little bit of anxiety about it-I mean, 28... it's just kind of a crappy number, isn't it? Just look at it: sitting there, all slouchy, no straight lines, no conviction.... Nope, as far as numbers in the high 20s go, 28's the numerical equivalent of your loser cousin who sits on the couch all day watching Montel and eating all your Shreddies straight out of the box. Christ, get a job, you stupid number. And quit stealing my cereal.

Well, okay—I realize I'm probably being too hard on 28, but it's just making

around and wonder if I'm as far along in life as I should be by this time. Oh, I know—I look like I have it all: a basement apartment, a job at a weekly, a microwave, glasses for both drinking and seeing... it seems like everything's coming up Boutet, unless you consider where my parents were at this age. By 28. they'd already been married for almost seven years, spent a decade working on their careers, bought a house and had me. By my parents' standards, I'm the Slacker King of Castle Lazeass, which isn't half as cool as it sounds.

But, I suppose, comparing yourself to your parents is always going to make you feel like that. Hell, our parents' generation was doing everything younger than we do for some reason. It was like a race to see who could make their lives the least fun the most quickly: they got married in their early 20s, got jobs with pension plans right out of high school and warmed up the baby-makin' machines. because... well, I'm not sure why. Possibly boredom, or a fear of dying alone that our generation has learned to muffle with videogames, beer and internet pomography. When it comes to growing up in the previous generation's sense of the word, we just don't seem to be in that much of a hurry.

By my parents' standards, I'm the Slacker King of Castle Lazeass, which isn't half as cool as it sounds.

me feel kind of, you know... old. I know I'm not really, of course, and I'm sure as hell not getting much sympathy here around the office, where the next youngest editor is like, 300 years old and hasn't been able to eat anything that isn't soft-boiled for centuries. Just the other day, I went into Matwychuk's office, looking for a little support in the face of my turning-28-edness, but Paul, being 36 or 46 or 80 or something, just laughed. Right in my face, like a jerk. Then he put on this little tiara that was a big "28" on the front and started prancing around the office, saying, "Ooh, look at me! I'm Chris Boutet and I'm soooo old! Wah wah waaaaah," in a high-pitched girlie voice. Then turned around and punched me in the cock as hard as he could.

I guess I see Paul's point. People who are older than you sure can be wise sometimes, but still. Sometimes I look

And to be honest, I probably wouldn't feel so old if I stopped comparing myself to my parents—so, hey, maybe I should just start making different comparisons. Take, like, a cat who's 28 in cat years: I'm doing way better than that cat. I don't shit in a box, I don't eat cat food, I have some form of income... doing pretty alright, really. And by, say, Industrial-Revolution-era standards, I'm a goddamned millionaire from the future, strutting about town in my "jeans" and "T-shirt," talking about how I don't have blacklung and I cook food in this magic box called a microwave-you must admit, it's fairly impressive. And maybe they'd even make me their king, and I'd get a big sceptre or something. I'll bet my parents weren't sceptre-wielding millionaire future kings when they were 28. Take that, mom and dad! 0







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Term 1

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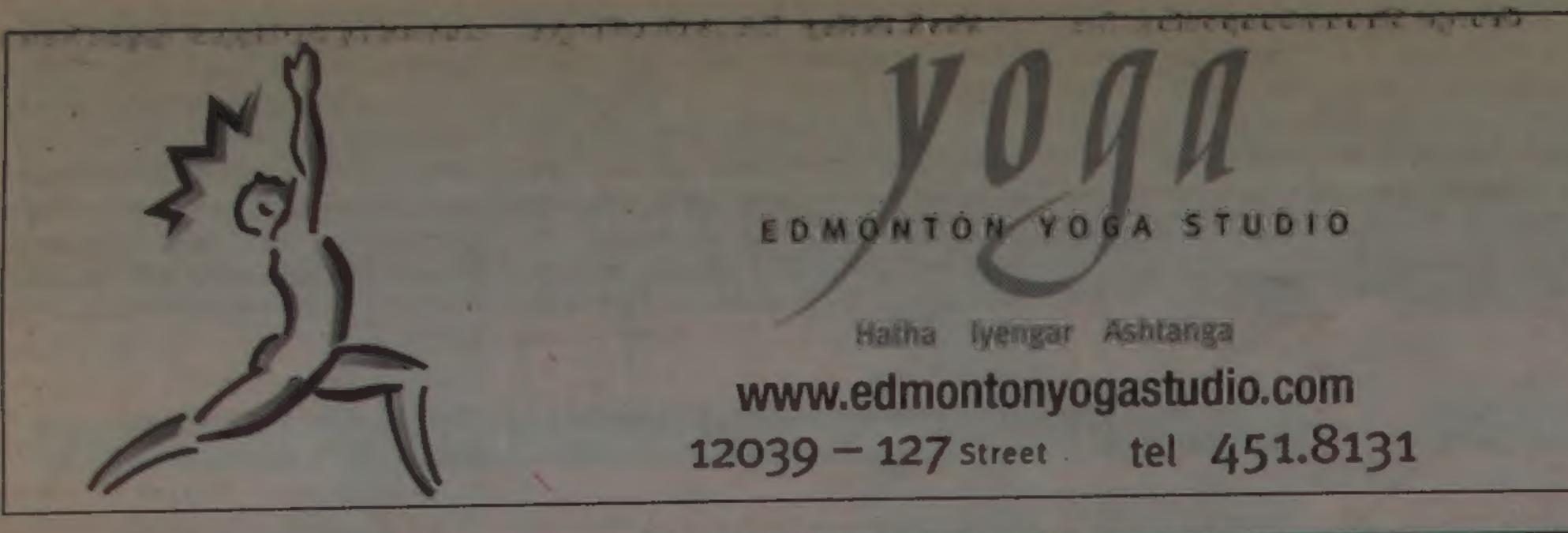
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MUSEWARENIN





Stephen Mandel

Continued from page 2

numbers. The more heads that are counted in Edmonton, the more money the city will get to deal with some serious infrastructure shortfalls—and Mandel feels that once the dough is counted, the deal could be worth more than \$150 million a year to the city.

Most of the money will go towards transportation projects; Edmonton has already prioritized the expansion of 23 Avenue to combat the growing problem of congestion on the south side. The second priority for the city is the creation of a bus rapid transit line, followed by general work on improving the arteries.

MANDEL PRAISES the province's decision to give the city nearly \$13 million to subsidize ambulance services when it abandoned its plan to take over the funding and administration of ambulance services in Alberta.

While the plan had many of the smaller municipalities—who share ambulance services with each other—howling, Mandel says the move made little difference to Edmonton, as the city's emergency services are all self-contained. Basically, instead of taking over, the government passed the money it would have spent to maintain the city's ambulances back to Edmonton.

As well, Mandel is pleased with

the federal Liberals' plans to make the well-being of Canada's major cities a priority. The decision to direct fuel tax to cities will mean that money spent on gas-guzzling SUVs will come back to help extend Edmonton's LRT. And the decision to give cities a GST rebate will mean a direct annual benefit of \$13 million to the city, with \$8 million directly going to City Hall coffers.

So, if the relationship between City Hall, the Legislature dome and Ottawa is better than it has been in years, why do so many taxpayers believe they're all still at odds? Sometimes, Mandel admits, perception is stronger than reality. "I am not going to play politics; both levels of government have done good things," he says. "If anything—and I have said this to the highest levels of both the provincial and federal governments—they have done a lousy job getting that message across to the public."

Mandel says there's been a major paradigm shift in both the province and with the feds. Instead of simply downloading cost-cutting measures onto cities' shoulders, the province now feels that municipalities need a helping hand. And now that capital needs have been addressed, Mandel says negotiations must begin on how cities can be helped on the operating side.

"We are fine on the capital side," concludes the mayor. "It's the operating side that concerns us. We find that our operating costs are going up, and it's funded by a static tax base and commercial tax base."





BY RICHARD BURNETT

Anchors aweigh!

I don't like looking at myself when I'm on TV, and I like looking at others even less. But this cable news junkie needs his fix every Sunday when I sit back and size up the network news anchors.

I'm tiring of British-born CBC anchor Peter Mansbridge, 57, whose predecessor Knowlton Nash took early retirement to prevent Mansbridge from bolting. (I'm also tiring of gay anchors like CNN's Anderson Cooper who assumes people know he is a proud gay man even though he refuses to discuss his sexuality, which is the most important thing about his identity after his name. But I digress.)

Mansbridge, I suspect, won't make way for a fresh face anytime soon. Still, anticipating his departure, I've decided to list Canada's most eligible male journalists. (You don't honestly think the CBC will replace Mansbridge with a woman, do you?)

Ron Charles: The national CBC correspondent has great lips, gives good face and makes a stunning poster boy for the James Brown anthem "Say It Loud (I'm Black and I'm Proud)"- especially when he peels his shirt off --- George Stroumboupoulos: The --- Mark Kelley: This studmullin got like he did at Montreal's Divers/Cité Gay Pride festival last summer.

Todd van der Heyden: When I was covering the riots at the 2001 Summit of the Americas in Quebec City, I ran into the CTV cutie wearing a pink gasmask. You go, girl.

Leslie Roberts: When I appeared on his live CFCF Montreal TV show years ago, he told me as I walked onto the set during a commercial break, "Whatever you do, don't out me." Roberts has since moved to Hogtown, where he's a news anchor for Global and—gasp!—stars in promos about the greatest Toronto Maple Leafs hockey player of all time. Never mind being a Habs traitor; as a colleague of mine noted, "Don't Leafs fans usually wait to come out of the closet until after the first round of the playoffs?"

Evan Solomon: When I appeared on his live CBC Sunday TV show last autumn to defend Montreal Expos fans, he called me the night before and said, "Whatever you do, don't swear." 1 should've told him to fuck off.

lan Hanomansing: The Vancouver-based Canada Now anchor got his start over 20 years ago working for CKDH Radio in Amherst, Nova Scotia. The Trinidad-born Hanomansing is the embodiment of the Canadian dream, armed with a B.A. in political science and a law degree from Dalhousie. With those long legs, this elegant prince is clearly the man to beat.

Cameron McIntosh: Hands... uh... down the most gorgeous man on Canadian television. If Cameron starred in a porn flick, I'd apply to be his fluffer.

Newsworld and MuchMusic on-air personality will go the way of Gian Ghomeshi. We hope. Besides, who the fuck can pronounce their names?

Scott Laurie: The handsome CTV Newsnet anchor got his start in



Montreal where he used to give great parties. For one party in an old TV studio, he filled balloons with blue dye (don't ask) and when they popped, the floor was just covered with the stuff. I still have a blue bootprint on the seat of the pants I wore that night. Great Scott!

his start at Montreal's classic-rock station CHOM-FM in 1987, then cut his teeth at CBC Montreal where he deservedly gained a national reputation reporting on Montreal's ice storm back in January 1998. Each time our paths cross, the married family man always sincerely raves about the importance of alt-weeklies like Vue Weekly. The National with Mark Kelley... Has a nice ring to it, don't it? Besides, Kelley's easy on the eyes.

Sin City

Along with Hour magazine's senior political correspondent, Charlie McKenzie (who also co-founded Canada's Rhinoceros Party), and veteran journalist Gareth Kirkby, the new editor of Ottawa's CapitalXtra (and fresh from his 10-year stint editing Vancouver's XtraWest), I checked out the March 17-19 Conservative Party convention in Montreal. The liquor flowed ("This party knows how to party!" deputy Tory leader Peter Mackay said, looking worse for wear) and English-Canadians were

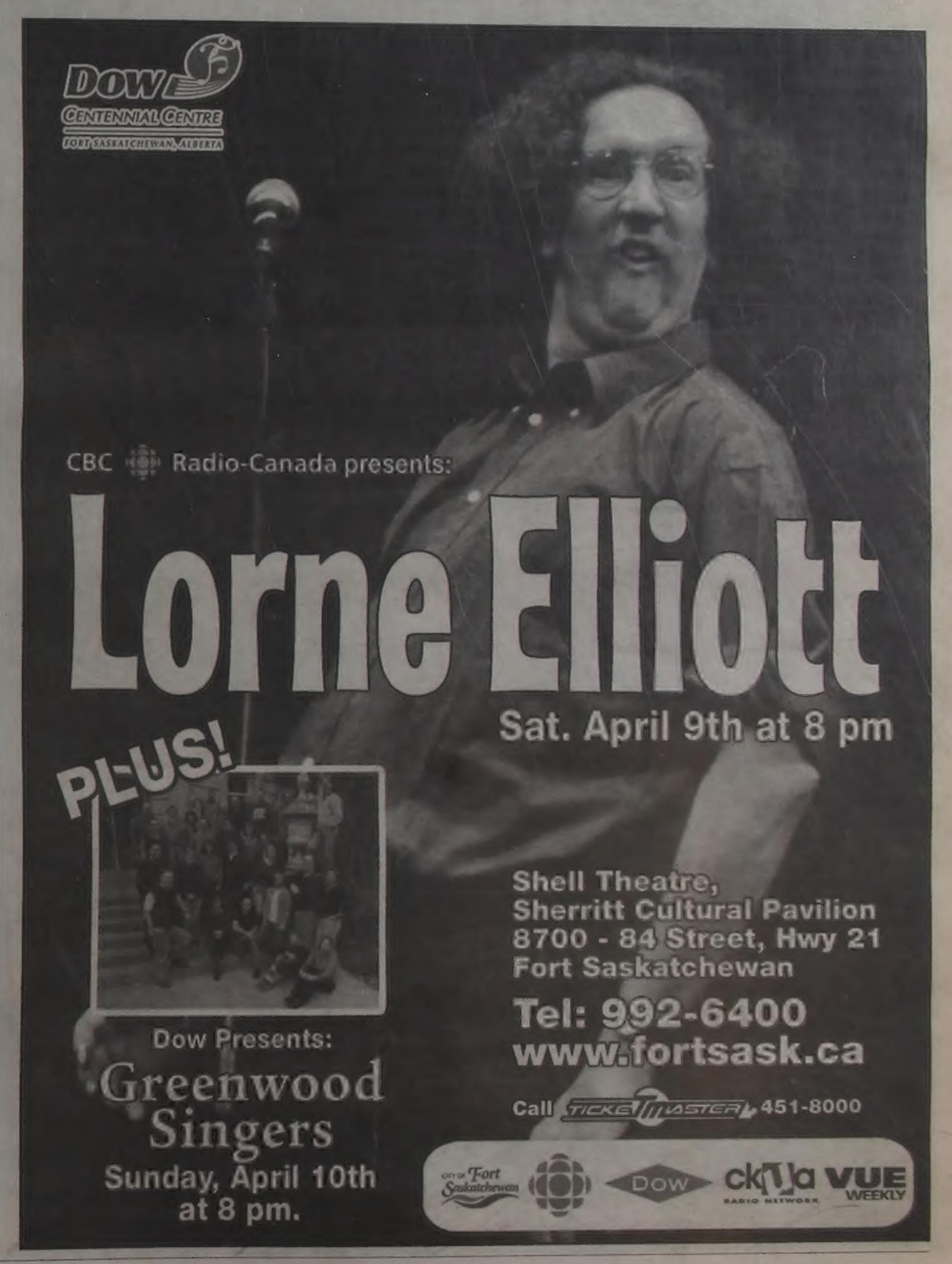
channed by the biggest, gayest Frenchspeaking city in the world after Paris.

But the 2,900 delegates (lots of really cute guys or, as Kirkby called them, "bottoms or bottom-feeders") proved they are world-class homophobes when they voted 74.4 per cent in favour of protecting the "traditional definition" of marriage. Some delegates-mocking the "It's the Charter, stupid!" buttons the Liberals wore at their convention—even wore buttons that read, "It's the stupid Charter!"

Worse were Tories like Brian Mitchell, who was voted onto the National Council of the Conservative Party of Canada despite (or because of-I'm not sure which) the fact he's one big fucking fag. As Gareth so succinctly put it in his March 21 post mortem, "Gay Tories are putting a positive spin on [their party's anti gay-marriage stand). A predicted walkout of delegates after the same-sex vote failed to materialize. They're choosing party over principle."

Which is why, if you're a Tory, I won't suck your cock.









motor coach

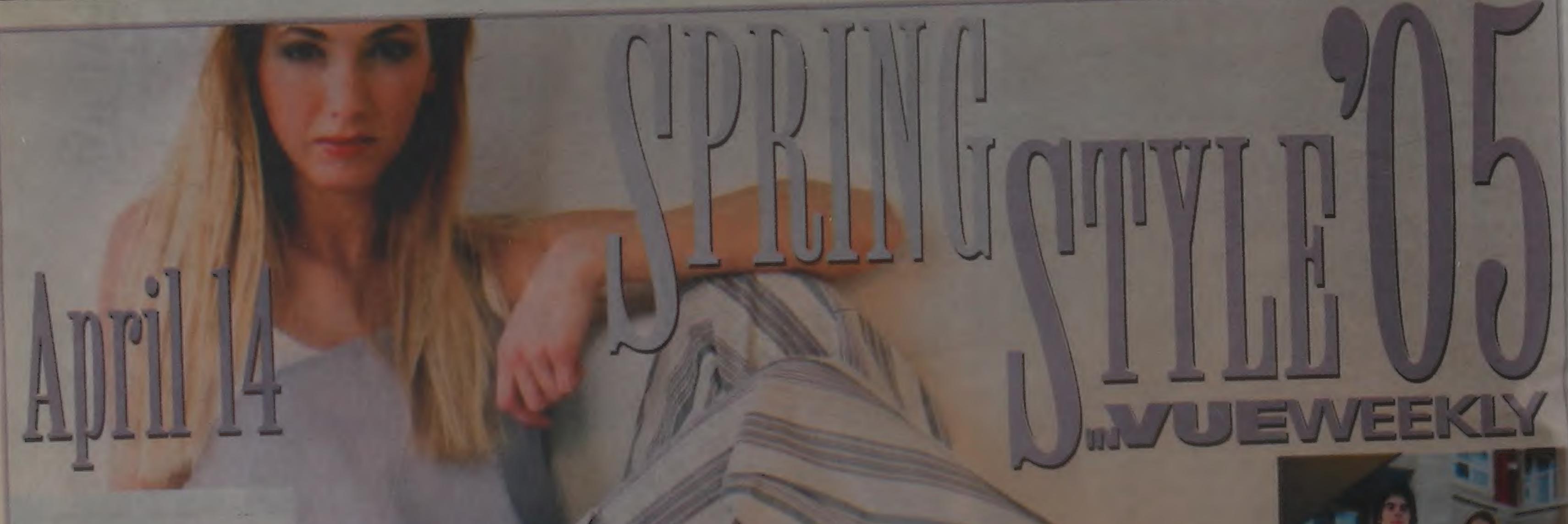
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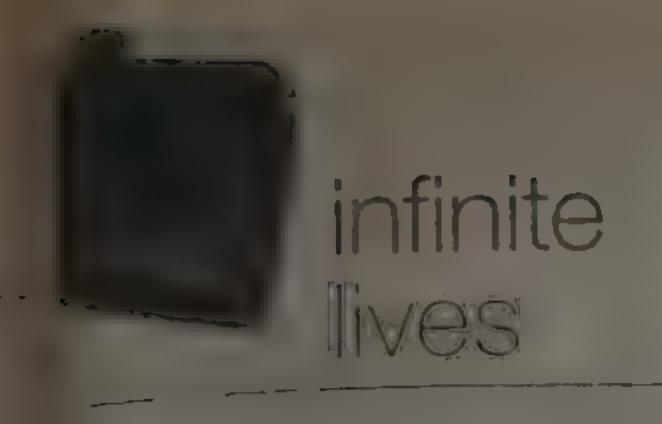
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BY DARREN ZENKO

Remember WEM?

It's an age of paradoxical wonders, riends, in which an Easter trip down to e iconic flatscape of rural southern :Iberta-big wide skies, perspectivearanting expanses of stark grassland, - our teins blue in the distance, the noscolar apple of tavine and coules. riendly ponies—to visit my brother and sister-in-law can turn into the most suburban-consuming day out I've had in ages. First, a stop off at Ye Prairie Craft Shoppe for all our scrapbooking and angelic gluing-things-toother-things needs! Then a couple hours in Lethbridge's premiere shopping centre, featuring the lighthearted omic stylings of Ashton Kutcher and

Bernie Mac in the racevar manifesto Guess War A guick look at a triv show homes and a ittle peek into the Brick, d it's off to Earl's for dinner then back home or a relaxing shoppingriented evening with hat rare classic of tableup entertainment, the est Edmonton Mall pard game.

I hadn't played this dmontonian gem for early 20 years, not nce soon after we were tuck with more copies han any one family ould ever really need when the whole WEMame marketing scheme ent tits-up. See, a relave of mine had been onvinced to invest in is surefire moneymakand brought my Dad long with him. The key roblem (aside from hatever gong show as going on in the

pack office) became immediately clear: hen you market a game featuring sectic stores in a single location, u're only going to be able to sell it ough those stores, at that location. o's going to sell a box full of comtitors' ads? The souvenir value of Iwning the Eighth Wonder of the orld"—this was '86, when the moner mall was still very much in the int for that coveted honour (neither e Chunnel nor Jessica Alba's ass were ywhere near completion at that e, though Andre the Giant provided competition)—just wasn't enough shift the units. So everyone we knew WEM games for Christmas, and we had a few copies left over. I always sidered mine a kitschy memento lectors, it's still MIB if you're inter-· d) but for the rest of my family l ess the game is very much alive; en the wine was poured and that te-familiar board came out, they all a very intimidating case of Eye of

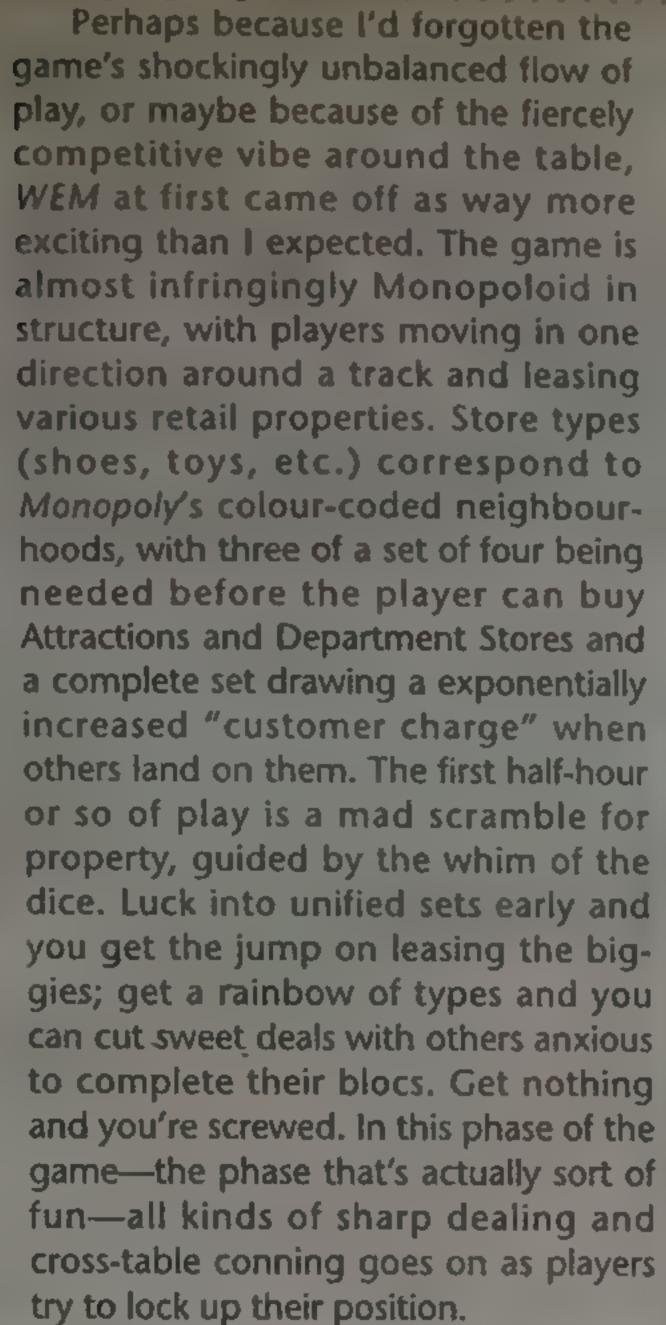
of Alberta Treasury Branch with sweetheart deals and ridiculous loans just to maintain the pain.

I was right to honour this game only as an artifact of a bygone age of Edmonton's mega-retail scene; the real fun of WEM is taking a mental walk through the board's abstracted mall of 1986 and counting all the storefronts that've been shuttered in the 20 years since the game was pressed. All the toy stores save Kites and Other Delights? Long gone. "Fantasyland" is now

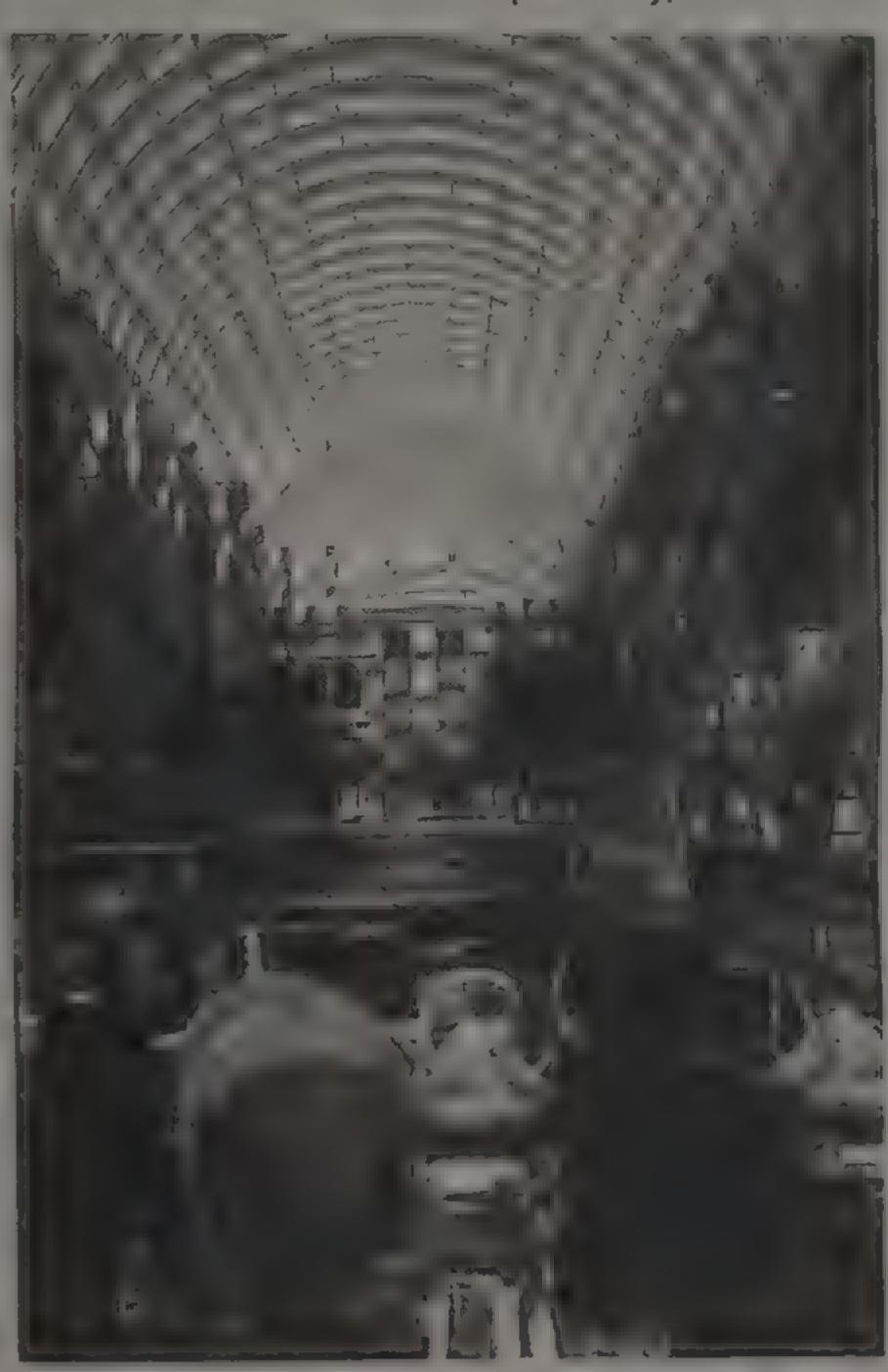
gious rodent, and Pebble Beach Golf--which used to be kind of classy, looking like an actual miniature golf course—went along with it to become Professor Von Fibreglass's Putt Panic or whatever. Of the sporting-goods outlets, only Sport Check exists in something like its '80s form. Eatons ate dirt years ago, as did Consumer's Distributing-which pisses me off because, man, that was the way to shop. Payless and Wal-Mart nuked the shoe stores, half the ladieswear shops are gone, I

"Galaxyland," thanks, to a tentain, htt-"," doubt the Man World Plus credit card (the game's "Community Chest") is still honoured, and the venerable Den for Men long ago sold its last fauxwoodgrain "executive decision maker." There is no longer a sad little dolphin show, and even the heroic Edmonton Oilers of the period—an Oilers card gives you a free pass on one customer charge—have hung up their skates, their briefly legendary franchise all but doomed.

Did I say "real fun"? I meant "crushing depression." O



Take "lock up" literally; after four or



five quick orbits of the board, the question of who owns—sorry, leases—what is more-or-less permanently settled. At this point, simple mathematics will tell you who's going to win within a reasonably narrow margin of error. There's none of Monopoly's real-estate development midgame to add another layer of strategy or skill, just the constant rollroll-roll of the dice and the swapping back and forth of the same slips of scrip until the person with the most property, through the raw power of the Law of Averages, grinds everyone else out. This can take hours, during which you're pretty much forced to amuse yourselves through trash-talk and chitchat as the game's bell-curve algorithm chugs away turn by turn. It's the kind of play dynamic where most folks would be okay with mercy-killing lame-duck players, or the entire session, once they get past a certain point of outcome obviousness. Not my family, though; we're bitter-enders and gloaters, and there's



When a power outage strikes the mountain, the ski patrol springs into action

BY STEWART DUNCAN

at the top of the mountain, hundreds of Saturday skiers and boarders slid off the chairlifts for another smooth run. At the bottom of the mountain, one lone fir along Tod Mountain Road decided it had lived long enough and would try lying down. That would have been fine, but for the power lines.

At 3 p.m., almost every house, business, ranch and farm along the 25 kilometres of Tod Mountain Road—including the settlement of Whitecroft and Sun Peaks Resort lost all-electrical power, and Sun Peaks' 11 lifts came to a quiet, unexpected stop. These inconveniences happen from time to time and everyone took it in stride. Seated in a chair 20 metres from the disembarking point at Sundance Ridge, I heard what news there was on a skipatrol radio. No one knew why, but wherever lights had been on, lights went out.

All the lifts were down, the sports-bar TVs were dark and all the kitchens were closed. In all the restaurants throughout the vibrant, European-style village, Cajun chicken wraps and New York steaks never made it to hungry patrons. Someone at Bento's day lodge had to settle for a bag of popcorn a few microwaves short of a full load. Contingency beer to nearby snowbanks if necessary Lifts were being switched to diesel power, but it would take time for that to happen and then the lifts would only run very slowly.

One tree, one power line and thousands of residents and guests from B.C., Alberta, the U.S., eastern Canada, Europe, Japan and Australia got new stories to tell that would be

better than postcards. While everyone wondered how long they'd be suspended over the 117 runs, a technician roared to the top of Sundance Ridge on a Ski-Doo, leapt off and scampered up a ladder to the machine loft. He flipped switches, spun dials, pulled levers, punched buttons and threatened the mice who run the wheel that he'd sell them all to an American lab if they didn't step up the pace. Soon, the chairs began to climb again.

MY PATROL PARTNER and I were lucky and spent only 20 minutes in limbo. The technician then roared off to the next chairlift, leaving a lingering odour of two-stroke smoke in the clear -9° air. Another patroller and I headed to Mt. Morrisey Connector to get to the bottom of Sun Peaks' third mountain. As we

approached the Morrisey Express quad, we could see three to four people on almost every chair until the lift slid out of sight over a dis-

tant ridge. With ski poles through the loops of a tow rope behind another Ski-Doo, my partner and I surfed to the top of the 1,675-metreplans went into effect to relocate high Morrisey, arriving with tired forearms and fresh coats of the Bombardier's white, dusty wake. We had to be there to do sweeps at the end of the day, which was going to be long after a regular ski day would have ended.

Thanks to the roaring, sprinting, scampering technician, the chairs crept up until the last one unloaded at 4:30, an hour and a half after

shutdown. Everyone seemed to take it in stride, thankful there wasn't a bitter wind, thankful it wasn't longer, thankful it was at the end of the day and thankful that it wasn't dark. Depending on how much time people were on the chair, they were given a coupon for a complimentary hot chocolate or a day pass or halfday pass.

We were thankful the system worked as well as it did. Though it was the first time such a problem had occurred, everyone flew into action to minimize the inconvenience and skiers' spirits remained high. All the patrollers, including the paid patrollers and the volunteer members of the Canadian Ski Patrol System, were particularly thankful we didn't have to do lift evacuations. That involves lowering people one at a time from each chair via rope and harness; we train for it every fall but never want to do it because it's complex and can't be done fast. And when you're talking about five chairlifts in a 3,678-acre park (the second-largest ski area in B.C.), a full-scale lift evac is a daunting thing to consider.

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BE THAT AS IT MAY, it was now time to start end-of-day sweeps. My patrol partner and I headed down

> the Sticks, a green run that forms Mt. Morrisey's eastern boundary. Dozens of short trails and narrow glades on each side made the run fun, espe-

cially through untracked sections of fresh snow from the night before. The mountain was as quiet as an old stone cathedral, exactly the kind of serene, soul-nourishing atmosphere we like at the end of a long day. We'd stop here and there, take deep breaths of cool, clean air, peer among the pines, fir and hemlock for highly unexpected stragglers, then call and listen. Approaching the valley bottom, we took a few minutes to move the SLOW signs out of the way of the grooming machines that would restore the

runs to velvety corduroy during the night.

Across the bridge and near the road, a Sun Peaks truck picked us up for the short ride back to the ski patrol first aid office. We stood in the dark for a half an hour, the only light coming through the west-facing door. The day was done, yet ! didn't really feel that way. We talked about two weeks before, when the lower slopes were growing bare in the unseasonably warm weather and the Salomons were being shelved to the Callaways. Signs in Sun Peaks shops advertised 50 and 60 per cent off everything. Then the snow came back on a Friday night, smothering Sun Peaks for spring break and the the long, Easter weekend. Golfen put their just-dusted clubs back into the closet and became skiers again flowing back to the hill for some the best spring skiing in years.

But on this night, March 21 2005, we couldn't gather in one the boisterous bars and rollicking restaurants to share some laughs and discuss the day. Tonight, it was just about making sure everyone was present and accounted for and their heading home.

Another great day.



BY JAMES RADKE

Carving artists

expuse of its speed and efficiency, the rved turn is fundamental to alpine Iding. While any board can carve, aipine boards are designed to do or ecifically that.

The differences between a carved and skidded turn are many, but can be largely defined by the board's angle in the snow. When a board is tipped on its edge, its design (specifically its sideand flex) facilitates carve; the tail of the board theoretically passes through exact same spot on the snow as the nose. At lower angles, a board is nere likely to skid, the tail pivoting ound the nose or front foot.

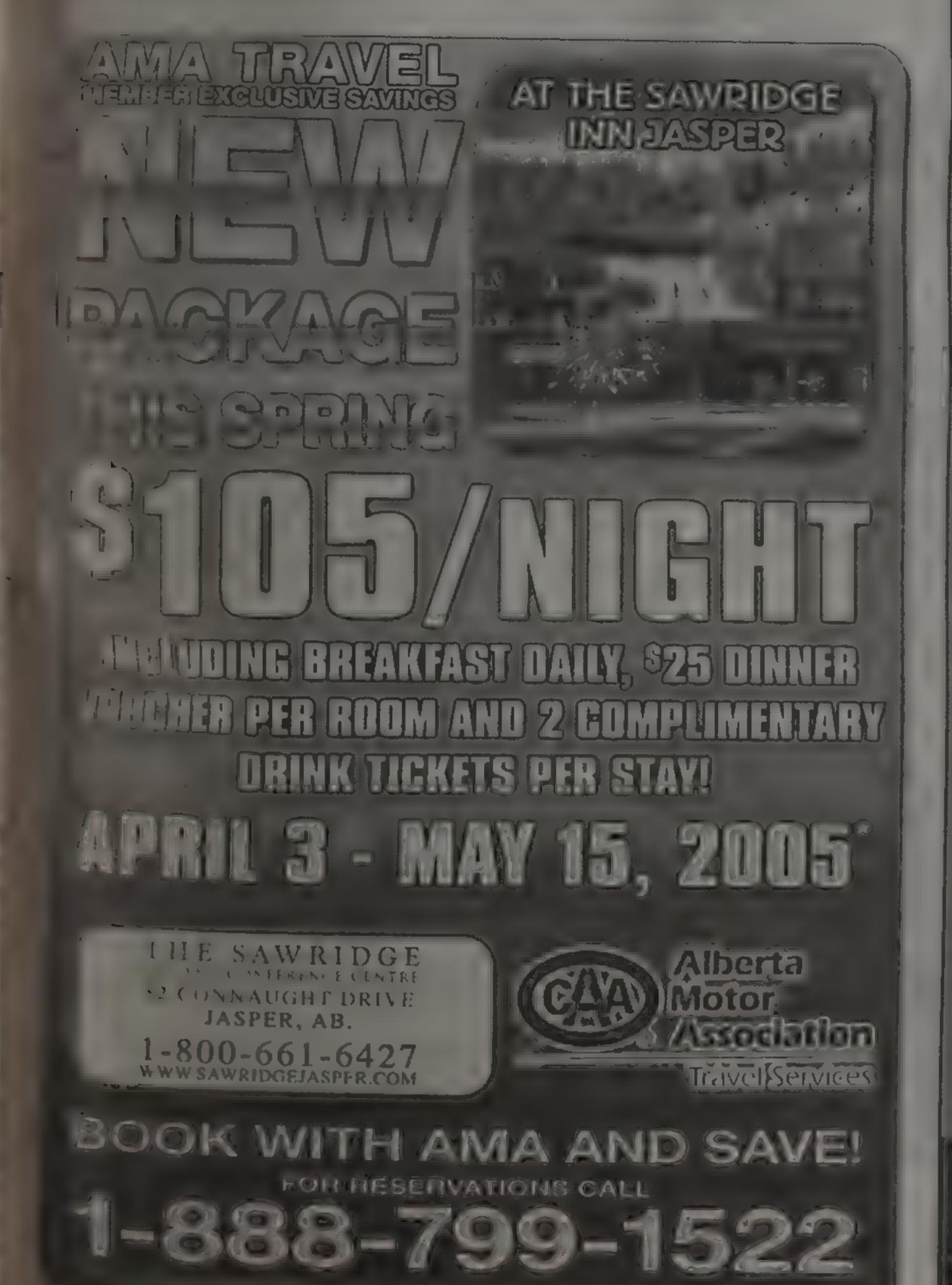
A carve is much faster than a skid ecause the board always moves in the ir ction it's pointed, the edge tracking cleanly through the snow rather than scraping along the top (creating) ttion) and sliding sideways.

To get the feel of a carve, traverse a moderate (blue) groomed slope. Grad-

ually lean into the hill and concentrate on not making any extraneous movements, such as rotating your upper body or kicking out your back leg. (Both moves will result in skidding.) As you lean and lever against your boots, your board will tip onto its edge and its sidecut will take hold, turning you across and slightly up the hill.

To verify whether a carve actually occurred, look back at the track you've left in the snow behind you. A carve will leave a single thin line from the edge of the board; the wider or more fanned-out the track appears, the more you skidded. When you've got the concept of carving during a traverse down, practice linking carved turns together on a flat (green) run.

Be aware that in addition to going faster, carving round turns will take you across the slope laterally, requiring more space than a skid. Once you feel the acceleration and smooth dynamics of a carved turn—i.e., what your board was truly designed to do—you'll be on your way to a whole new world of snowboarding. O



The Easymen Condition Report

LOCAL

Rabbit Hill - Closed for the season Snow Valley - 60cm base, all lifts open

ALBASIATIA

Castle Mtn - Closed for the season

Can. Olympic Park - 60cm base, all lifts as needed

Lake Louise - 6cm new snow, 195cm base, 10 lifts and 113 runs open

Marmot Basin - 1cm new snow, 124 - 145cm base, all main lifts and 84 runs open

Mt. Norquey - 7cm new snow, 86 - 168cm base, 5 lifts and 26 runs open Nakiska - 1cm new snow, 60 - 127cm base, 5 lifts and 28 runs open

Pass Powderkey - 3cm new snow, 75cm base, 3 lifts open, reduced hours

Sunshine - 2cm new snow, 213cm base, 100% of terrain open

B.C.

Apex - 18cm new snow, 160cm base, 3 lifts and 60 runs open

Big White - 20cm new snow, 238cm base, 14 lifts and 90 runs

Fernie - 37cm new snow, 272cm base, 9 lifts and 98 runs open

Fairmont - 7cm new snow, 100% of terrain open

Kicking Horse - 176cm base, 95% of terrain open

Kimberley - Closed for the season

Mt. Washington - Closed for the season

Panorama - 78 - 126cm base, 9 lifts and 65 runs open

Powder King - 11cm new snow, 180 - 445cm hase, 2 lifts and 24 runs open

Powder Springs - 10cm new snow, 160cm base, lifts closed, Cat Powder open

Red Min - Closed for the season

Silver Star - 16cm new snow, 205cm base, 10 lifts and 88 runs

Sun Peaks - 8cm new snow, 159cm base, 90 runs and 10 lifts open

Whistier Blackcomb - 2cm new base, 196cm base, terrain parks open

Whitewater - 4cm new snow, 240cm base, last day open April 3rd

USA

Big Mtn - Closed for the season

Big Sky - 5cm new snow, 147 - 215cm base, 100% of terrain open

Crystal Mtn - 120cm base, 43 runs and 5 lifts open

49 Degrees - Closed for the season

Great Divide Ski Area - 37 - 87cm base, 80 runs open

Lookout Pass - open on the weekend only - April 2 & 3rd

Mt. Spokane - Closed for the season

Schweitzer Mtn - Glosed for the season

Sun Valley - 5cm new snow, 115 - 177cm base

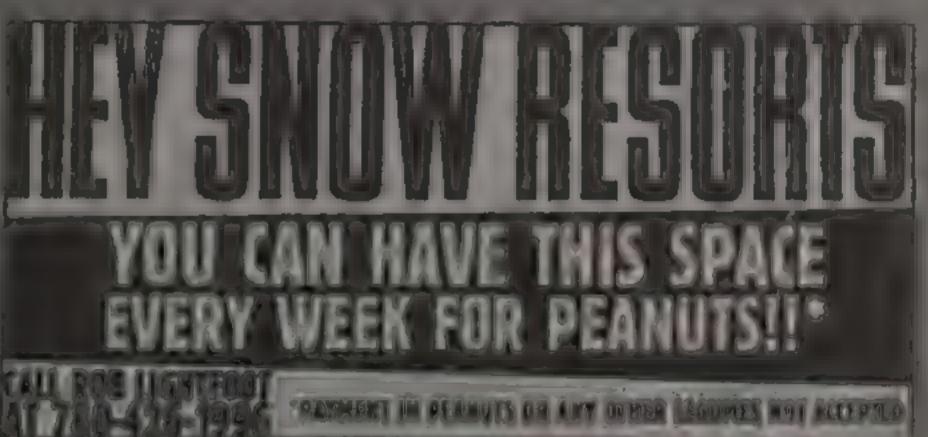
Silver Mtn - Closed but may reopen for the weekend















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The gospel according to telemark

Expertise of Canada's national telemark team gives me new respect for increasingly popular sport

BY COLIN CATHREA

who are passionate about their sport. Last week, the Alberta Telemark Ski Club held the second annual Tele Tri Ski Festival at beautiful Marmot Basin. It was one of those weeks when all the elements in the universe aligned and blessed us with everything a festival like this one needs.

As we have been saying all season, Marmot Basin is having one great year. The 10 centimetres of fresh snow cover was icing on the cake as the festival kicked off Thursday. When we arrived at the hill Friday morning, I introduced myself to festival organizer Larrisa Pitton as she was putting together the final touches for the combined GS race being held that day. When she told me that members of the national team were there, I was a little surprised. I had no idea that a national telemark team was representing Canada. But I would soon find out that these athletes are truly world-class—their level of skiing blew my mind.

With the sun shining and everyone heading out to the racecourse, I buckled up and followed. I was several chairs behind the main group as they departed from the top of the Paradise chair and headed down Showoff. Now, I've been around good skiers all my life, but these guys and gals were in a class all their own. The edge of the ski area we were racing down was a combination of windblown, ice, crud and moguls, but they skied it all like it was a wellgroomed beginner run. It was as if they were immune to the things that throw the rest of us on our ass.

We arrived at the top of the racecourse and after some introductions we inspected the course. It was a dual-format GS with a combination of jumps and rollers with a 360degree spin turn thrown in for good measure. I was introduced to Colin Croston, one of two national team members here. I immediately noticed the risers under his telemark boots. He was about three inches off the ski! Since he was conducting a clinic. I decided to wait to ask all the technical questions popping into my head. I also noticed that almost everyone's skis were slightly different from the next guy's—some were fatter, some were longer, some had exaggerated sidecuts. This was definitely not a "skinny ski" group.

Telemark boots are very similar to



alpine boots, but with one obvious difference: the toe area, or the section under the ball of your foot, was designed to flex. This was the design difference that allows the skier to get into that classic telemark stance. Marmot's Rob Ellen used a good analogy to describe how the stance works the

ski: "If you drive a nail into a two-byfour and pick it up by the nail, simply
turning that nail will spin the board,"
he said. "When you pivot forward
and bend your foot and knee, you set
up this pivot point over the ski, making it much easier to turn."

The world had been looking for improvements in ski design for decades and it was right under their noses: the "new" shaped skis of today were actually invented decades ago by the telemark pioneers who carved a narrow waist on wooded skis. Since the boots are only attached to the ski at the toe, an inward-turned waist makes it much easier for skiers themselves to turn. This technique soon dominated skiing, and it continued to do well in Norway well into the next century. However, as alpine or "steep" skiing became more popular, shorter skis with firm heel-attached boots were the new choice for most downhill skiers.

I think the telemark technique's newfound popularity is a natural result of the ever-increasing number of skiers heading to the hills and crowding the slopes. Telemark skiing enables you to travel off-piste and into the backcountry with relative ease. As well, advances in ski and boot design have made the technique more comfortable. And of course, some skiers simply choose the technique because of its counterculture image. It's just cool to be different.

THE FOLKS at this festival didn't appear to be too countercultural, though. Wool and cotton has made way for Gore-Tex and poly, wood for metal edges, and skids for pure carving and racing. These people know how to have fun, but they are also soft-spoken and kind. They seem to

be at peace with the hill rather than intent on exhibiting the rebel attitude of most snowboarders and free skiers.

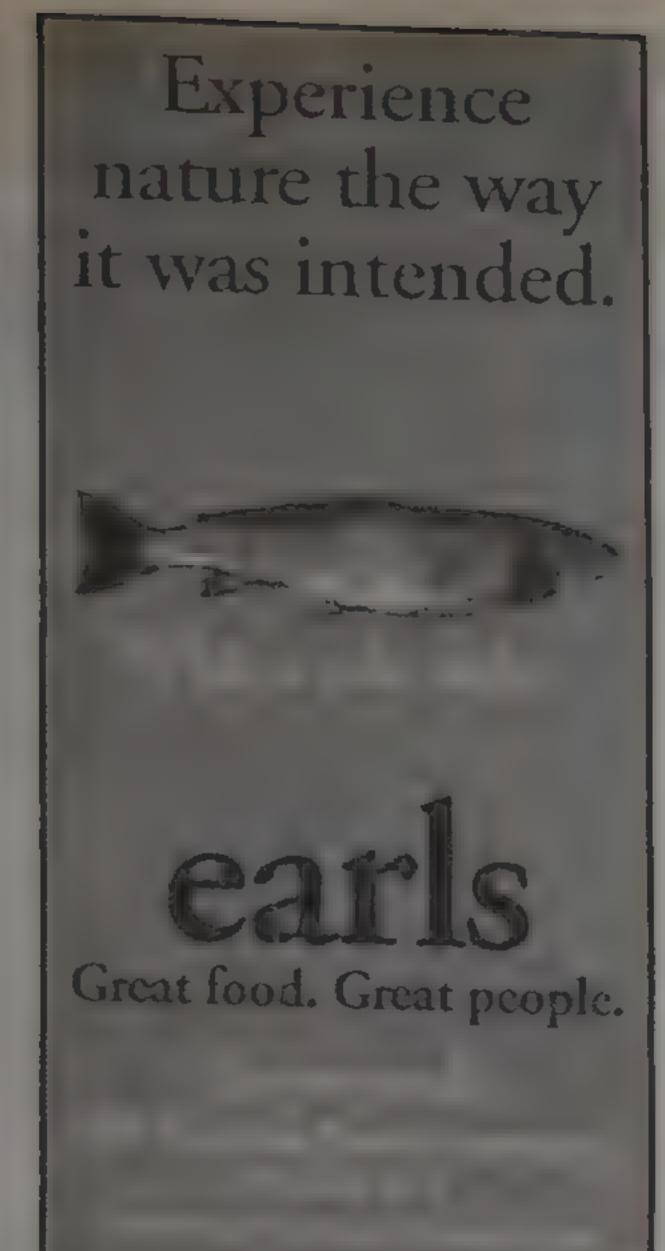
As I strapped on the telemarking equipment, I flashed back years ago to my midnight runs up at Fortress under a full moon with very skinny skis. They were easy to handle and I was quickly throwing my knee forward and connecting telemark turns. The edges in a telemark turn are the same as with a parallel turn, but telemarking requires you to lead the turn with your outside ski while trailing the inside ski. When initiating a turn, you edge the outside ski with a flat heel while simultaneously lifting your heel on the inside ski to shift the ski to the back of your stance. Even though the boot heel remains in contact with the outside ski, your weight is evenly distributed between the toes of both feet. It's often difficult for inexperienced telemark skiers to place enough weight for proper edge control on their inside free-heel ski.

SATURDAY WAS another perfect sunny day, and the "tri" part of the festival was about to take place. The race would consist of a "skating through powder" leg, an uphill climb and a GS downhill leg. During the uphill portion of the event, skins (synthetic or mohair rather than sealskin) were to be attached to the skis' base and carried to the finish, as in a typical backcountry run. I think the national-team guys underestimated one of their French competitors, since he won by a slim margin. (This guy was an Eco-Challenge man of steel, and since the major portion of the event is the uphill climb, he was able to leave most of the field in the dust. If it had been a top-to-bottom full-out vertical assault we might have seen a much different result. Next year should be interesting.)

Sitting in the rooftop hot tub at Whistlers Inn back in town, we looked up at the mountain where we had spent so many good times and felt lucky—lucky to have met such great ambassadors for our sport, lucky to be able to look forward to spending another festival week with the same group next year, and just lucky to be alive. •

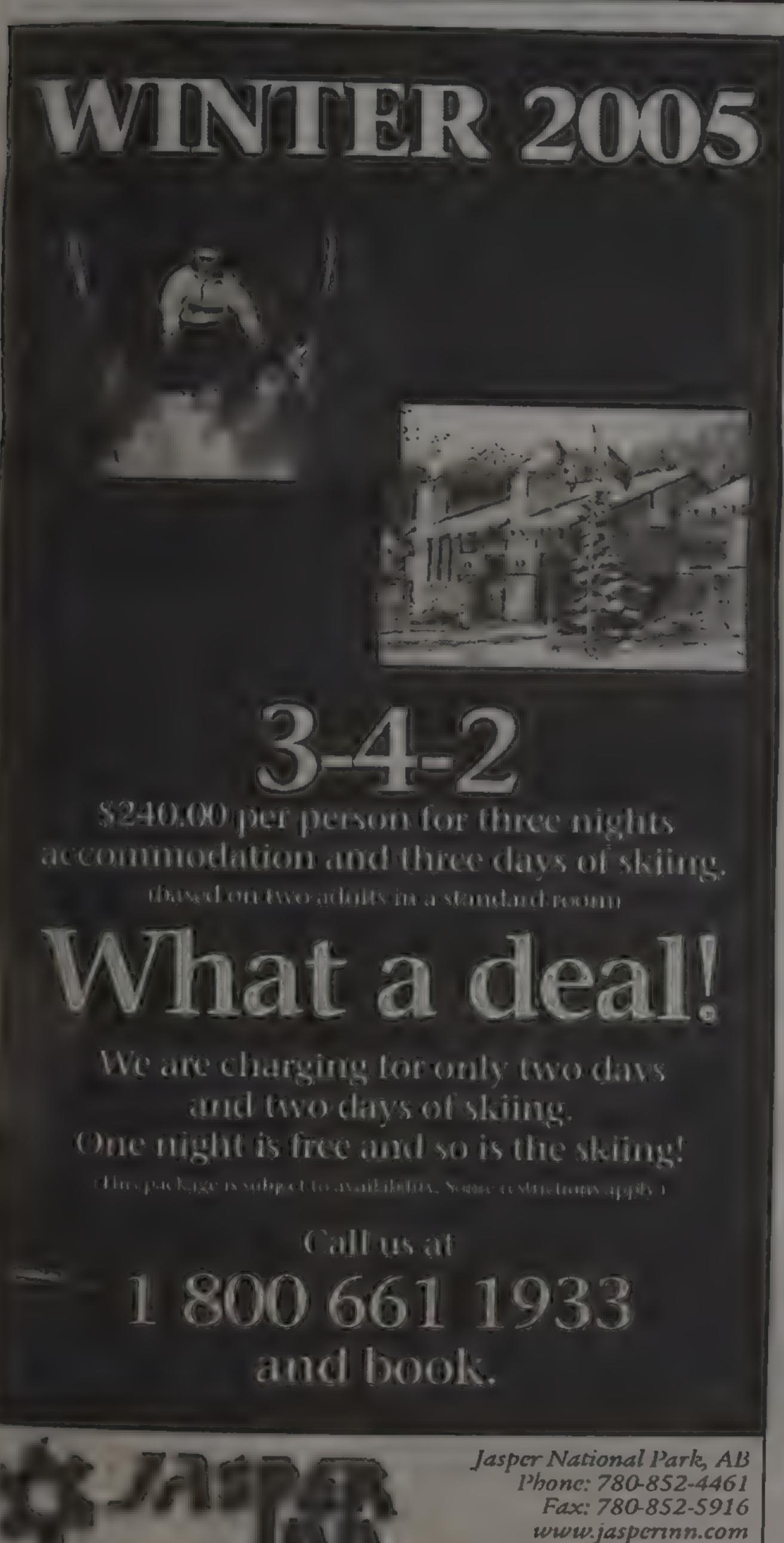
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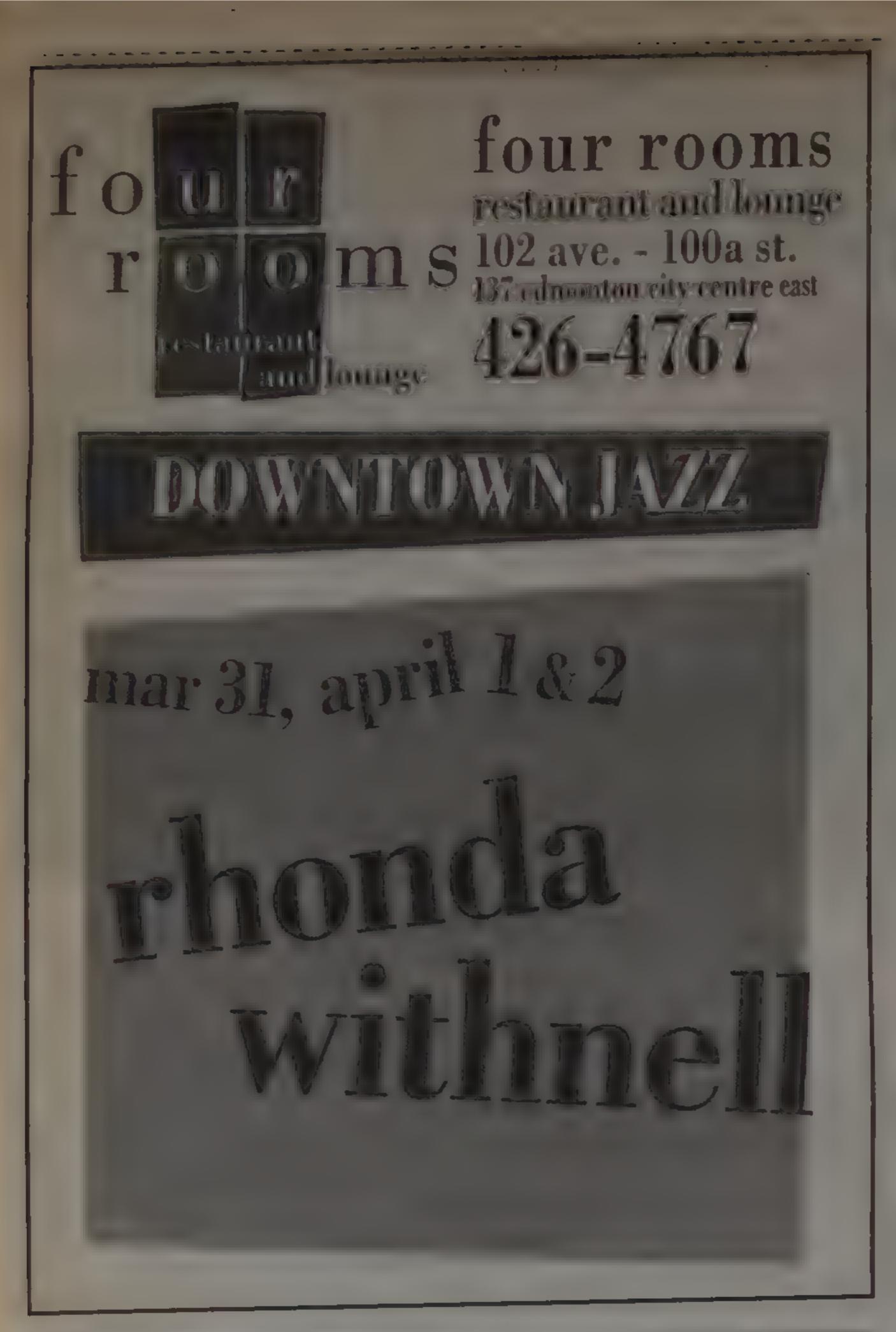
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DISH

A Wicky Situation

A decision to trespass outside Edmonton boundaries pays off at Vicky's Family Dining

BY CHRISTOPHER THRALL

in my mind as I abandoned the eateries of my Edmonton home and sought culinary asylum in Sherwood Park. My mother was introducing us to the best dining the town had to offer, but I was a little skeptical as we met her and Pops at a strip mall. Vicky's Family Dining had an unassuming façade, but through its doors we stepped onto the flagstone terrace of a seaside bistro on the shores of Greece.

I stood in awe at a full-immersion trompe l'oeil. A light blue ceiling hid fluffy white clouds among the light fixtures. Frescoed walls boasted the panoramic view of a white-walled Ionian village clinging to verdant slopes as sailboats frolicked in the calm waters. Tables were spread across the ochre flagstones, cool on bare toes after a day on the beach... Toto, we weren't in Edmonton anymore.

A stunning young brunette with a thousand-kilowatt smile showed us to a table among the potted plants that swayed in the imagined breeze. Only two flaws detracted from the Mediterranean fantasy: the front wall of windows looked out over Wye Road rather than Mykonos, and oboe interpretations of Richard Marx drifted out of the speakers. (Thankfully, the Muzak was eventually replaced

by more traditional bouzouki tunes.)

We flipped open our menus and admired the fine balance of dishes. Obviously, Greek cuisine was well represented, but a wide selection of Eastern European and Western fare presented a lot of options. Only a couple of items broke the magical \$20 barrier, though most cozied up against it. We placed our orders, requested coffees (\$1.79) all around, and sat back to chat while we waited.

Our waiter had casually offered bread to start, and the warm, fluffy loaf served with garlic herb butter accompanied our soup course. (The bread turned out to be \$1.99, which wasn't made clear when we agreed to it, but the cost—and the flavour—were easy to swallow.) The loaf made a perfect complement to the lemon rice soup that was included with our entrées. Each spoonful was heralded by a burst of dill, followed quickly

RESTAURANTS

by a lemony zing and a hearty combination of vegetables and rice. Despite desperately wanting to save room for the feast to come, the soup vanished quickly from every bowl.

THE ENTRÉES ARRIVED shortly after our bowls were cleared, each with sides of roast potatoes and vegetables. Our server barely had time to drop them in front of us before our forks started flashing. A chicken breast stuffed with ham and three cheeses, my delectable Royale (\$15.99) swam in a creamy hollandaise. I was intrigued by my wife's luscious chicken marsala (\$13.99), but after I stole a second mushroom out of her tangy white wine sauce, she glared an ultimatum. Instead, I swiped an entire

piece of chicken souvlaki from my mother's plate. I relished the flavour of a wonderful Greek grill, the tender chicken nearly peeling off the skewer. However, Pops was the winner that evening: a chicken filet stuffed with huge shrimp, crabmeat, mushrooms, asparagus and three cheeses, that rich Baked Alaskan (\$19.99) was almost worth swapping plates—I just didn't think I could get away with it.

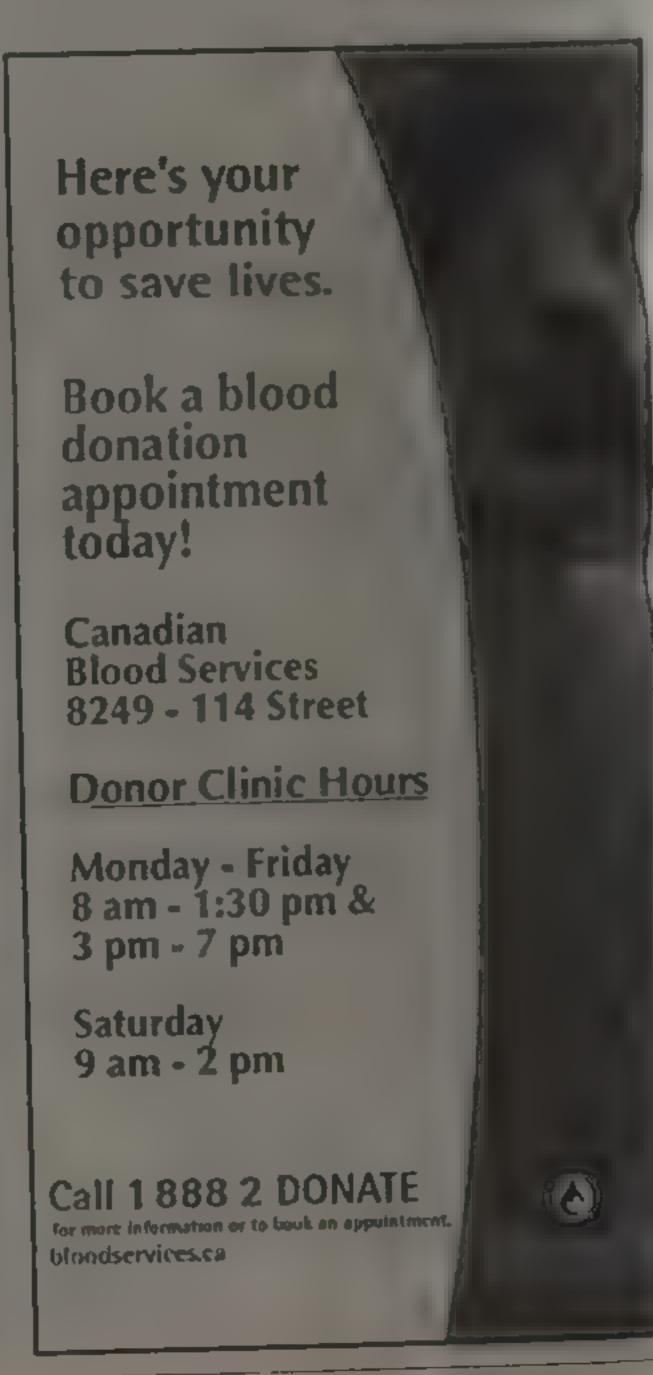
Our friendly, attentive server swept our plates away after our meals and offered three dessert options, all handmade by Vicky herself. We chose baklava and tiramisu (\$4.99 each) to share around the table, none of us prepared to take on an entire dessert.

The desserts arrived quickly, and after a single taste, my wife proclaimed that their baklava was better than hers. I wasn't convinced: while Vicky's was sweet and tantalizing beneath a sprinkle of cinnamon, it lacked the crisp phyllo crunch I was used to. (Plus, I've learned that comparing anything favourably to my wife's efforts—even in agreement with her—wins me a night on the couch.) The tiramisu was wildly applauded around the table for its light, fluffy texture and sweet aftertaste.

Each of the four of us chipped in just over \$25, including tax and tip, for a sensational dinner. Given the number of "reserved" signs on the tables when we entered, and the speed at which the restaurant filled, calling ahead might be wise. For my part, I discovered exceptional cuisine beyond the city limits—who knew? I may have to push the boundaries again sometime. In the meantime, you distract the guards while I sneak back into Edmonton. •

993 Fir Street (Sherwood Park) • 417-1750







Tangerine dream

The inventive cuisine at Wild Tangerine is like a wonderful fantasy that you wake up from too soon

BY IAIN ILICH

ood fusion cooking is the enemy of modern math. It relies on the principle that the whole is often far greater than the sum of its parts, tinkering with the laws of numbers so that two plus two can, and regularly do, equal 17. Mixing ingredients that cross cultural boundaries, blending the culinary histories of multiple nations, is always a risky endeavour, but if successfully executed, it can pay off in a very big way.

Located just around the corner from Edmonton's live-music staple, the Sidetrack Café, Wild Tangerine prides Itself on creatively mixing Asian and European cuisines, ending up with food that's both quirky and delicious. The space is small enough to be intimate, but spacious enough to not feel cramped, and the interior · mangemen chie minimalism with an Asian influence, with touches of funky originality. Why drink from a bamboo cup when you can drink from a deliberately kitschy, brightly-Calcured, frosted-plastic cup that looks like bamboo? Exactly. Classy but desiral desentations but not over

the top. It's a warm, inviting space, and one in which you'll likely run into the cheerful co-owner, Wilson Wu, making the rounds of the tables, making sure everyone is happy with their meal.

Upon entering the restaurant, we were promptly seated by a friendly server who directed us to a table in the middle of the dining room. After taking a good look through our menus (small clipboards with sheets of bright yellow paper attached) my

FUSION

wife and I both found what we were looking for on the page labelled "specials." I was intrigued by the exotic combination of ingredients in the "Lemon Chicken Breast" (\$15, and those are their quotation marks, not mine), a chicken breast stuffed with spinach, ricotta, and... dates. Nifty.

My wife, who was a bit nervous about ordering something too crazy for her liking, cautiously picked the Marsala-Masala Lamb (\$16), a dish described only as "slow-cooked" and "spiced lamb." The potential combination of marsala wine and East Indian masala curry spices was, to say the least, intriguing. As we were in the mood for a wee bit of wine, we took advantage of Wild Tangerine's large by-the-glass wine selection, choosing a glass of Italian Fabiano Soave (\$5) for myself, and a glass of Cave Spring Riesling (\$7), from Canada's Niagara region, for my wife.

After chatting for what must

have been a good half-hour (real food takes time to prepare, after all), our server arrived bearing our imaginatively presented meals. My stuffed chicken breast was sliced and spread on top of a bed of bright green asparagus, revealing the inner ingredients of the chicken under a layer of thick, translucent, light yellow liquid. The outside of the chicken had been battered, and, though presumably fried, there was no strong oily taste. Instead, the whole dish was tied together by an amazingly fruity and complex sweet lemon sauce, which was neither too heavily nor too sparingly applied. The dates, ricotta and spinach inside made for an entirely unusual but wonderful mix of flavours and textures, while the asparagus added yet another strangely perfect dimension. It was unlike anything I've ever tasted.

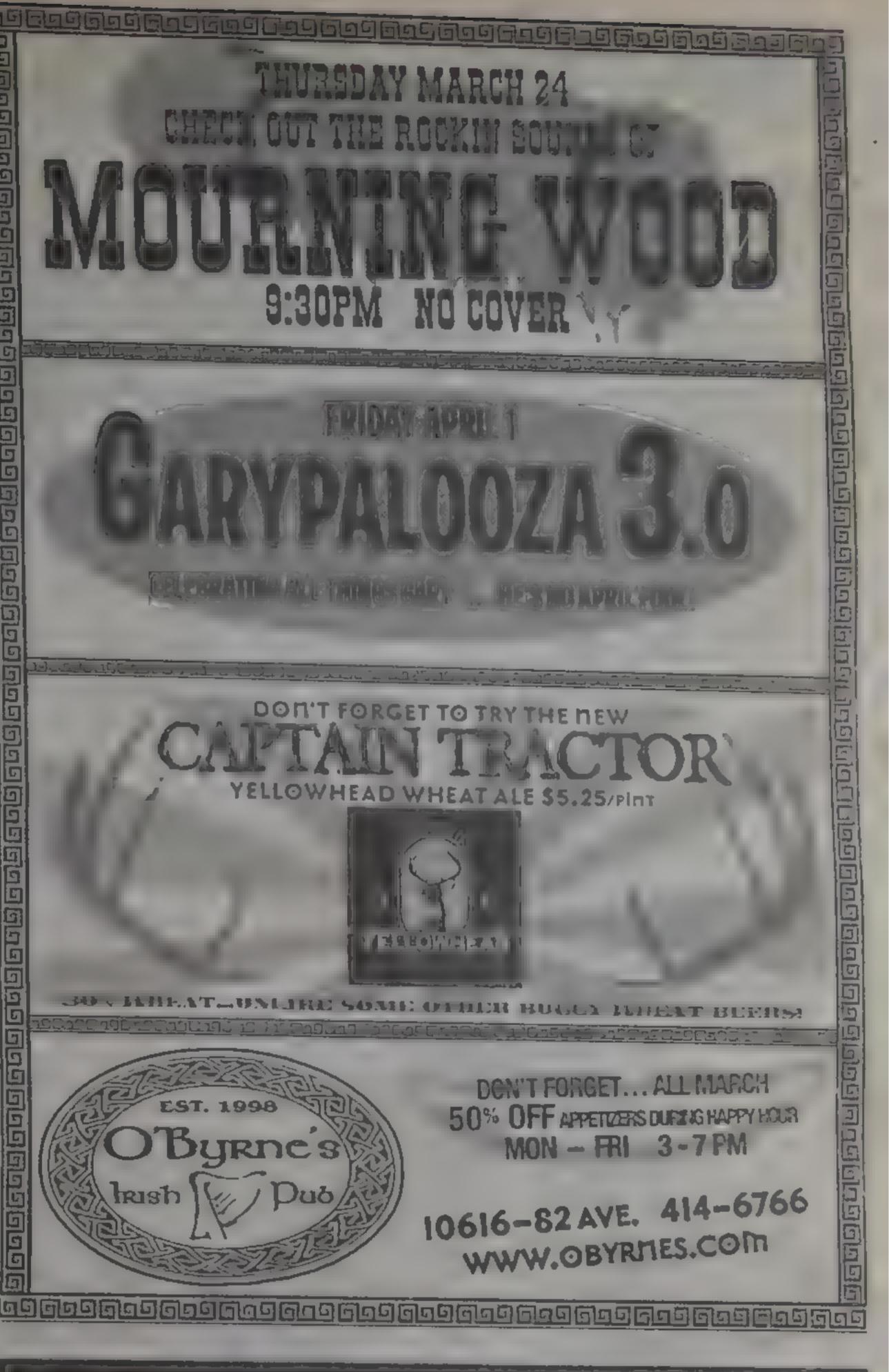
My wife was just as happy with the lamb, which she found to be tender, perfectly cooked and seasoned with just the right blend of spices. While she wasn't expecting the included asparagus (she normally doesn't much care for asparagus), she found that it went well with the rest of the dish, and trudged through as much of it as she could.

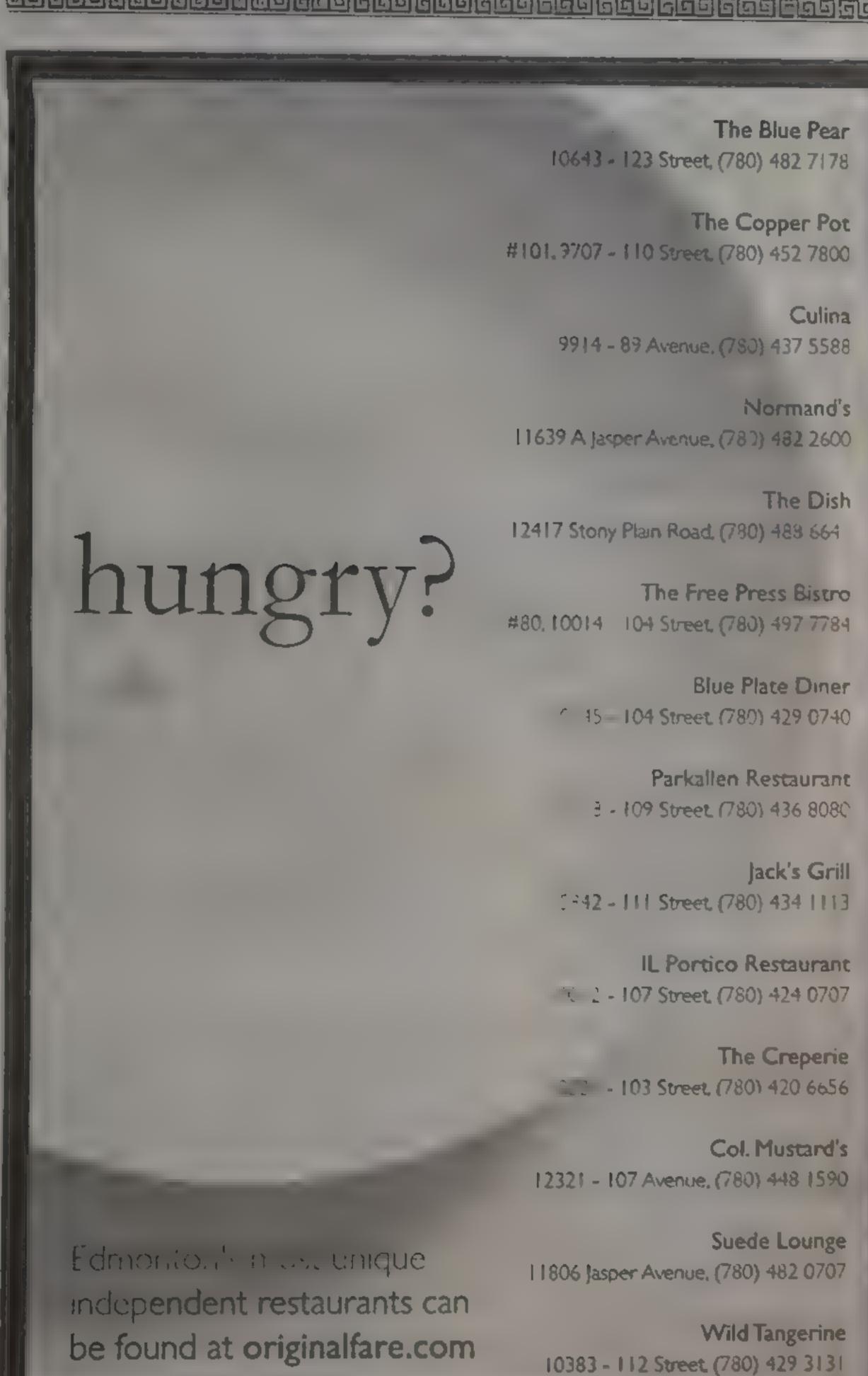
After finishing our main course, we debated over which dessert to select. Neither one of us was particularly full, and I felt compelled to try something from their dessert menu, given how good the rest of the meal was. So, since you can't go wrong with chocolate, I picked a treat called Chocolate From the West (\$5), a small chocolate brownie with cream cheese icing, garnished with a caramel-marmalade sauce. Delicious.

SO, IF THE FOOD is so amazing, what's the catch? Well, like in some theoretical episode of The Twilight Zone, the food is absolutely amazing, but the portions are small enough that you'll only begin to savour the intricacies of the blend of ingredients before oops, it's all done. I checked with my wife, whose appetite is substantially smaller than mine, and her tummy was also nowhere near satisfied when the food abruptly ran out. As she explained it to me, it was like being cut short in the middle of something you were enjoying, like watching a scratched DVD that suddenly stops playing halfway through. The movie may have been great, but the lack of a resolution is nonetheless unpleasant.

Price-wise, the quality of the food was easily worth the \$51 for the two of us, including a glass of wine each. For food this good, in an atmosphere bound to make even the squarest diner feel like a cool-yet-sophisticated urbanite, that's a heck of a bargain. I just wish that the portions were a little bit bigger. I'd happily pay more for the privilege. •

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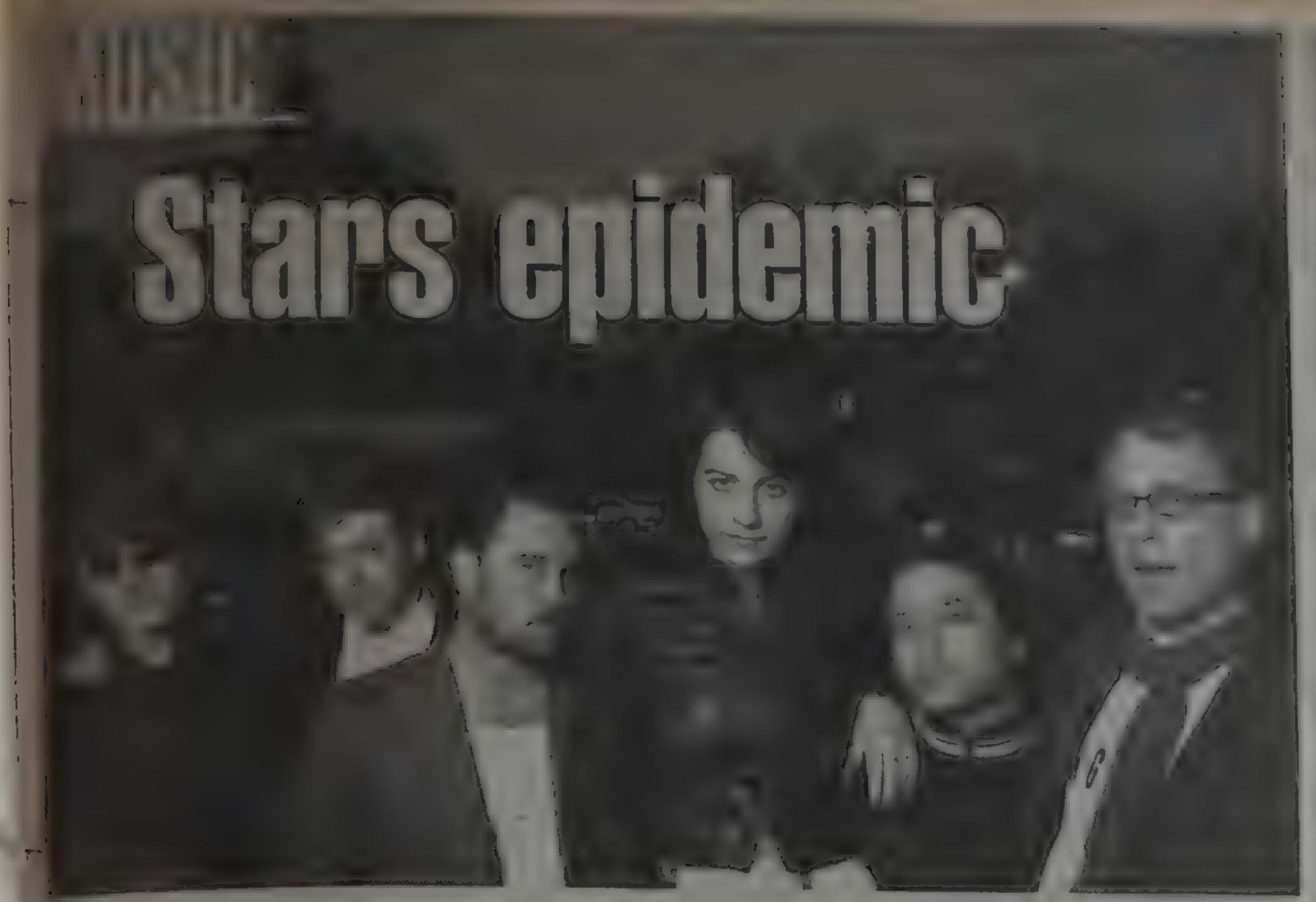
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Everyone's buying into the Montrealrock hype—except the bands themselves

TY LEAH COLLINS

tars multi-instrumentalist Evan ranley sighs heavily before breakng into a peal of wry laughter; like o many readers of the music press, :-- musician (who usually divides his terri between bass and trombone for the band) is tired of hearing that "ontreal is the new New York."

Like so many other rising bands— Arcade Fire, the Dears and just i it everyone on Montreal's Arts I Crafts label—Stars makes its e in the frosty Quebec metropod Craniey can't help but be dissive of the trend-mongering buzz American press has started about city—an attitude he figures most ntrealers share. "I don't think the ple there are taking it all that seri-'sly, I really don't," Cranley says, ing a pause to hand bandmate rquil Campbell change for the A laundromat. "I think the people kind of under-their-breath laughabout the whole thing. I think atreal is a really proud place; it n't take an American publication them that they're hip or that ething's happening because it's , been there."

Cranley is thankful for the atten-:, though. With every mainm publication from Spin to the York Times turning their eyes to treal, Cranley sees the trend ver short-lived it might be-as ndow of opportunity for many ands, including his own. latest album, Set Yourself on , has just been successfully and as Cranley s hes alout to begin two soldtriphicat LA's legendary the ... and he couldn't be hapthough he's been stuck on ni ; Juty for most of the day:

"You need clean underwear in this battle," he jokes). But while the band is benefiting from the buzz, Cranley says Montreal remains the same cold, stylishly aloof city it always was. He's met a few musicians traveling through the city in search of a scene, but he figures the wannabe rock-star tourists won't ever really invade. There just isn't any Montreal rock zeitgeist to be found there, no matter what the magazines say.

"It's funny, but there isn't a lot of camaraderie there, I find," he says. "I'm good friends with the Dears and a couple of bands there, but I don't feel like I'm part of a movement. I really don't. I've lived there for five

E I E E E I I U U U

years and across North America, and Montreal is the place we don't draw well, ironically enough. And between you and me, the ticket sales for the tour in Montreal have not been selling as well as in other cities. So I mean, although they say Montreal's the new hip place to be, there's not a lot of support within the musical community as much as, say, Toronto, which is kind of funny—no one would really know about that unless they were a band there."

CRANLEY CAN'T EXPLAIN the lack of attention Stars gets in Montreal, but he's thankful for it, in a way, as it was Montreal's nonplussed attitude towards its artists that moved the band from its previous home, nowpassé hip centre, New York. Cranley (who's also a prominent member of Toronto collective Broken Social Scene) came down to join Stars a few years back when they were living in Williamsburg, New York. There to help finish the group's Night Songs EP, Cranley et al. soon found themselves a little weirded-out by the supposed radness of the place. "I really feel uncomfortable where everyone and their grandmother is in a band," he explains. "I find the idea of being in a band is quite passé, and when we

were in New York I just felt like I was one in 5,000 people in a particular neighbourhood who were competing against each other and kind of walking around as a band. And I hate that kind of posturing. And that's what I didn't like about New York, because 1 felt like I was in competition with the people I was living around."

Tired of the posturing, running out of money and missing their Canadian homeland, the band migrated to Montreal intent on eking out intelligent love songs in selfimposed isolation. And that's where the band will stay, says Cranley.

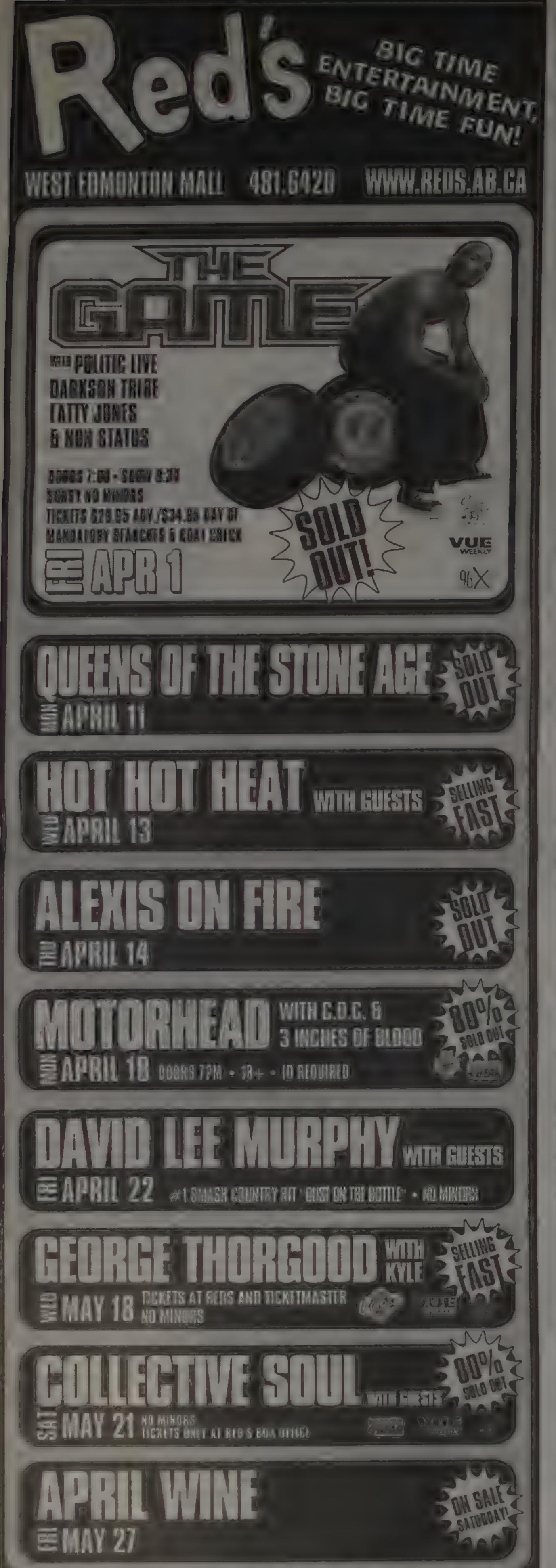
THE GROUP has always found inspiration from putting themselves in different places while creating each of their records—Night Songs was made in a West Village Manhattan apartment, Heart was made on the plateau of Montreal and Set Yourself on Fire was made in Quebec's eastern townshipsand there's even been some talk about recording an album in Sweden with producer Tore Johansson (the Cardigans, Saint Etlenne, Franz Ferdinand). A new album is still a long ways off, says Cranley (though he does have dreams of writing conceptual albums about robots, trips to the moon and "the life and times of being a firefighter in nine songs"), but when that time comes, the record will be made in pretension-free Montreal. Mainstream buzz hasn't turned the city into a new New York, after all; instead, it's inadvertently given Stars another reason to stick out the winters.

"All the industry is based out of Montreal in the last five years," he says, "and unlike being around the industry in New York, it doesn't make me want to change cities. No, now I'm kind of comfortable with it. Now that people are buying the record and people are paying attention to us I'm a little bit more comfortable. I can finally enjoy the music business."

STARS

With Apostle of Hustle and Montag . Dinwoodie Lounge . Thu, Apr 7





MUSIC



music notes

AND ROSS MOROZ

Gods of the Hammer

The Reason • With Choke and Ghosts of Modern Man • Starlite Room • Sun, Apr 3 Edmonton and Hamilton are sort of kindred spirits as far as mid-sized Canadian cities go. Like Edmonton, Hamilton is continually overshadowed by a more ostentatious metropolis down the road and is generally pooh-poohed by the country's cosmopolitan elite, most of whom

haven't ever set foot in either city. And yet, much like Edmonton, Hamilton apparently has a fantastic local music scene—at least according to Adam White, vocalist for up-and-coming Hamilton-based band The Reason.

"Hamilton has a lot of, um, visible downsides," White admits, "but once you get past that, you realize that it's a great community with a great music scene. I think it's one of the best spots in Canada. It's a big community and there are so many bands and so many shows all the time. Everybody gets along and all the bands are really tight. I'd rather be in Hamilton than Toronto."

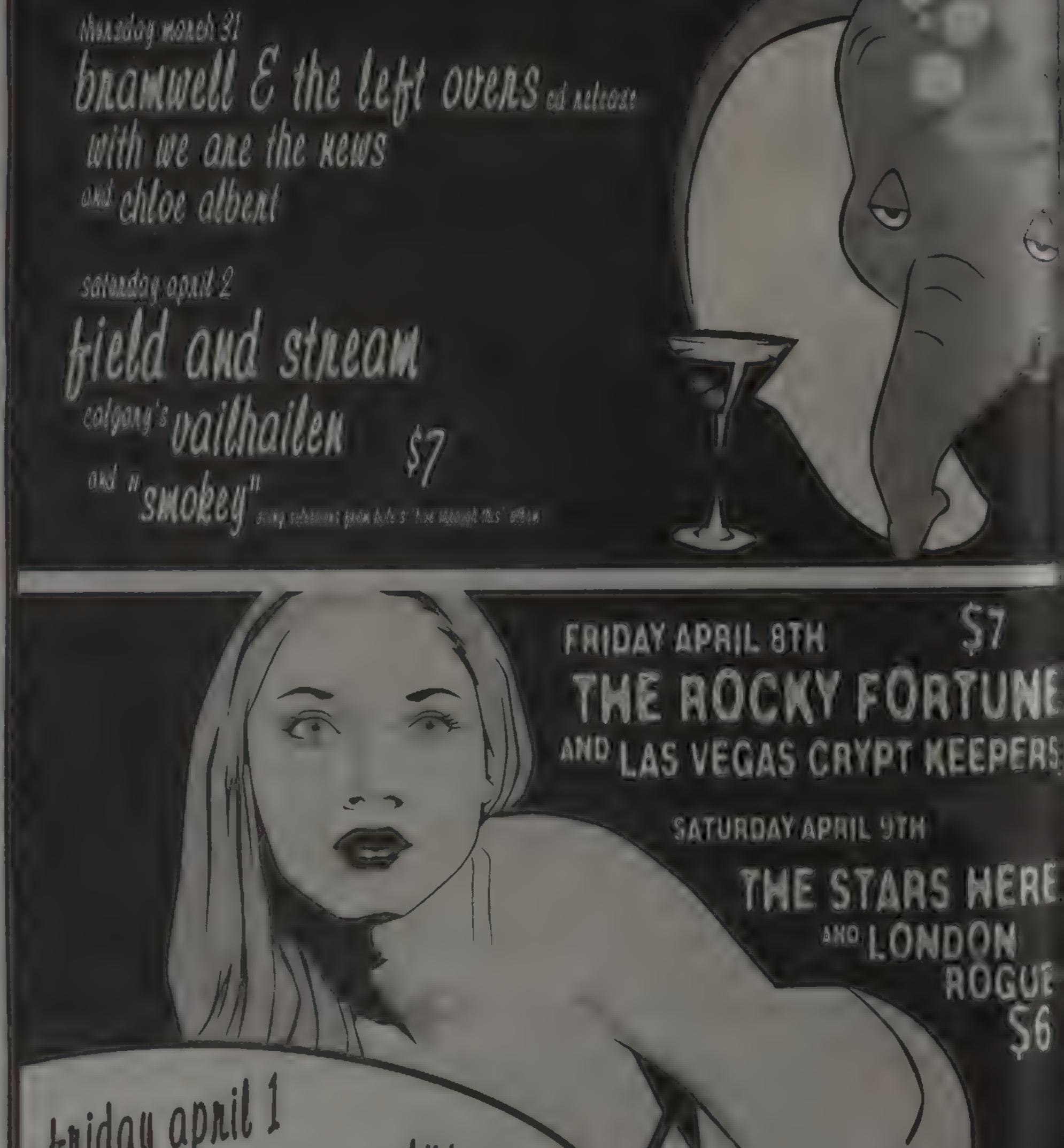
As vibrant as Hamilton's music community reportedly is, there is as yet no unifying "Hamilton sound," which suits the Reason just fine: while the group espouses a punk ethic, filling their music with a lot of screaming and thrashing, they also utilize subtle elements of dance, funk and rap. According to White, this eclecti-

embraced by the group very early.
"When we wrote the album, we do not try to write a certain way," White explains. "If we came up with some thing that sounded like you could not try to remark that sounded like you could not try to something, we didn't we it off because we 'aren't that kind band'; we just incorporated it some how into our sound."

The diversity of the Reason's management of the group's members' schizophies taste in music. "I don't listen to management of the says. "I'm not make into the 'screamo' thing, even thought of as one thought of as one thought of as one thought we're on to every night we're playing shows we these heavy bands, and when we shack in the van we don't really wanted listen to that, so we throw on the Westside Connection or the Police Tegan and Sara or something."

Odd background music asid

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A piece of the action

Doers . With Run Chico Run and Vernois Constellation . Sidetrack Café · Wed, Apr 6 Even the Doers got off to a bit of a racey start, they've rolled with life's irhes and managed to come out on It was shortly after the Vancouveracoustic punks formed a trio out ashes of the much noisier band the hand had just written r first few songs when their bassist, Higginson, had a life-threatening Jant. "He fell three stories off a ling and he was in a coma for weeks," singer/guitarist Sean ey explains, "so we were on hold , A THE

rery (minus a few teeth) they took
a stage in 2002 and immediately
red making a name for themselves
me. After releasing Ready, Set...
Can Enjoy Almost Anything on Red
Records last year, the Doers took
act on the road and have been
crossing the country ever since.
the funnest thing to do," he says.
just kind of bide our time
touring."

n though Ready, Set... Do was ded with a heap of extra talent ding legendary Minuteman . . , Odike Warr and the Cinchis Dubé), the Doers vowed to keep and a trio for simplicity's sake. oon a fourth Doer came knocking guise of a singing and dancing ig lass named Sarah Jane. Origishe just asked to get up onstage to a few numbers but once she out to Newfoundland to meet mid-tour and traveled back west them, there was no looking back. as in Montreal that I added her to to the web page," says Maxey. as never really discussed; that was only way it really could have hapd. If we had a meeting about it... n't know, I think we would have 4 15 Out HOW " (PD)

et the Faulkners

That Remains • Starlite Room

Apr 1 (all ages) With so many
's playing metal and hardcore
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frian just being lightning-fast or
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much better that we can really



Much Does Edmonton • Starlite Room • Sat, Mar 26 • reVUE When the nation's music station—aime callington Edmonton in provide years where was a whole let muse knople building up to the snow than there was this time around Despite boasting at impressive unispounds melader Our Mercun, the Fau inc. Mark Birtles Project and Eated for Wyra, the wisite event seemed muted, and by the time the Linear rook the stage, power took anotiquities in ratio to close the high nowing there was still plenty of room to move abound in Bbi that digit is top those hardcore country freaks from namining trup to the camera, and the revocate pino rap. With with man factal from and slick country duds to go a cing with their faller stings, the Unicas—along with all the aton more people withing them get their chance when the concert airs in April. (PD)

he says—and he might be onto something. After forming in 2001 and putting out Frail Words Collapse on Metal Blade Records in 2003, As I Lay Dying has maintained a rock-solid touring schedule that has seen them share the stage with some of the best bands in the genre. Unfortunately, the grueling schedule soon took its toll and the band underwent some major restructuring before heading to the studio to record their new disc, Shadows Are Security, which will be out in June.

"A lot of the guys who played with us before had a hard time committing to the full-time touring," Lambesis says. "You can really only play this kind of music if you really love what you're doing, because it's not exactly the greatest money-making or comfortable scenario in the world. Those guys who ended up leaving, no matter how stressful it was, I really look back and know it was for the better, and everybody in the band now is very committed. Songwriting-wise, we've actually come a long way as well, because the new members are a lot better just as musicians." (PD)

A tall, Schmold one

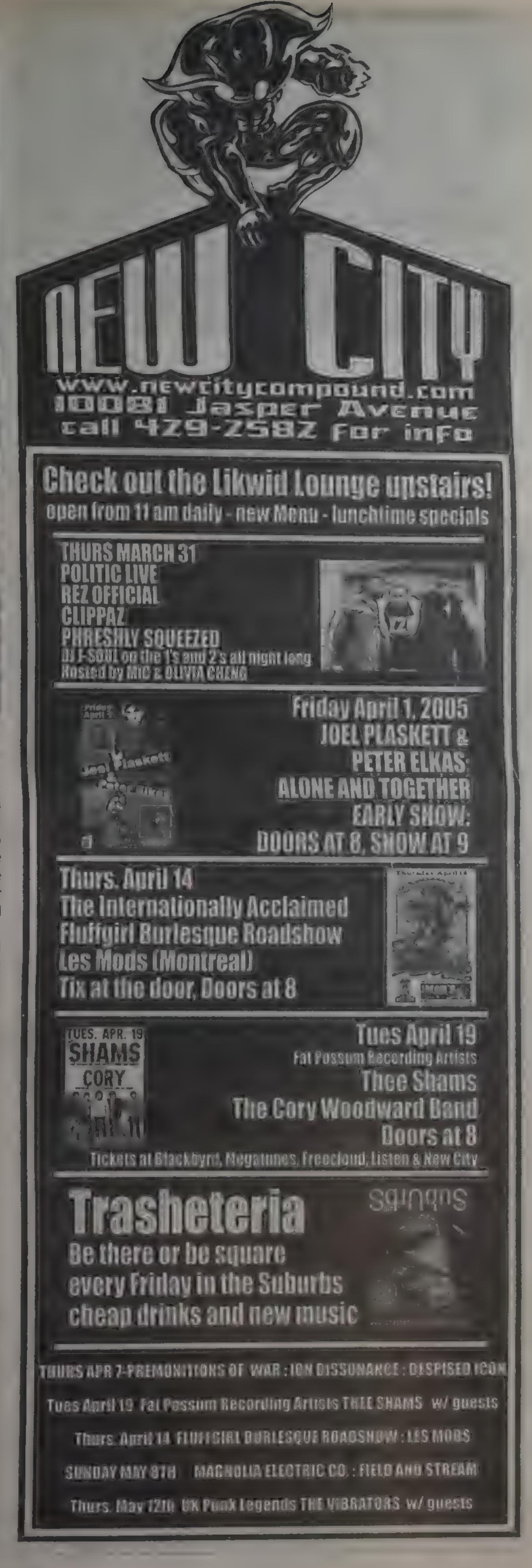
The Brewkowskis • With the Brat Attack, Sonance and Pangina • The Shark Tank • Sat, Apr 2 Coming up with a name for a band is a surprisingly difficult task: just as people judge books by their covers, music fans often make assumptions about bands based solely on their names. A good moniker must be reasonably "cool" while somehow evoking the group's general tone or attitude. And while the Brewkowskis are happy with

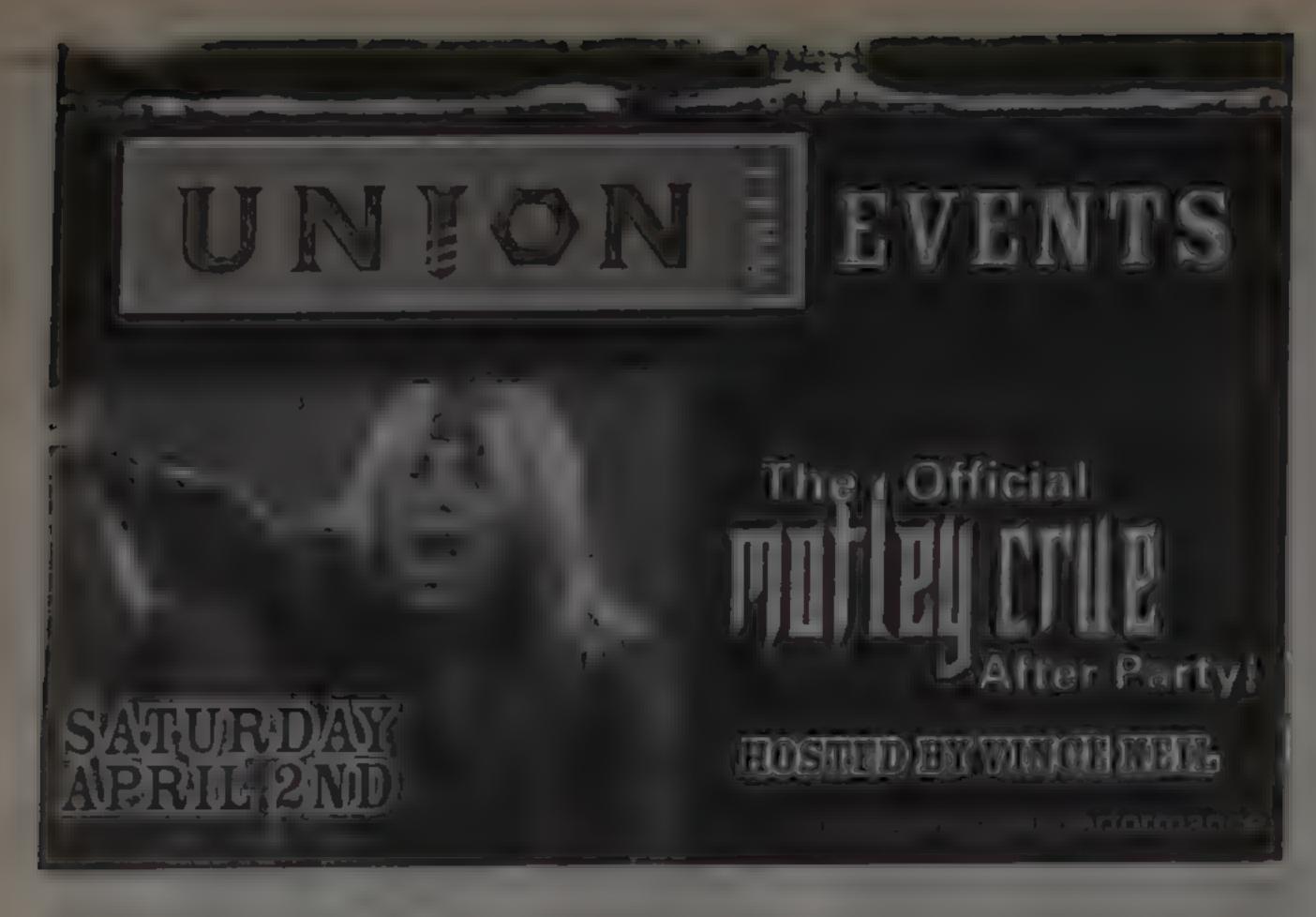
the choice they've made, frontman Paul Schmold nonetheless wants to clear up a minor misconception.

"Just because we're called the Brewkowskis doesn't mean we're a bunch of drunks," Schmold laughs, explaining that the name harks back to the band's genesis over a half-decade ago. "We didn't have a clue when we started off. We're definitely a lot wiser now. I grew up in Westlock, where all we did was drink and listen to AC/DC, so I was a hick from the sticks when I got to Edmonton. But when you move to the city you learn a lot. I've definitely gotten way more political."

Given their beer-drinking, Bear-listening provenance (not to mention their sudsy name), the fact that the Brewkowskis are largely a political band may surprise some listeners, but Schmold sees his band's political overtones as being less an artistic choice than a necessity in today's world. "I don't know how anyone can not be motivated to speak their mind right now," he says. "There's a lot of bullshit going on in Alberta, and there are some fucked-up attitudes in this province. It's hard here, because people are pretty comfortable with their oil jobs, but you have to speak your mind. You can't be a total pussy and just go and drink beer and not talk about this stuff."

All that political fury aside, the Brewkowskis are, ironically, exactly the type of nice, down-to-earth guys you'd be happy to grab a drink with. "We're all pretty mellow, low-key guys," Schmold agrees. "[I believe that] if you disagree with someone, it doesn't mean they're not a good person; it just means they need to be better informed. So maybe you could go for a beer with them, I guess." (RM)

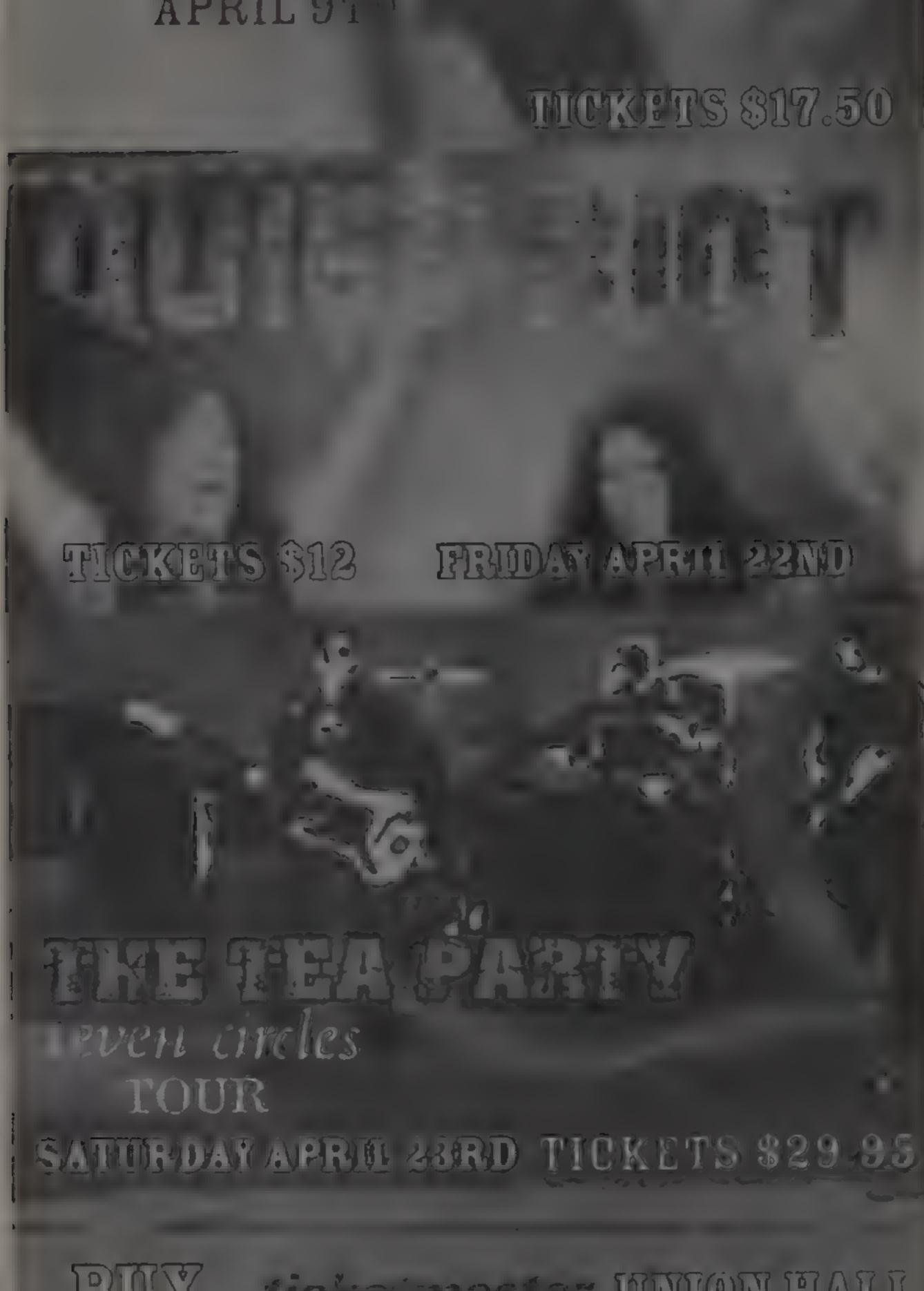




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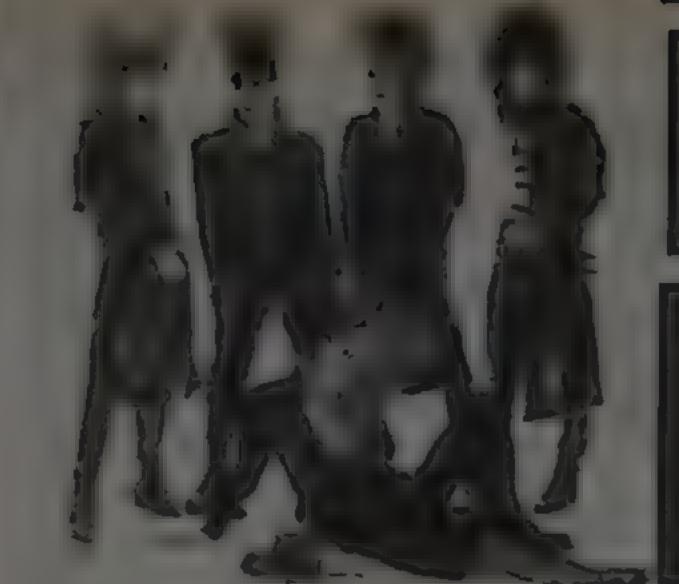


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CARGO AND JAMES TEA SHOPPE Open stage hosted by Ron Taylor; 7:30-10pm

CEILI'S Screech; 9pm

CHRISTOPHER'S PARTY PUB Open stage hosted by Alberta Crude; 6-10pm

DUSTER'S PUB Jam hosted by Bnan Petch

FOUR ROOMS Rhonda Withnell

GRINDER Open stage hosted by Chilli-D-Fiddy; 9-12pm

I AND R BAR AND GRILL Open stage with The Poster Boys (pop/rock/blues); 8:30pm-12:30am

J.J'S PUB Blissin, Sinclair (rock)

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Office and Phone Ray Sound of Chippaz; imp-hop/karb/dance Chicker Consumpt mortimines

SEEDY'S Brainissell and the Tel (wiens (K 1 melease party); We Are the News, Chloe Albert

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Just a Fellow, The Collapse, Wheat Pool; 8pm; \$7 (door)

URBAN LOUNGE Revega, No Such Luck; \$5

WINSPEAR CENTRE Legends ond Variations: Lighter Classics presented by the **Edmonton Symphony** Orchestra featuring Edwin Outwater, Marina Hoover (cello); 8pm; \$21-\$56

ARNOURY VINES IN Thursdays: retro rock, dance and old school hip hop

BACKROOM VODKA BAR Animation Station: trip hop, There is the second of the Deadly, Gundam, Dale Force

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE Escapack Entertainment

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE Thump: intronica with the DDK Soundsystem

BUDDY'S NICHTCLUB D) Squiggles

ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE Thursday Ladies Night: Top 40, R&B, retro with Urban Metropolis

FILTHY MEN ASTY'S Runk Rock Bingo with DJ S.W.A.G. GAS PUMP Ladies Nite: Top

VUIEWEEKLY

'40/damee with DJ Christian **GUILTY MARTINI** DJ Jeff

LONGRIDERS Hot Laura Nights; free dance lessons 8-9:30pm

> **NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE** Rub A Dub Thursdays: Reggae, ska, dub with Jebus and His Apostles

NEW CITY SUBURBS

Progress: electro/new wave with DJ Miss Mannered and quests; no minors

POWER PLANT Ship Night for resolem to the liem to

RED STAR Underground Hip Hop Night: with DJ Mumps, DJ Dusty Crates

RENDEZVOUS Metal Night with DJ McNasty

THE ROOST Rotating shows: Sticker's open stage and the Weaker wak game with DJ jazzy second and last Thursday; \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member)

SAVOY Funk and downtempo with Ben Jamin

SEEDY'S DJ night

STANDARD Limited Edition Thursdays Feat: with DJs

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE Top 40 dance, R&B

VELVET LOUNGE Urban Substance: hip hop/R&B end of exams jam with Spincycle, Invinceable, J-Money, Sean B

VICTORY LOUNGE NRMLS WLCM Thursdays: Dance, hip hop with DJ Nik 7 with Members of The Floor, Shout Out Out Out, Dietzche V, The Abominable Snowman

WUNDERBAR HOF-BRAUHAUS DIs Wunderbar Hofbrauhaus: Punk with Robin Schroffel



ALLEGRO ITALIAN KITCHEN Terry Jorden (jazz piano); 7-10pm

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL 3 Drops of Pure

BELLA BEANS COFFEE CAFÉ Acoustic open stage; 7:30-10pm

CASINO YELLOWHEAD Robin Kelly, Thomas Alexander (tribute show)

DUSTERS PUB The Whiskey Kings; 9:30pm

CEILI'S The Kick It Bros; 9pm

FOUR ROOMS Rhonda Withnell JEKYLL AND HYDE PUB

Per Motelly in Transpire

LEFFREYS CAFÉ AND WINE BAR Mr. Lucky (blues); 8-

11pm, \$5 NEWCASTLE PUB Patry Armico, Brian Gregg (1006),

9:30pm **NEW CITY LIKWID**

LOUNGE Joel Plaskett, Peter Elkas (early show); 8pm (door), 9pm (show); tickets available at Blackbyrd, Megatunes, Listen, New City

RATTLESNAKE SALOON Texas Mickey

RED'S The Game, Politic Live, Darkson Tribe, Fatty Jones, Non Status; no minors; 7pm (door), 9:30pm (show); \$29.950(3di) \$34 95 (5a of)

REXALL PLACE Keith Urban

ISTRUBASIE/STCHINTURAL

CENTRE Chris Smither, 8pm; \$1.5 (adv.)/\$1.7 (door): tickets available at TUL on the Square, Southside Sound

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Bebop Cortez, DJ Tryptomene (Sub-G Nation documentary viewing party); \$8 (door)

SPORTSMAN'S LOUNGE GO

STARLITE ROOM As I Lay Dying, Throwdown, All That Remains; all ages event; 7pm (door), 8pm (show); \$18 millers available at TicketMaster, FS (WEM), Victory, Blackbyrd, Megatunes, Listen

URBAN LOUNGE Granny Dynamite; \$5

VICTORY LOUNGE Vindictive Metal: Hosted by Time Vimiliative Bastand

WOODCROFT HALL Wendell Ferguson; 8pm; \$12 (member/adv)/\$14 (door); tickets available at Acoustic Music Shop, Myhre's Music, TIX on the Square

YARDBIRD SUITE The Music Of Kenny Wheeler, 8pm (door), 9pm (show); \$7 (member)/\$11 (guest); tickets available at TicketMaster

CLASSICAL

ALL SAINTS ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL Music by Franz Schubert and Robert Schumann: Dawn Sadoway (soprano), John Mahon (clarinet), Jeremy Spurgeon (piano); 8pm; \$15 (adult)/\$12 (student/senior); tickets available at TIX on the Square, door

CONVOCATION HALL University of Alberta Concert Choir; 8pm; \$10 (student/senior)/\$15 (adult)

WINSPEAR CENTRE Brighouse and Rastrick Band: 7-30,000

DJS

ARMOURY Fishbone Fridays: Top 40 downstairs/retro 80 upstairs

BOOTS Retro Disco: retro dance

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Dance party with DJ Alvaro

DECADANCE Ladies Night: Deep sexy funky beats with DJ Smoov and guests; no cover

DEWEY'S LOUNGE Outrageous Fridays: Hiphop/urban with Jsmilz

ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE With Urban Metropolis

GAS PUMP Top 40/dance with DJ Christian

HALO MODELLAS COS MAIN D) Blue 13% D) Travevo, 15 NEW CITY LIKWID

LOUNGE Your Weekly AA Meeting: with Anarchy Adam and Jebus NEW CITY SUBURBS

Trasheteria: Dogbeat, yipsycore, hairhop with Micropulse and Miss Mannered

ONE ON WHYTE Retro, top 40, R&B with DJ Crownroyal POWER PLANT Crush On: The state of Recommend

RATT Immediate Gratification Fridays: with DJ Kung Fu Grip THE ROOST Upstairs: Euro

Blitz: best new European Inche Fron D. Cultarrak Downstairs: DJ Jazzy; \$4 (mareimmerch) \$6 (memorine envioue). RUM JUNGLE Peoples DJ

SAVOY DJ Busy B; no cover STANDARD All New 6107

and DJ Kwake, live to air **STONEHOUSE PUB Top 40** with DJ Chad

Fridays: Hosted by Harman B

VICTORY LOUNGE Vindictive Metal Fridays: Hosted by The Vindictive Bastard and guests

LIVE MUSIC

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL 3 Drops of Pure

BELLA BEANS COFFEE CAFÉ Henri Ferguson; 7:30-10pm; \$7

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE Jeff Stuart; 4-6pm; no cover

BLUE CHAIR CAFÉ Maria Dunn, Bob Jahrig; 9pm; \$15 CASINO YELLOWHEAD

Robin Kelly, Thomas Alexander (tribute show) **CONVOCATION HALL** Happnin': U of A Jazz Choir;

8pm; \$10

1 The west downers

DRUID (Jasper Avenue) Stewart Bendall; 4-7pm

(student/senior)/\$15 (adult)

DUSTERS PUB The Whiskey Kings; 9:30pm

FOUR ROOMS Rhonda Withnell

HORIZON STAGE Murray McLauchian (country/folk); 7:30mm: \$ 70 (adult)/515 (Shakem semilion) Mickels available at the Horizon-Storye 600, office 962 38775,

JEFFREYS CARE AND WINE BAR Mr Lucky (blubes); 8

1.1 pm \$5 **NEWCASTLE PUB Patsy** Amico, Brian Gregg (roots);

9:30pm **POWERPLANT** Kris Demeanor, Geoff Berner, Matt Allen; no minors; 8pm

(door); \$8 (door) **PROVINCIAL MUSEUM** THEATRE Sven Blvd (a cappella); 7:30-10:30pm; \$12/\$10 (student/senior adv)/\$15/\$12 (student/senior door); tickets available at TiX

RATTLESNAKE SALOON Texas Mickey

on the Square

REXALL PLACE Motley Crue; 9:30pm; \$29.50; To kers a variable at Ticker Masker

SEEDY'S Freigrand Stream. Vailhailen, Smokey; \$7

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Wil, The Night Life, \$10 (adv)/\$12 (day of); tickets available at BUJCKEY HOL THIS WELL Megatunes, Sidetrack

SPORTSMAN'S LOUNGE GO

STARLITE ROOM The Las Vegas Crypt Keepers

URBAN LOUNGE Granny Dynnammine; 55.

VICTORY LOUNGE i.am.damo.suzuki: with Djs Mittens and Bob Crane, Pants and Tie with guests Broken Boy; no minors; 8pm (door); \$8

WINSPEAR CENTRE LOS Hombres Calientes; featuring

Bill-Summers and Irvar Mayfield; \$32-\$46

VARDERRO SUTTE Andrea Glover Sexter; 8pm (door, 9pm (show); \$7 (member)/\$11 (guest); tid available at TicketMaste.

DJS

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGED Escapade Entertainment **BOOTS** Flashback Saturda

retro dance, house with Derrick BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB DI

Arrowchaser DECADANCE Static: House with Lo and Tomek

ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNCE Urban Metropolis GAS PUMP Top. 40/dar .

With Dy Christian

HALO Those Who Yno House with DJ Jr. Ber ve guests; no cover

IRON HORSE Urban de party with DJ 420 NEW CITY LIKWID

LOUNGE Ass Shakin' Funt

with Cool Curt and Breakfluid NEW CITY SUBURBS Punk/alt/pop/dance with

Blue Jay and Nikrofeelya ONE ON WHYTE Medic 4 The Masses: Retro, top 40, R&B with D) Crownroyal

RED STAR Indie rock, hip hop, rock, Bnt pop with 5 Master F THE ROOST Upstales

music with DJ Jazzy Downstairs: Retro me with DI Dan and Mike; \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-member)

Monthly theme partie

RUM JUNGLE Rum Jung legendary Saturdays: 14. Mop, Old School and Ma

STANDARD Like to 1 STONEHOUSE PUB! with Dy Chad

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE ReClaim Sundays: Funky Jaz hosted by Rubim Mehra Lane Arendt and guests, I cover

BLIND PIG PUB AND GRILL Sunday jam with Carmen Cook BLUES ON WHYTE KIN

Muskafa (ska) CARGO AND JAMES TEA SHOP RE WOED TO BE WITH

Bring Robichaud; 7-10pm CONTROL ATTION FALARIES A West African Ensemb Indian Music Ensemble Wasanti Paranjape Aran Music Ensemble; Zpm; 5% (lucem semior)/\$15 (add

FOX The Issues, Methodic Breed; 7pm (door), 9pm (band); D) at midnight

HORIZON STAGE Carl Friesen (country); 2pm, \$20/\$15 (student/senior tickets available at Hone tion office Twachan 191

NEWCASTLE PUB TOCO, Ryde, Mathews Grin, Lie Rault, Kenedy Jensen, C Mathews, Patsy Amico, 9 Gregg; 7pm O CYRNE'S Joe Bird's 1'.

jam; 9, 9,000m



CUL N ATEXANDRA HALL 1 1 m 315 (15) , in mathematic At State S At S C in the Space

ROSEBOWL Jon with the · if were liberti

SINTYRACK CAFE Uniter the 10 2,1 11 11 L TIN ENGINEE HE H . 15-30 NOS \$5

STARLITE ROOM CHOILE () or segurty). The Kin Classel Modern har been from all ages event 7pm (door) tickets 1. I lible at TickethAuster, FS PARTY VIENCE BLEEKBARD Might res L en

CLASSICAL

CONVOCATION HALL Guillaume Tardif (violin), Tanva Prochazka (cello), Milton Schlosser (piano); 8pm; \$15 (student/senior)/\$20 (adult)

WINSPEAR CENTRE Sunday Showcase: Presented by the telmonton Symphony On Petra, Edwin Outwater

(conductor), featuring Karen (Com is (Recomm)) Newton Bumanis (harp); Zpm; \$21-\$46; tickets available at the Winspear Centre box office 428-1414

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Sexy Sundays all night and all request dance party with DJ Eddy Toonflash

CALIENTE NIGHTCLUB Ladies Night: urban with DJ 100 100

MANHATTAN CLUB Industry Sundays: top 40, The state of the state of

NEW CITY LINWID LOUNGE Bust A Nut: with gardina in the Court

ONE ON WHYTE Sunday Hospitality House Party with DJ Crownroyal

RUM JUNGLE Service िक निर्माण कि

SAVOY French Pop mixed with Deja D)

STOLLIS ON WHYTE Sornatic Sunday: progressive beats with DJ Eightsix, DJ F (109 505

VICTORY LOUNGE Self Help Sundays, punk rock, hip hop with DJ Slipped Disc

Shakin' Sundays: Rockabilly, psychobilly

BRAUHAUS A Whole Lot of

WUNDERBAR HOF!

JOHN L. HAAR THEATRE U of A Jazz Ensemble, MacEwan Jazz Ensemble; 7:30pm; \$10 (adult)/\$8 (student/senior)

LIVE MUSIC

L.B.'S PUB House band; 9:30pm-1am; no cover

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Open stage Mondays hosted by Ben Spencer; with Potemkin Village; 9pm; no cover

GLASSICAL

CONVOCATION HALL Music at Noon: featuring students from the department of music; 12:10pm; free

018

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE DJ Pennytentiary

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Ashley Love and DJ Alvaro

DEWEY'S LOUNGE Margins of Sound Mondays: Instrumental hip hop/trip hop/downtempo/dub/reggae with DJ Baggy and Pote

FILTHY McNASTY'S Metal Mondays with DJ S.W.A.G.

NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE Electro, Brit pop and more with Miss Mannered and Lance

O'BYRNE'S Hip Mondays: Industry night with DJ Finnegan, live music

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE Manic Monday: Old skool R&B, hip hop with Harman B and DJ Kwake

VICTORY LOUNGE iPod Mondays: Be your own DJ, bring your iPod

WUNDERBAR HOS BRAUHAUS 12" Mondays: Americana, indie, reggae with DJ Insight

BLIND PIG PUB AND GRILL Open jam with Mark Ammar

DRUID (Jasper Avenue) Open stage with Chris Wynters and guest

LEGENDS PUB Open jam hosted by Gary Thomas

O'BYRNE'S Celtic night with Shannon Johnson and friends; 9:30pm

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Lowest of the Low, Cory; \$10 (adv)/\$12 (door); tickets available at Blackbyrd, Listen, Megatunes, Sidetrack

STARLITE ROOM Strapping Young Lad, The Agony Scene, Misery Signals, Reflux; all ages event; 7pm (door), 8pm (show); \$20; tickets available at TicketMaster, FS (WEM). Victory, Blackbyrd, Megatunes, Listen

URBAN LOUNGE Salsa and the City; 9pm; Salsa dance lessons 8pm; \$5 (door)

YARDBIRD SUITE Jam with Bill Richards; 8pm (door), 9pm (show); \$3

GLASSICAL

CONVOCATION HALL Doctor of Music Recital featuring Eleni Pappa (piano); 8pm; free

DJS

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE Escapack Entertainment

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE Viva with DJ Sean

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Top 40 with DJ Stephan

CANEHTE MIGHTCLUS Basement Tuesdays: hip hop/R&B/reggae/dancehall with Bomb Squad, D) Invinceable, Q.B.

FILTHY McNASTY'S Twisted Trivia with DJ Whit-Ford

NEW CITY SUBURBS Bingo: Hosted by King Flux Alpha and DJ Dildozer

with Djs: DJ Propahh, DJ Dragon, DJ Bijoux

PEPPERS Request Night with the Wyld Stallionz

ONE ON WHYTE DI Spinoff:

THE ROOST Flamingo Bingo with DJ Janny; 8-midnight; \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member)

SEEDY'S Tuesday Nights with DJ Miss Mannered

VICTORY LOUNGE Liberation Tuesdays: Emo. Screamo, Hardcore, Punk Rock, Metal Classics and MORE with DJ Leithal, DJ

WUNDERBAR HOF-BRAUHAUS Reggae, ska

Liam Harvey Oswald

LIVE MUSIC

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL Open mic; 8pm

O'BYRNE'S Chris Wynters and friends; 9:30pm

PLEASANTVIEW HALL Northern Bluegrass Circle Music Society bluegrass jam; 7:30pm

ROSSDALE COMMUNITY HALL Little Flower open stage hosted by Brian Gregg; 8pm

SIDETRACK CAFÉ The Doers, Run Chico Run. Vernois Constellation; \$7 (door)

STARLITE ROOM Death From Above 1979, Controller, Controller, all ages event; 7pm (door); \$17; tickets available at TicketMaster, FS (WEM), Victory, Blackbyrd, Megatunes, & Listen

UNION HALL Thornley with guests; no minors; 8pm (door), 10pm (show); \$15 (adv)/\$20 (day of); tickets available at TicketMaster, Union Hall

URBAN LOUNGE Battle of the bands finals

GLASSICAL

CONVOCATION HALL Master of music recital featuring Trevor Sanders (guitar); 8pm; free

McDOUGALL UNITED CHURCH Music Wednesdays at Noon: Harlan Green, Roxanne Classen (flute, piano); 12:10-12:50; free

112

BACKROOM VODKA BAR Wild Cherry: deep house/progressive/breaks with Tripswitch and quests

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE Glitter Gulch with D) Buster Friendly; no cover

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Punk rock, electroshock with D) Eddy Toonflash

FILTHY MCNASTY'S MIX Tape Bar Star College Nite with DJ Rock 'n' Rogers

LEGENDS PUB Hip-Hop/R&B with DJ Spincycle

LE GLOBE DJ Moreno

GUILTY MARTINI D) Sunny NEW CITY LIKWID

LOUNGE Gong Show: Glam, rock 'n' roll, metal, '70s to now with \$kinny]

POWER PLANT Wildside Wednesdays: Heavy metal with Metal John

RED STAR Funk 'n' Soul: Funk, disco, soul with Junior

THE ROOST Amateur Strip: Weena Luv, Sticky Vicky with DJ Alvaro; \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member)

SEEDY'S DJ night

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Revolving Mystery with guest DI

STANDARD Wednesday Gone Wild Feat with DI Nestor Delano

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE Blue Velvet: Urban electronica with Derelict and Soulus

VICTORY LOUNGE Retro rock with the Juggernaut WINDERBAR HOL BRAUHAUS Hardcore DJs

THURSDAY HARCH 31 FRIDAY-GATURDAY APRIL 1-2 **第三四部间的67**

APRIL O ENTER TO WAR YOUR SPOT ON THE

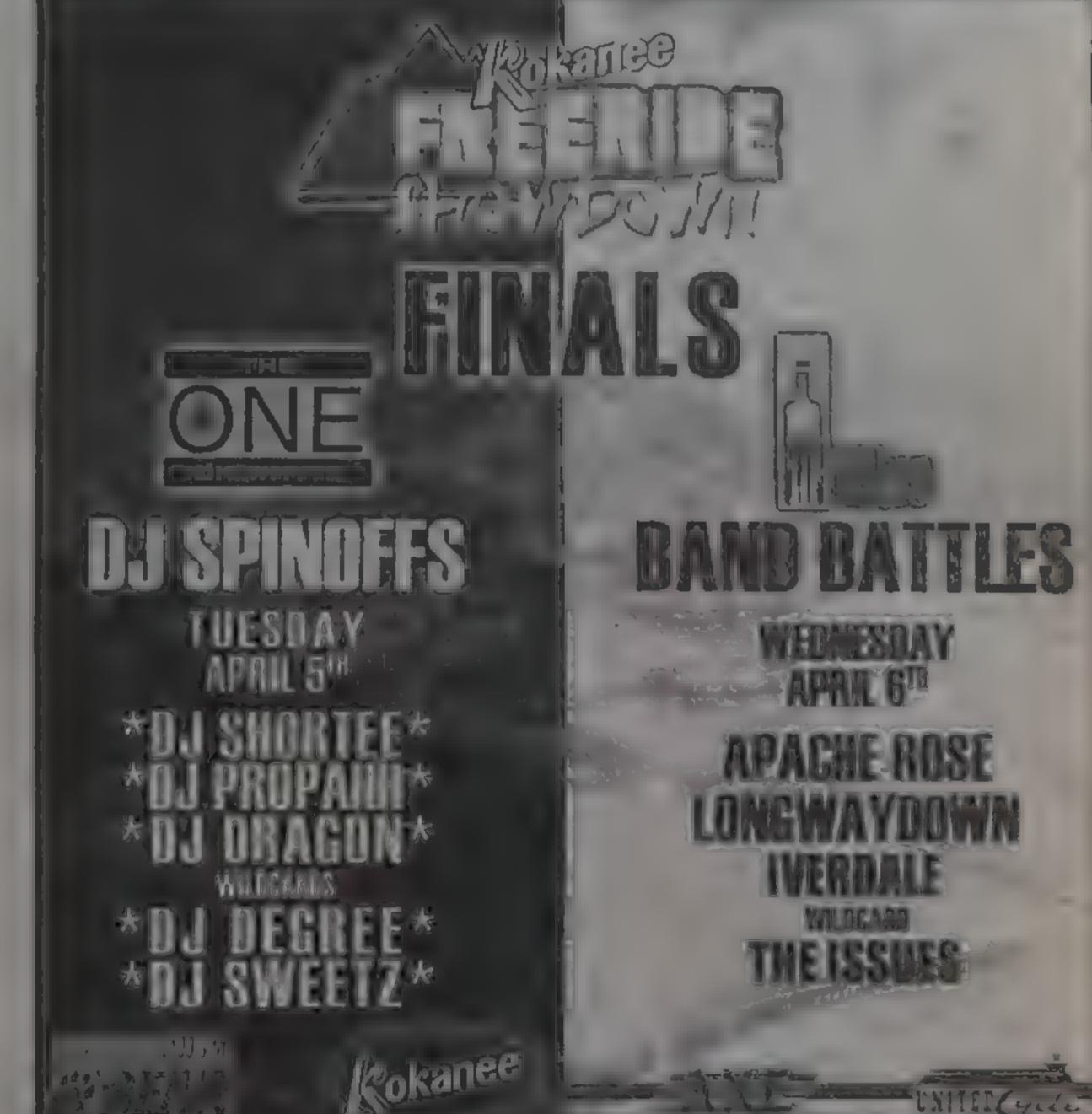
KOKANEE FREDRIDE MARMOT BUS AND MEET THE HOLLANGE GIRLS! BOTTLES OF KOKANEE \$3.75

APACHE ROSE · LONGWAY DOWN TVERDALE . THE ISSUES

THURSDAY-BATURDAY APRIL 6

TERNESDAY APRIL 13

A MARCA BAVARIA PRESENTS ERMITHG LESSONS START AT CHIE \$3.75 BOTTLES OF A HRACA BAVALIA



FINALS - APRIL 5TH @ THE DNE - 6TH @ THE URBAN WINNERS PLAY JASPER APRIL 18TH - MARMIT BASIN APRIL 17TH

COME MEET THE KOKANEE GLACIER GIRLS! ENTER TO WIN A SPOT ON THE FREERIDE MARMOT BUS KOKANEE BOTTLES \$3.75

The One on Whyte - 10544 82 ave. 437.7699

Urban Lounge - 8111 105 st. 439 3388

ALLEGRO MALIAN KITCHEN 10011-109 St. 424-

ARMOURY 10310-85 Ave. ADMINITED BY

7704-104 St. 432-4611 BACKDRAUGHT PUB 8307-\$20.57 Sam 9200

BELLA BEANS COFFEE CAFÉ 13236-118 Ave, 454-2211 BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE

BLIND PIG PUB AND GRILL

418-6332 BLUE CHAIR CAFE 9624-76

N 200 1861 BLUES ON WHYTE 10329-

82 Ave. 439-5058 BOGANI CAFÉ 23Ave, 111 St 440-3528

BOOTS 10242-106 St, 423-5014

BUD'S LOUNGE Grandin Mall, St. Albert, 458-3826

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB 117258 Jasper Ave, 488-6636

CALIENTE NIGHTCLUB

10815 Jasper Ave, 425-0850

CARGO AND JAMES TEA SHOPPE 10634-82 Ave, 433-8182

CASINO (YELLOWHEAD) 12464-153 St. 463-9467 CEILI'S 10338-109 St. 426-

CHRISTOPHER'S PARTY PUB 2021 Millbourne Rd, West, 462-6565

5555

990-1792

CONVOCATION HALL U of A Campus, 420-1757 **DECADANCE** 10018-105 St.

BIFYNFY & LOXUE & E Prosect Plant, U of A Campus, 492-

DRUID (Jasper Avenue) 11606 Jasper Ave, 454-9928

DUSTIERS PUBLISHED STATES Ave, 474-5554 ESCAPE ULTRA LGUIRGE

WEM, 489-1330 FILTHY McNASTY'S 10571-

FUUR ROOMS RESTAU-RANT Edmonton Centre, 102

Ave, 426-4767 FOX 10125-109 St. 990-0680

488-4841 LE GLOBE 14921 Stony Plain Rd, 489-1022

GRINDER 10957-124 St. 453-**GUILTY MARTINI 10338-81**

HORIZON STAGE 1001 Calahoo Rd, Spruce Grove, 962-8995

Blvd, 438-1907

J AND R BAR 4003-106 St.

JEFFREY'S CAFÉ AND WINE BAR 9640-142 St, 451-8890

JEKYLL AND HYDE PUB 10610-100 Ave, 426-5381 JOHN L. HAAR THEATRE

155 St, 497-4436 KINGKKING HT PUB 9221534

Ave, 433-2599 L.B.'S PUB 111-23 Akins Dr. St. Albert, 460-9100

LEGENDS PUB 6104-172 St. 481-2786

479-7488 **MANHATTAN CLUB 10345-**

105 St, 484-2211 McDOUGALL UNITED CHURCH 10025-101 St, 468-4964

NEWCASTLE PUB 6108-90 Ave, 490-1999 MEN CHY LINEYIE

LOUNGE 10081 Jasper Ave,

413-4578

SIEVY COTY SULTWARS 1/4081 Jasper Ave, downstairs, 413-1800

0.12 1 1 1

O'BYRNE'S 10616-82 Ave. 414-6766 **ONE ON WHYTE 10544-82**

Ave, 437-7699 PEPPERS Westmount Centre, St. Albert Trail, 111 Ave, 451-

BIOTOGO PLEAS METERN BRAILE 10860-57 Ave, 434-5997

POWER PLANT USES Campus, 492-3101 PERSONAL AL MARKETURE

THEATRE 12845-102 Ave **QUEEN ALEXANDRA HALL** 10425 University Ave, 433-

3545/477-1586 BATTLESMARE SALDON 9261-34 Ave, 438-8878

RATT (ROOM AT THE TOP) 7th Fl, Students' Union Building, U of A Campus RED STAR 10534 Jasper Ave,

RED'S WEM Phase III, 481-64 20 **RENDEZVOUS 10108-149 St.**

428-0825

444-1822 REXALL PLACE 7424-118 Ave, Northlands Park, 451-8000

426-3150 ROSEBOWL 10111-117 St.

RUM JUNGLE 2687, 8882-170 St 4886-9494 ST. BASIL'S CULTURAL

ROSSDALE HALL 10135-96

Ave, 429-3624

SAVOY 10401-82 Ave. 438-0373

112 St. 421-1326

438-2582

SIDETRACK CAFÉ 10333-

SPORT SMAN'S LOUNCE 8170-50 St, 469-3399

10368-82 Ave, 437-2293 STONEHOUSE PUB 11012

TIX ON THE SQUARE 3 Sir

UNION HALL Argyll, 99 St. 702-0318

VELVET LOUNGE 10041-170 St. 930-4222

VICTORY LOUNGE 10030-

102 St (downstairs), 428-101919 FANNSEEA A CENTRE 4 5

115 Ave, 436-1554

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL

BACKROOM VODKA BAR 10324a-82 Ave, upstairs, 436-

Continental Inn. 16625 Stony Plain Road, 484-7751 BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE 10425-82 Ave, 439-1082

STATE OF SALES AND A SALES

82 Ave, 432-5224

GAS PUMP 10166-114 St.

Ave, 433-7183

HALO 10538 Jasper Ave, 423-

IRON HORSE 8101 Gateway

J.J.'S 13160-118 Ave, 489-

436-4403

Centre for the Arts, 10045-

LONGRIDERS 11733-78 St.

THE ROOST 10345-104 St. 482-2589

CENTRE 10819-71 Ave, 420-

1757/438-6410

SEEDY'S 10314-104 St. 421-

STANDARD 6107-104 St.

SMARDLINE, BARQUE 1 00000 1012 St. 451-8000 STOLLI'S ON WHYTE 201,

jasper Ave, 420-0448 TICKETMASTER 451-8000

Winston Churchill Square, 420-1757

5t 439-3388

URBAN LOUNGE 8111-105

Winston Churchill Sq. 428-

WOODCROFT HALL 13915

EXPLINE ENGLAN HOF BRAUHAUS 8120-101 St. 0 4 6 2 2 2 18 5

VUEWEEKLY (280)



1414

Burb your enthusiasm

It'll take a Sub-G Nation of millions to hold ALCB back, thanks to new documentary

BY MIKE LAROCQUE

ban hip-hop group ALCB, the rappers weren't surprised. In fact, the duo of E-Wreckshun and MC Krobar had been anticipating someone popping the question to them for some time.

"It was actually kind of expected,"

says E-Wreckshun, the younger protégé to the more experienced suburban gangsta Krobar. "Since we've been at it for so long, we knew that eventually someone was going to want to do a documentary about our lives. It's like anyone who has started something from the ground up; eventually someone is going to want to cover you."

Believe it or not, that's what passes for modesty with the Alberta Lyrical Control Board, a hip-hop outfit that has made a name for themselves by busting unconventional, tongue-in-cheek rhymes about growing up in the suburbs. The life of a suburban gangsta—or "sub-g," as they put it—is hardly traditional hip hop material. Songs about cruising in your dad's van might sound lame, and giving

shout-outs to St. Albert and Mill Woods might not do much for your street cred, but for ALCB, it's all the absolute height of cool, and it's all chronicled in O'Johnahan's documentary, Sub-G Nation, which premieres this Friday (April 1). But given the fast

MOCKUMENTARY

times associated with hip-hop culture, the boys of ALCB are the first to admit that having a camera trailing them around took some adjustments.

"It did take some getting used to, and there were a couple of times when we would have to tell him to fuck off, because he was getting in the way," says E-Wreckshun. "At first, the shorties were a little queered out, but eventually they started showing off for the camera. There were some tits coming out, and they were thinking that it might end up on the interweb, or whatever it's called, but it got better. He kinda learned quickly about when it was time for documentary stuff and when it was time for him to go away."

sub-G NATION FOLLOWS E-Wreckshun and Krobar as they go about their days as hip-hop stars (if only in their own minds), recording their work as rappers as well as some slightly more illegal activities, like renting porn out of a ravine and bootlegging beer to underage kids with an 80 per cent markup. "You always are kind of worried about

having shit like that on tape," says E-Wreckshun, "but that's how 50 Cent and G-Unit got to the forefront, taking chances and being honest about where they came from and shit like that. The juvie cops might be on us a little more now, but we'll deal with it like we always have."

O'Johnahan hasn't let E-Wreck-shun or Krobar view the film before its premiere, and while he puts up a tough front, E's comments reveal some apprehension about any conclusions the film might make about the life and times of ALCB. "We're legit, and we've got nothing to hide," he says. "So I mean, if he's lying or whatever, he's going to get his in the end. And if that is the case, Steve might not be around much longer.





it lets keep that on the down-low.

The t sometimes your beginnings

"I't is cool as your present or your

ture " E-Wreckshun quickly adds.

I mean, you can get embarrassed

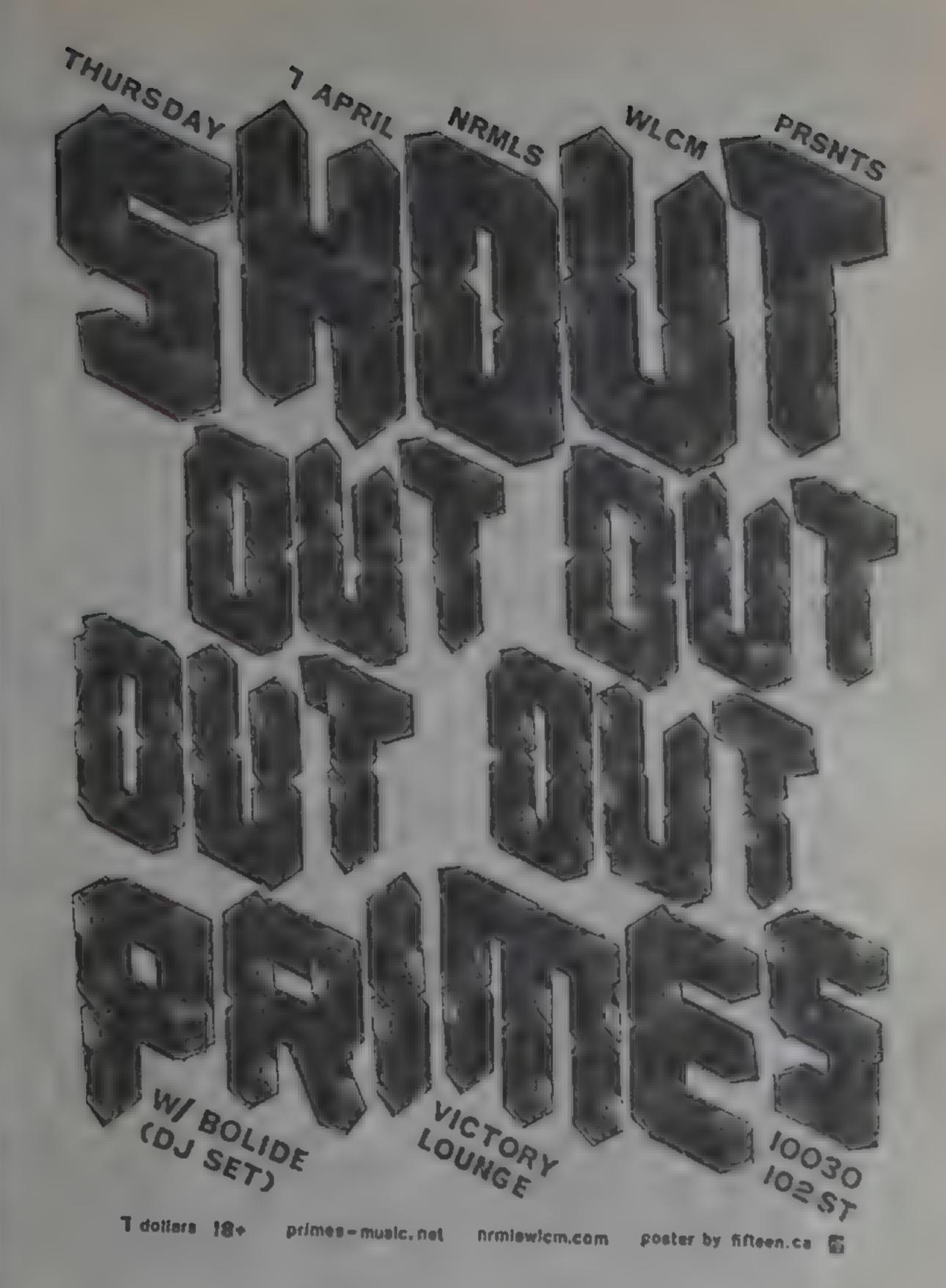
a bit, but I'm sure that everyone has

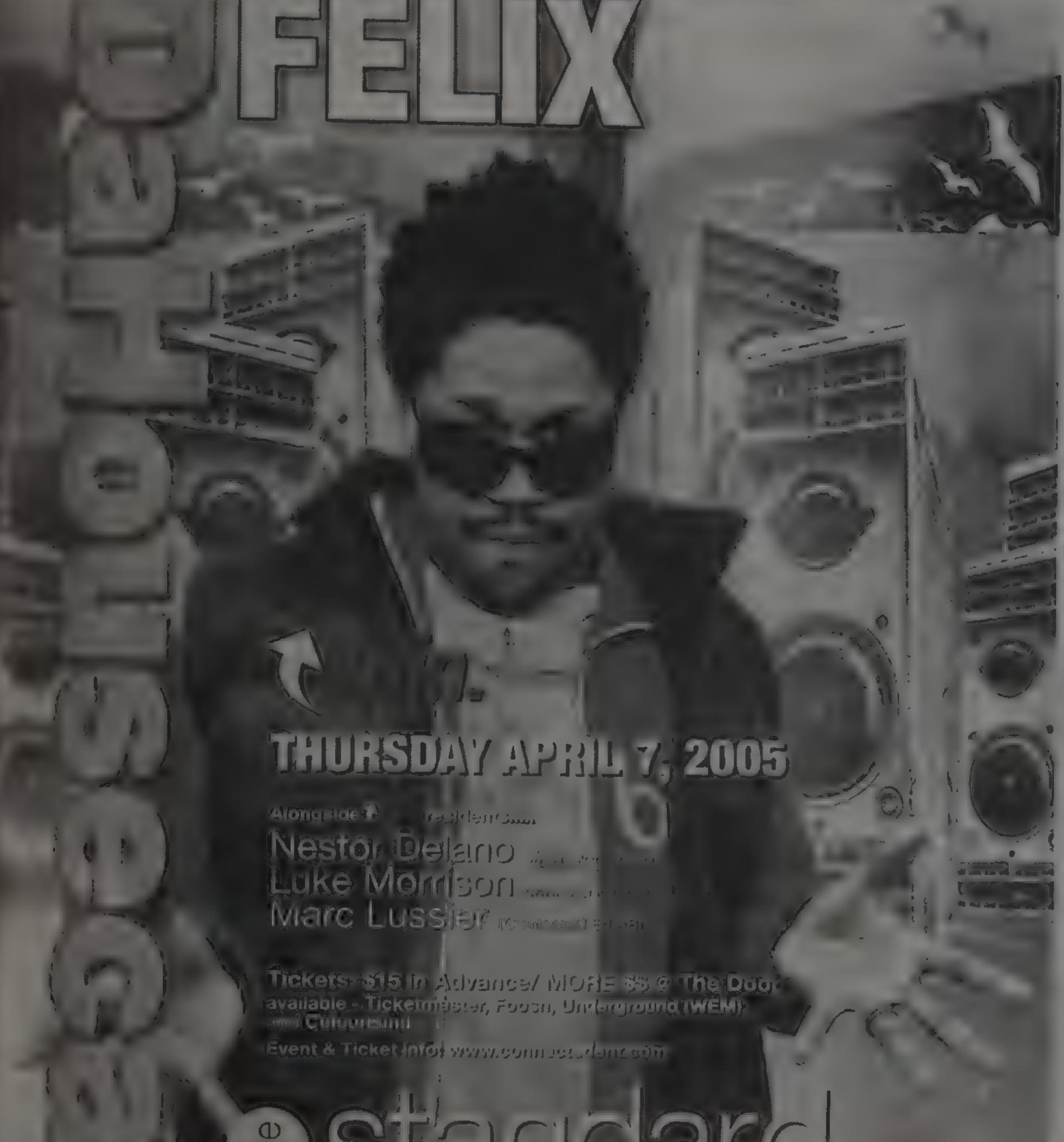
1at. It's not a big deal."

For now, the boys are still living thome ("It cuts down on our overhead costs") and cruising around in E's dad's van ("He's got an Aerostar. If we ever get really big, I might go down to a lot and buy one for myself"). It might not be the average hip-hop image, but really, ALCB's not your average hip-hop group. O

With DJ Tryptomene and Bebop Cortez •
Sidetrack Café • Fri, Apr 1 (8pm)







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distant replay

BY STEVEN SANDOR

THIS WEEK: Liam Harvey Oswald discusses the Ramones' self-titled

As the frontman for A Last Goodbye, one of the most talked-about new bands on the local scene, Liam Harvey Oswald is riding pretty high. The band's debut EP, Wide Eyes and Dreams, has only been out a couple of weeks but has already created a large buzz with punk fans across the city, many of

whom remember Oswald for his work in his previous band, the Kasuals.

When asked about the album that had the greatest influence on his musical career, Oswald sticks to the most basic of punk-rock influences. The Ramones' self-titled debut kicked the music scene on its collective ass when it was released in April of 1976. Recorded for just \$6,000, the leatherjacketed, moptopped New Yorkers brought the art-rock and prog-rock scenes crumbling down with an effort that showed passion and attitude could more than make up for a lack of musical virtuosity. Using just a handful of chords, the Ramones recorded a glorious album filled with songs that would become anthems three decades later, with lyrics so silly and easy to remember, they're impossible to get out of your head. I say, "Beat on the brat, beat on the brat, beat on the brat..." and I dare you not to even think "With a baseball bat.... Oh

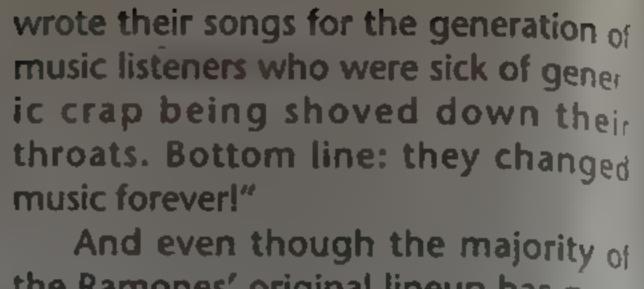
yeah...." Point made.

Oswald, ever the rock historian, notes that the album came just in time for the bell-bottomed masses to be saved from pretentious 10-minute rock



epics and boogie-woogie. "It was a time where the rock had lost the roll," Oswald says, "and generic bullshit was atop the charts; disco was fizzling out, but along with horrible fucking summertime ballads, was still eating up the charts and everyone's wallets. Much like what we've seen over the past few years, the majority had gotten sick of the cheese.

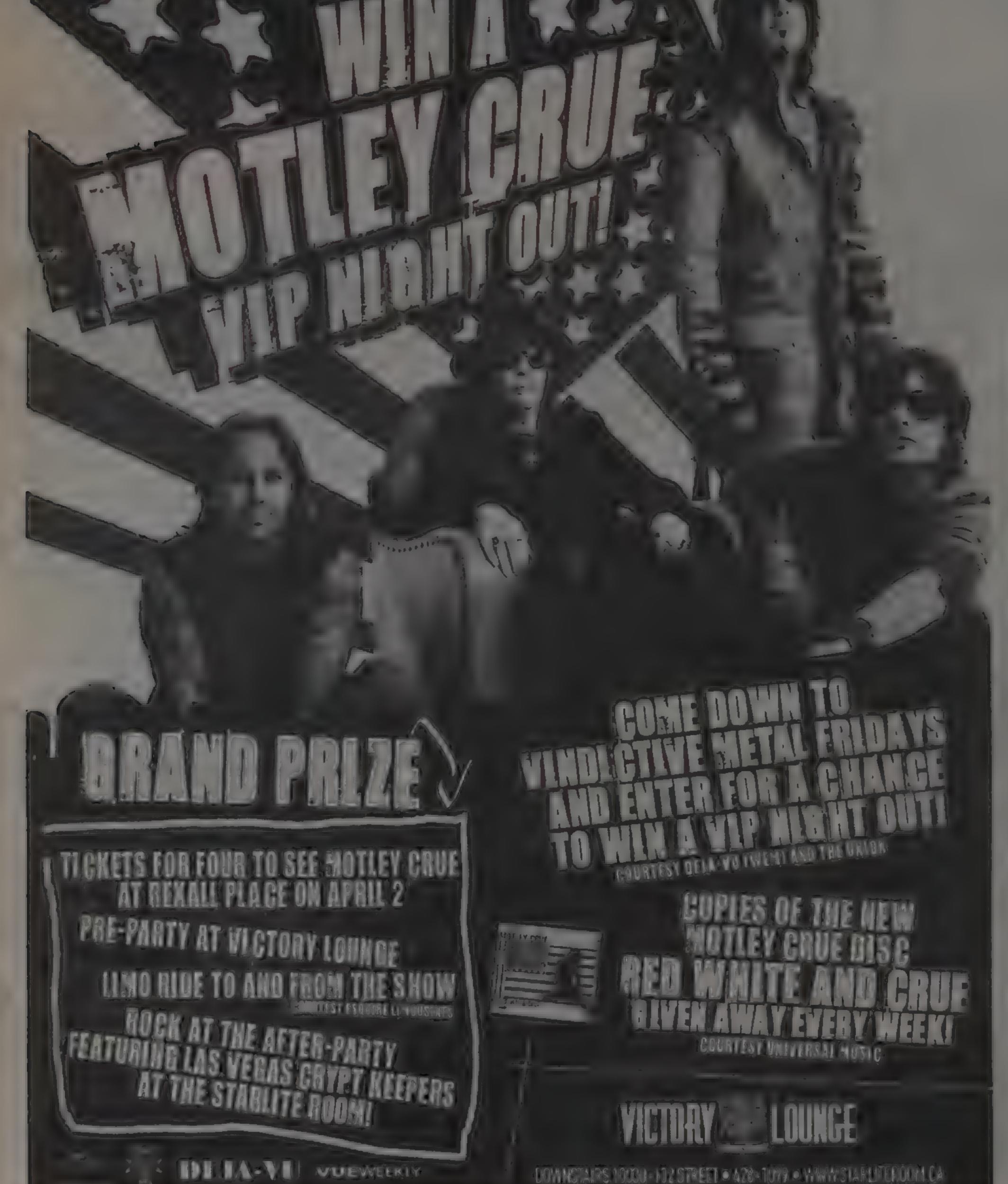
"The world needed something to inspire," Oswald continues, "then came the Ramones, a band that could take three simple chords and some catchy melodies and lyrics, and completely turn musical theory into nothing but a myth. Not to say that the Ramones weren't at all corporate, and certain right-wing members in love with the thought of making money didn't see it that way, but the Ramones



the Ramones' original lineup has gone on to the great gig in the sky, those simple punk anthems continue to inspire young punks around the world. When Oswald first heard the album, nearly 20 years had passed since its release. "For me," he says, " had started working at Sam the Record Man in the largest mall in the world. Seventeen years old, clueless to what was really out there. The Seattle scene had captured me, like most of the continent, and bands like Gas Huffer, Mudhoney, Alice in Chains Pearl Jam and not to forget Nirvana had eaten up most of the time in my Walkman: I had listened to some punk rock for a few years, but a co-worker, Jay Staples, helped school me to what I had missed out in music over the years. Like everyone else, our musical taste changes with newfound pleasures, and the mixtape Jay had made me opened my eyes and wouldn't fucking allow me to blink even once and the first time I remember rea listening to the Ramones' self-titled cassette tape, I couldn't shut it off. I had started singing in coffee shop with a friend, and I remember when I realized that I could learn to play ge tar on my own, and ditch the puss coffee-shop acid trips, and start a three-chord punk-rock band."

Want another example of how vital the Ramones' music remains in the 21st century? Late last year, the Hungarian embassy in Washington honoured Támás Erdelyi (a.k.a. Tommy Erdelyi, a.k.a. Tommy Ramone) for his influence on musical culture. Erdelyi was born in Budapest in 1949, but fleuto America with his parents during the Hungarian Revolution. At the ceremony, Ramone played a series of his band's legendary songs, joined onstage by Hungarian ambassad of András Simonyi and Chuck M. Young from Rolling Stone magazine. O











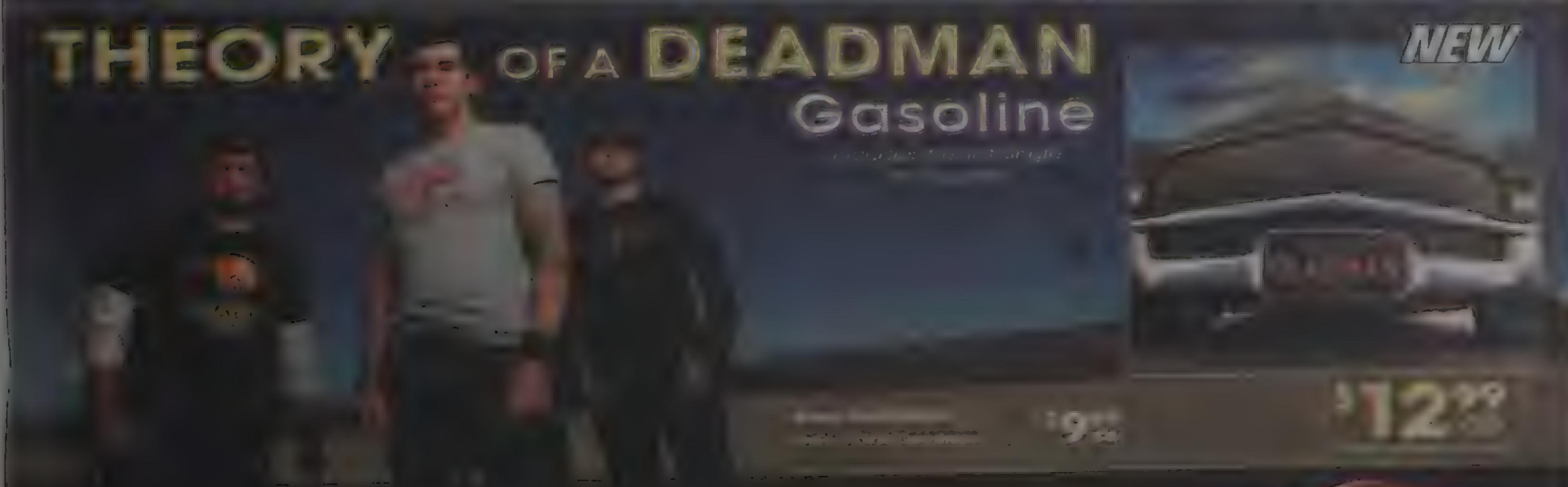
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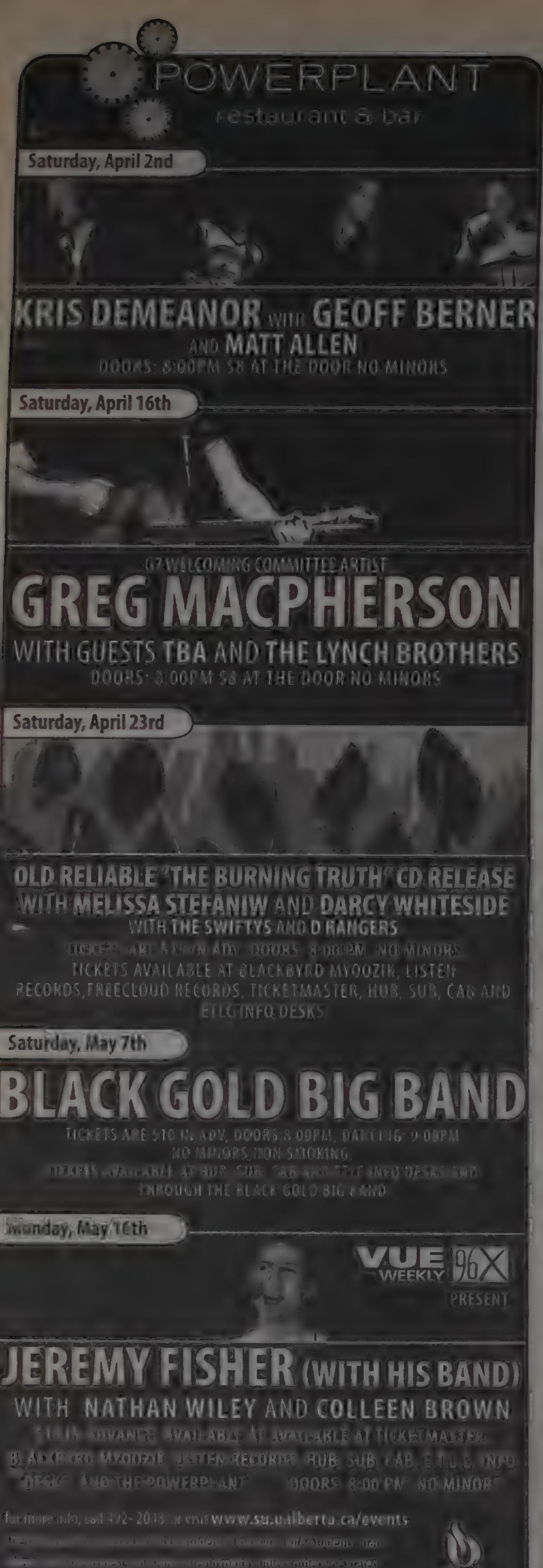
12 new songs including "Shine", produced by John Rzeznik (Goo Goo Dolls), Includes a bonus CD featuring 13 live tracks.

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Death From Above 1979 chafes at music-biz constraints, then transcends them

BY DAVID BERRY

aust because you're a part of the system doesn't mean you have to like it. At least, that's what Toronto's Death From Above 1979 arguably one of the bigger buzz bands of the last rear or so-think about the modern inusic machine. Since the release of their breakthrough album You're a Woman, I'm a Machine, the bass in duins twopiece has gone, in less than a year, from playing 20-sent clubs to \$000seat events—but this, says bassist Jesse F. Keeler, is not necessarily a good thing; it's just a thing that has to be done.

"It's a difficult kind of compromise," Keeler says nonchalantly over the phone from his L.A. hotel room, "because you've got to tour through a town, and if there's a certain amount of demand for you, then you have to meet that demand. We just can't play those little places anymore—we tried it on the last tour, and it gets out of hand, and kids had to become impromptu security guards because they didn't know what to do and they didn't want their friends getting hurt. Even the record label people who were there said we couldn't

do it anymore. Playing three times in a little venue is financially the same as playing once at a larger venue, and you get to see the city more, but for touring time, that means I'm going to be on tour ferexer, and I don't want to be."

Keeler's thoughts on touring, though are downingthe sunshine and follipops compared to his general take on the music industry. For instance, the duo once claimed that they would never make an albumonly EPs. Record companies don't allow that, though, which annoys Keeler to no end. "I think albums are dumb," he says with a sneet.

"They're basically just to appeare the record labers I don't think it's a great way of being creative, saying, 'Alright, you've got to make this much.' I'd rather do things the way they used to be done, where you just make a bunch of solid 45s, you do your experimenting on the B-side, and when it's done, you go to the record label and they make an allowing out of all other angles.

"I mean, that's what the Beatles did, that's what the Rolling Stones did, that's what Sly and the Family Stone did, and James Brown and everybody else and it worked for them," he continues. "It seems like there was a lot more timeless music made back then than there is lately, so I'm going to assume that a fair bit of... I don't know. There's a lesson to be learned there, but everyone

ignores that. But I can't convince the record tabel to co anything less than an LP. No one ever can."

ACCORDING TO KEELER, the judustry's flaves have their roofs in the fact that people these days rarely see music as anything more than a commercial product. "I find that in general, the mainstream audience isn't willing to accept muisic as art," he says. "They think of music as something else—they think of it as some type of commodity, and if you present it to them as art, they don't get it. It's tike, t don't want to tell you what to think, I don't want to tell anyone what to think or feel about any thing that we do, especially not my artimork. Bult in music, everyone wants an explanation all the time.

"You could extend that sains analogy to touring," he continues. "It's like, the record is like a painting-we made it, and it to ok us months to do, and while to iring, people expect you to replicate that painting every night, in a variety of circumstances, without your brushes. It's such an odd thing I really don't wilders said why there's such a huge discrepancy between the way people look at those two things. In the end, music ends up being more profitable than art, so I guess it's not really art, it's just commercial art, like people who design logos for cans of pop and stuff." O

> **DEATH FROM ABOVE 1979** With Controller.Controller • Starlite Room . Wed, Apr 6

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VUEWEEKLY



MARCH 31-APRIL 6, 2005

Geoff Berner's Whiskey Rabbi delivers a decidedly unorthodox brand of liquor-fueled klezmer

n aura of cruel foreboding surrounds the whiskey drinker. For the sober, the music of the whiskey drinker is a manic spiral in a minor key, the rhythm speeding up in a progressively more bile-induc-- ing, room-spinning, cymbal-clashing mash of noise and dizzy disruption that, if the whiskey-plied subconscious feels playful, may result in melody and harmony. And who better, really, to pen the soundtrack for such a tightrope trip but a travelin' man with an accordion?

This is the Whiskey Rabbi. This is Geoff Berner. A screeching, terrifying romp through klezmer and punk, through melancholy and filthy Eastern European bars and hospitals, through displacement, diaspora and searing criticism of things evil and unfair. An evening spent with Geoff Berner's music is,

in the words of the good Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, "a wild Et Hills to It I I I

combination of menace, madness, and genius... fragmented coherence that wreaks havoc on the mind of any listener."

Sitting down after a buttoneddown, tucked-in community centre gig in Calgary (replete with pressed white tablecloths), Geoff Berner is about to kill a bottle of Jameson's with a flair that would make Hunter S. proud-minus, of course, the guns and mescaline. Our so-called "interview" weaves from memories of how great the Payolas were to Berner's theory on Ralph Klein's secret plan for privatizing firefighters—it's gone off the rails so many times that I'm now completely Zen to what I'll have to actually work with once it's all over.

Not that Berner doesn't appear buttoned-down or tucked-in. You'll never catch him in anything but a properly pressed black suit and white shirt, except perhaps in summer, when the beige suit is donned. Berner is no slack-ass, trucker-hat-wearring, alt-Canadian tour rat-not in his appearance, nor in his words. Through the chaotic, roaming ramblings of a semi-sober quasi-conversation, lucidity eventually triumphs over even the most apparently pointless repartee.

At 33, ("I'm the same age as

Jesus; by my next birthday, I will be officially older than Jesus, but right now I'm in the Jesus year. Fuck Jesus! Stupid false messiah!") Geoff Berner's hit a musical stride. With his Associates—Diona Davies on violin and Wayne Adams on percussion—Berner's second full-length studio album, Whiskey Rabbi, is doing just fine, thank you. The critics are impressed, even though Berner insists his mom's been the one writing reviews. "That one in the Globe and Mail... That was my mom. She wrote it under the name Robert Evert-Green just to fool everybody."

BERNER CREDITS much of his recent success to Davies's and Adams's musical expertise—he describes his violinist as "the best in the world" and Adams as the creator of a "crazy

> Carpathian drum kind of thing, incorporating new wave and punk

into the djembe." By adding killer musicians to his gig, Berner's been able to move beyond the singer/songwriter-with-accordion show he's been steadily building up an audience with for the past five or so years. He's known as a songwriter with an acerbic wit laced with a tinge of the absurd, and he's been rewarded with folk-fest bookings aplenty for his efforts. Paired with his accordion Estella, Berner's songs have taken him on tour with Billy Bragg, flown him to Europe for three tours in the past year and, when the Be Good Tanyas covered his "Light Enough to Travel" on their gazillion-selling debut album Blue Horse, landed one of his songs in the CD collections of thousands of alt-bourgeois musical aficionados everywhere.

But that's all history now. With his Associates, Berner plays only a couple of the old tunes, preferring to regale the crowd and pry their asses out of their chairs with rip-roaring klezmer numbers like "Lucky God Damn Jew" and "Song Written in a Romanian Hospital." Punk rock's snarl is still there; in fact, the first verse of the title track on Whiskey Rabbi is hurled at the audience with a harsh rebuke: "You've all been worshipping a false Messiah/I pray to God that I got here in time to guide



... I calle to bring you hope/I came L. Fring you joy/So I've got to stay alive and drunk and unemployed." When Berner plays, he looks out over his accordion with a perilous the as if he were communicating something of grave import. Something like: "You might think these lyrics are somehow eccentric or funny. You might be laughing now. But if you're paying attention, you won't be laughing for long."

THE MAKING AND TOURING of Whiskey Rabbi is nudging Berner's musical horizons a little wider. Recorded in September 2004 ("In the common era, not in the year of our Lord-not my Lord, anyway, I'll tell you that!") in the same studio where Mötley Crue recorded Dr. Feelgood, Whiskey Rabbi came on the heels of a transformative trip for Berner and his Associates around Romania with ethno-musicologist Bob Cohen.

"Cohen is the leader of the only klezmer band that matters: Di Naye Kapelye. They rule," Berner intones

he speaks as if life and death are at stake. And it probably is.) "I was starting to think I didn't even like klezmer until I heard them on a compilation. They play like stink. They play with guts. They lose it. It's the punk rock ethic of emotional expressions and ideas over technical precision and musical ability. Not that they're not monster players. But they lose their technique in the moment.

"Cohen was a New Yorker who moved to Budapest because he wasn't satisfied with the antiseptic sound of the klezmer revival," Berner continues. "I had been writing back and forth with him, and out of the blue I wrote and asked him what he was doing in June, 'cause I wanted to hang out with him. He said, 'Well, I won't be able to hang out with you in June because I'm embarking on this project where I'm going back to Mare Mures'—which is the Ozarks of Romania. Seriously... that fucker [former Romanian head of state Nicolae Ceausescu], that awful dictator, tried

perhead Road'—anyway, 'to get digital recordings of all these guys who played in the old klezmer bands.' And so I said, 'I'll drive you around!'"

AND SO IT CAME TO PASS that Berner spent two months driving around rural Romania with a multilingual Brooklyn klezmer anthropologist, a Japanese travel writer and violinist Davies, who fixed the flat tires. They found 90-year-old Wexler, the last Jewish klezmer fiddle player in Romania. "Cohen speaks Yiddish, bought him a couple of drinks, told him a couple of filthy Yiddish jokes, and he started to play," Berner says. "Cohen is the only person he will play for in the entire world. He didn't just play the klezmer wedding repertoire; he played tunes from the Jewish theatre of the '30s, the musical theatre. There was a vibrant scene there, because there were thousands of Jews in these towns. And then he played his new compositions. He captured it all, the beauty and the

following Bob Cohen around!"

Berner's exercised now—the meandering, conversational fluff has officially cleared the room. He is down to the serious business of klezmer. It was this serious business (along with several bottles of Romanian booze called Palinka) that Berner and his Associates brought into the studio last fall to record Whiskey Rabbi.

As for walking the whiskey tightrope between hilarity and madness, Berner prefers to answer the question with a question. "Does

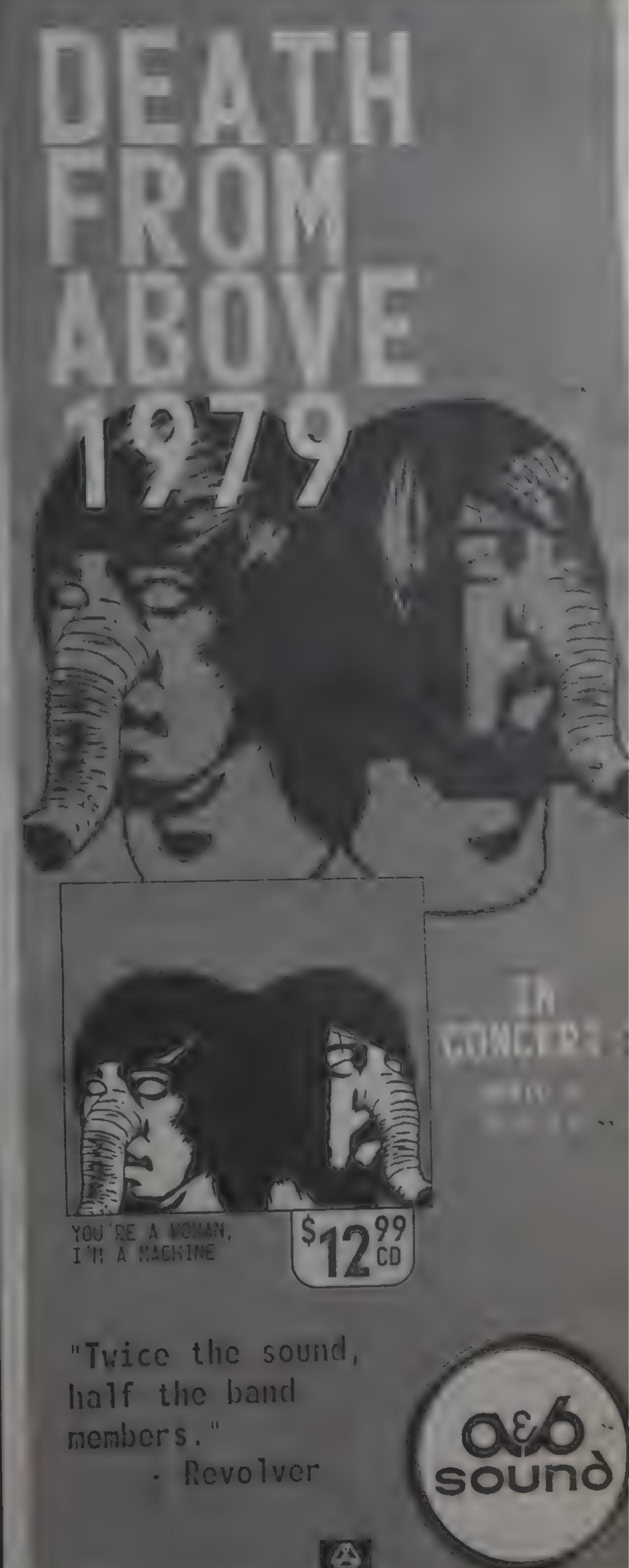
whiskey make you crazy?" I inquire

"You know why Hitler didn't drink whiskey?" he asks. "Because it made him mean!" And with that, he descends into raucous laughter and proceeds to explain, in earnest, his thoughts on God. "It puts me in mind of a novel by Mordecal Richler.... He says, 'Don't mess with God because he's a motherfucker."

GEOFF RERNIES

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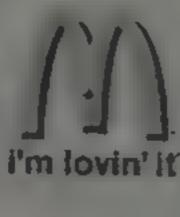
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MARGH 31-APRIL 6, 2005



Misery loves company

But a gruelling tour schedule is starting to wear Edmonton's Misery Signals down

BY PHIL DUPERRON

then most young bands sing about loss and suffering, it rings hollow somehow. After all, how much pain could they possibly have endured in their short lives? And who wants to listen to them whine about it anyway? Misery Signals, however, isn't like most young bands. They don't do much whining as they blast out their metal-flavoured hardcore, and despite their youth, they truly do

understand suffering: singer Jesse Zaraska lost his best friends and

when Jordan Wodehouse and Daniel Langlois were killed on a lonely stretch of Alabama highway after the vehicle they were touring in was hit by a drunk driver in June, 2002. Zaraska walked away from the crash with only scrapes and bruises, but witnessing his friends cut down in the prime of their lives had a lasting impact on him.

After the tragedy, he formed Misery Signals with bassist Kyle Johnson and guitarist Ryan Morgan of Milwaukee's 7 Angels 7 Plagues, as well as drummer Branden Morgan and fellow Edmontonian Stuart Ross on guitar. One of the first songs they recorded was "The Year Summer Inded in June," a moving tribute to Wodehouse and Langlois. It appeared on the band's first EP, which introduced Misery Signals to North America, and again on Of Malice and the Magnum Heart, released last summer on Ferret Music.

Since then, Misery Signals have been picking up speed and touring nonstop, spending two months on the road with the Dillinger Escape Plan; when I catch up with them, they're in Liverpool in the midst of their first European tour, backing up

ly excited by the band's momentum, but he says being on the road since November is starting to wear on them. "It's getting crazy," he says. "We finish this and then we pick up on the Strapping Young Lad tour. We actually have like a half a day off at home. We fly home from Germany, I get to do laundry, shower, sleep one night and then we play that show and that tour starts there. Yeah, it's like a nightmare."

PLAYING FOR SO MANY different audiences in the last year has dramatically raised Misery Signals' profile, but it's starting to cut into their creative time. "It's just been so hard to write songs," says Zaraska. "Luckily, over here, we're on a bus for the first time, so that enables us to at least kind of write music, thanks to

stuff like that.
We've definitely
been throwing

ideas back and forth, but we've all agreed that no matter what comes up, we have to take June off and just write. Spend some time at home and just write."

Unfortunately, in a band that boasts members from both sides of the border, defining "home" can be difficult, and getting together apart from a tour is often a difficult procedure. "I would say I still live in Edmonton, y'know; I'm just never there," Zaraska says. "When we wrote the record, the guys from Milwaukee came and lived at my house in Edmonton for about a month and then me and Stuart went down and lived at their house for about a



month. That's how it goes. Normally, before a tour, either the guys will come up to Edmonton first or me and Stuart will go down and rehearse for a couple weeks, depending on where the tour starts."

Zaraska is definitely moving on with his life after the accident, but with the video for "The Year the Summer Ended in June" (which features clips of Wodehouse and Lan-

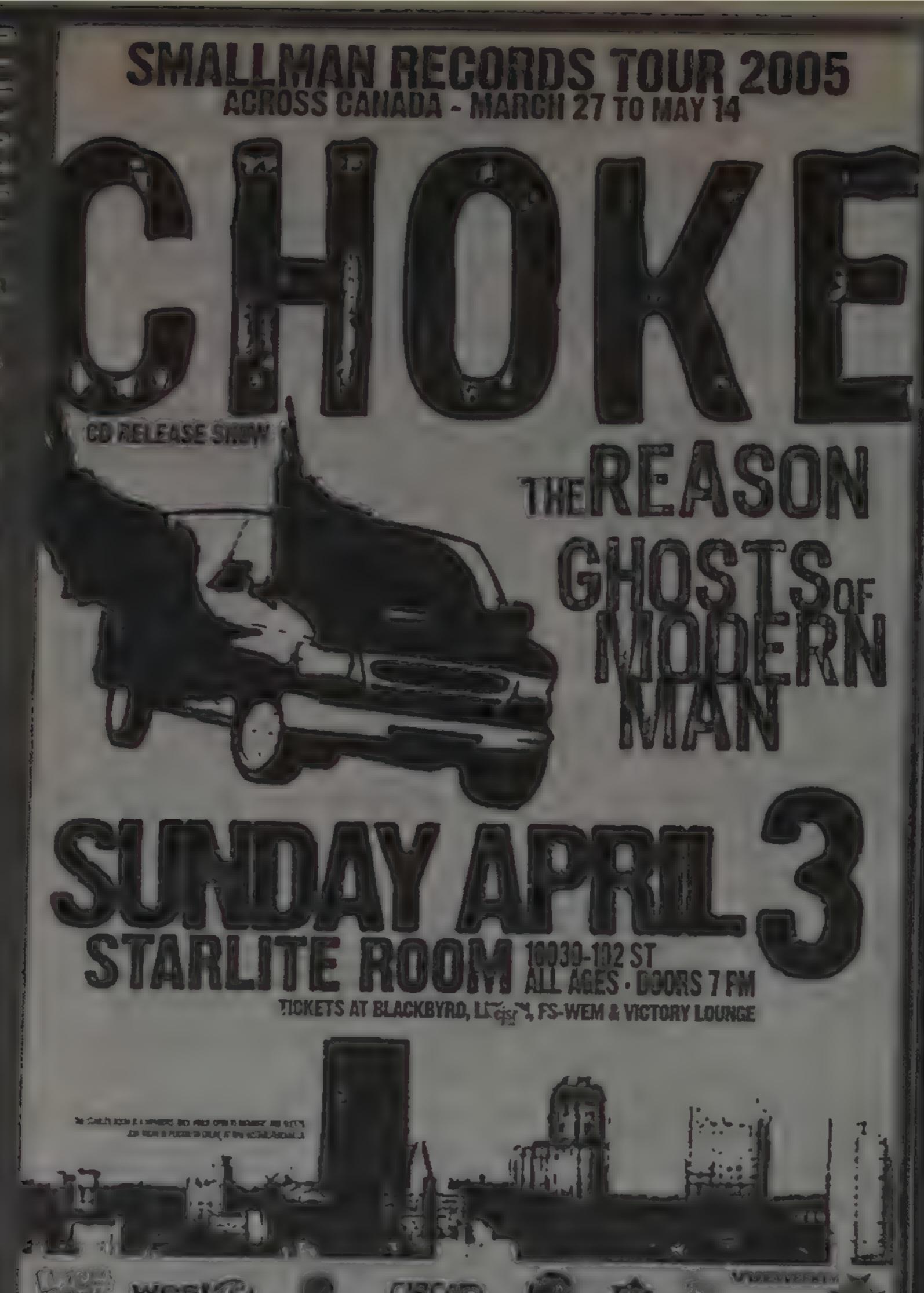
glois) being played on MTV and MuchMusic, he hasn't forgotten the song's significance. "It was important to keep those guys involved in it and try to portray a message of some sort," he says. "It's still important for us to use our music as a forum for positive change in the world. Doing Yesterday Was Everything [an annual Edmonton event to raise awareness about drunk driving

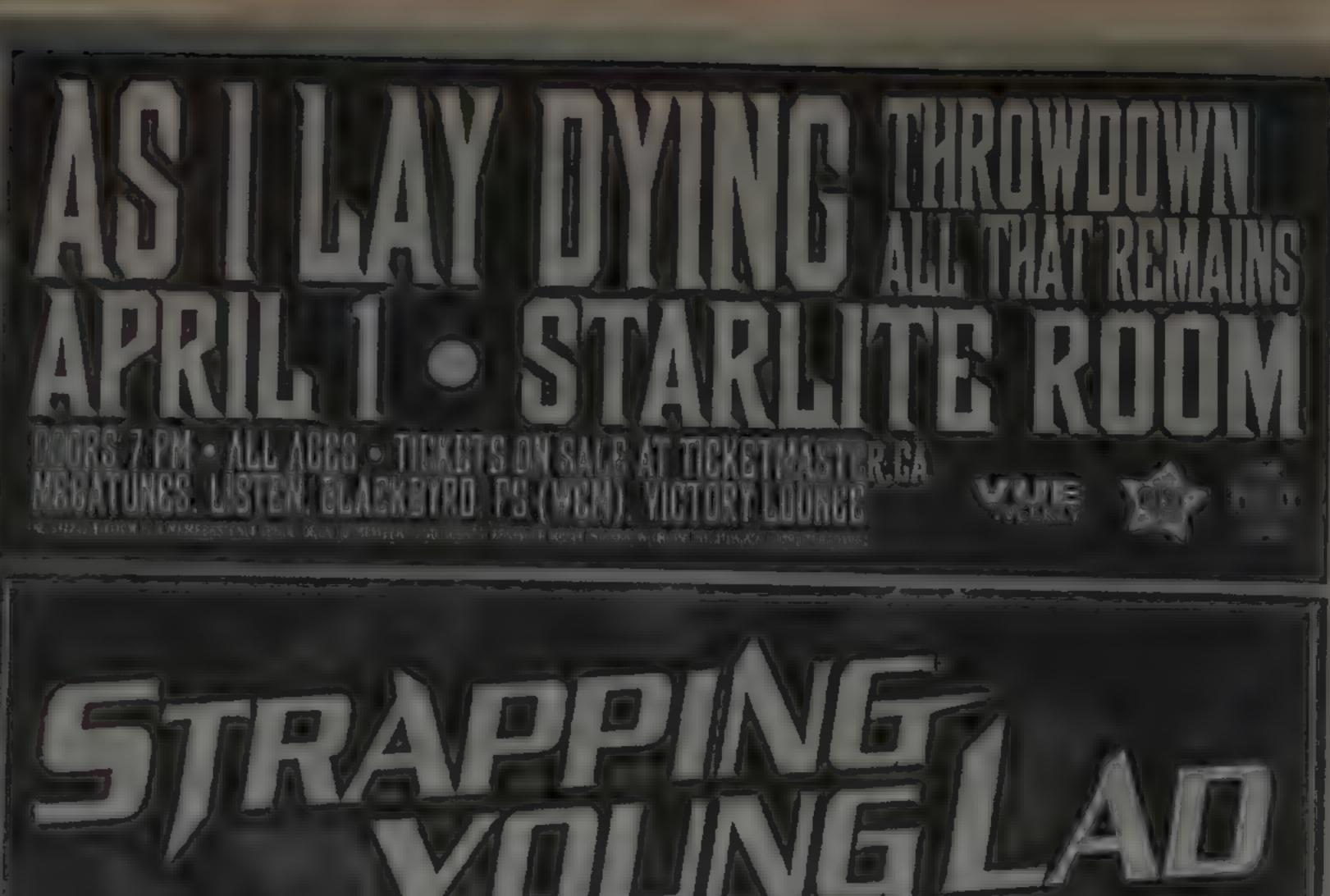
and remember his fallen friends] every year in Canada and giving money away to M.A.D.D. and stuff is still a huge part of our band. We try and do that kind of stuff as much as we can." O

MISERY SIGNALS

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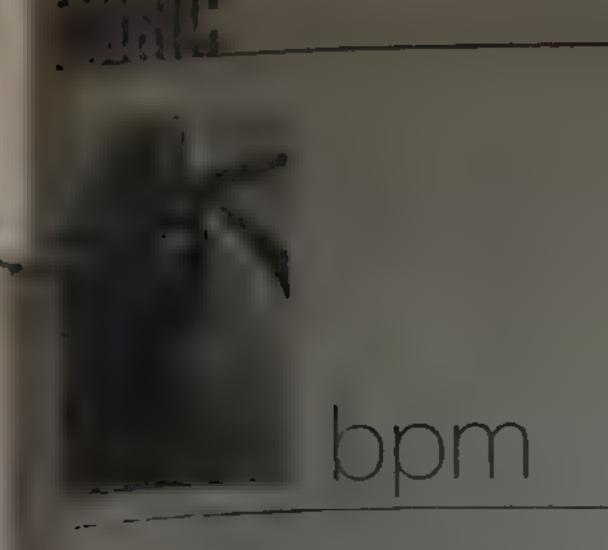
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BY DAVID STONE

And so to bed

The than head over to Decadance than head over to Decadance than head over to Decadance that past Tuesday night to check out being Benassi's up close and personal at I was bedridden with a throat that the I was linear to see Tryptomene and Neal k lead a strong lineap of local alent at the I Love Techno one-off carty, nor did I bathe myself in a room-off the foam at Y Afterhours. Nope, illuster long weekend.

Happily, however, I can still type,
I das I steam toward a full recovery—
I to the wonders of herbal cold
edicine and green tea, a remedy I
ighly recommend—I've got a full
schedule of events to look forward to.
"onight (Thursday) marks the start of a
new eclectic night in the basement of
the Black Dog, hosted by Kokanee
Freeride finalist Shortee and DJ Nyala.
They're promising a weekly mix of

downtempo, house, Afrobeat and hip hop, all in the cozy confines of the Underdog. Certainly a great idea to start off the weekend, or at least a Thursday night out on the town.

Hip hop is also the sound rocking off the walls of New City on Thursday night, with local group Politic Live leading a group of locals for the second annual Party for a Cause Jam. Joining Poli Live in this effort to raise funds for the Edmonton Youth Emergency Shelter are Rez Official, Phreshly Squeezed, Clippaz, J Soul, Mic and Olivia Cheng.

It's widely acknowledged that Sweetz is probably the best funky breaks DJ in Edmonton, and over the past year she's come into her own. Her all-female Decibelles project was a highlight of United's last Key to Ibiza party at Rum, with locals like Erin Eden, Fuuze and Shortee holding their own against U.K. icon Lisa Lashes and her accomplice Vicky Devine. Now Sweetz is preparing to prove that she's the best in the province this Saturday at Decadance with the first of a series of Head 2 Head special events, pitting her against her Calgary peer DJ Mollyfi. Should be a wild time if you like the straight-up power funk.

Mind you, if you think there's no reason to go out to the clubs unless there's a big, name-brand DJ coming through, then you're going to have to wait until next Thursday, when Connected welcomes back Felix da Housecat to the Standard. Then it's another week until Philly DJ legend Josh Wink

hits the Starlite Room on April 14, followed by another Boodang massive at the Polish Hall on April 23 called New World Order. This time, the Calgary-based promoters have teamed up with Subterranean Sound to celebrate the Four Twenty, recruiting trance power-house Ferry Corsten and original d'n'b don Kenny Ken.

And if you're planning far enough ahead, you can mark down May 5 as the day you should muscle into the Standard to bask in the iconic glow of Frankie Knuckles. If you don't know Knuckles, you don't know house—he helped invent it. With childhood friend Larry Levan, Knuckles started going to David Mancuso's fabled loft parties in New York City, eventually moving behind the decks in the early 1970s and relocating to Chicago to be a resident at a new club there called the Warehouse. The rest is history, and probably enough for another column. And I need to get some sleep, because I really need to get better. O

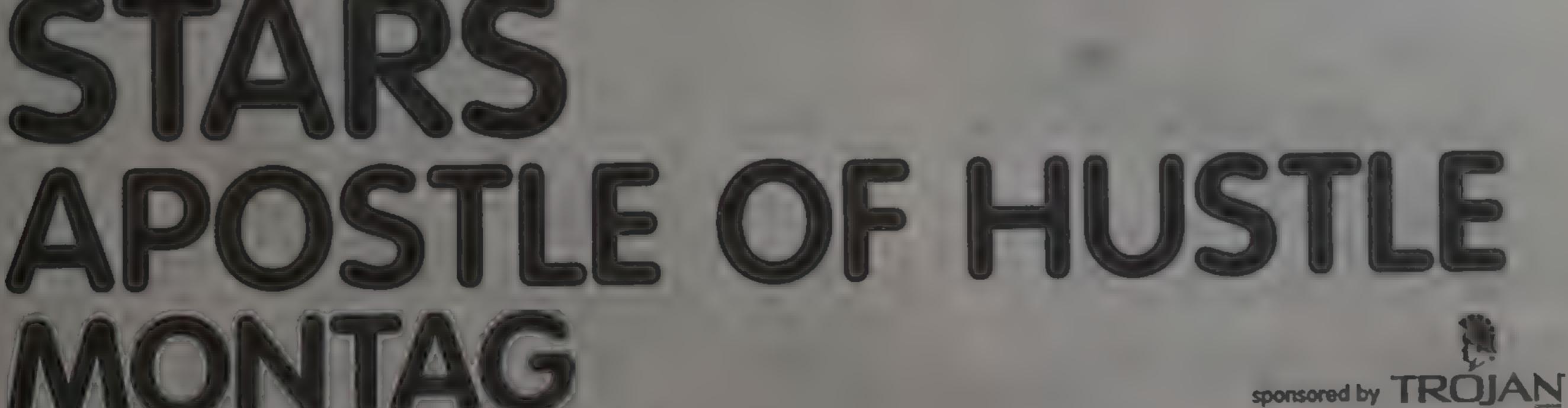
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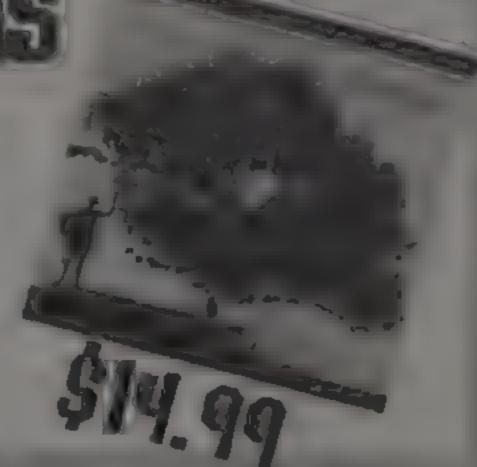
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- 12. Colin Linden Southern Jumbo (true north)
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- 16. Strapping Young Lad Alien (century media)
- 17. One Be Lo s.o.n.o.g.r.a.m. (fat beats)
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- 20. Arcade Fire Funeral (merge)
- 21. The Evens The Evens (dischord)
- 22. Boom Bip Blue Eyed In The Red Room (lex)
- 23. And You'll Know Us By The Trail Of Dead Worlds Apart (interscope)
- 24. Smoke Or Fire Above The City (fat)
- 25. Dave Brubeck Time Out (columbia)
- 26. Par Metheny Group The Way Up (nonesuch)
- 27. Buena Vista Social Club Manuel Guajino Mirabal (nonesuch
- 28 Billy Cowsill Live From The Crystal Ballroom (indelible)
- 29. As I Lay Dying Frail Words Collapse (metal blade)
- 30. Maddeleine Payroux Careless Love (rounder)

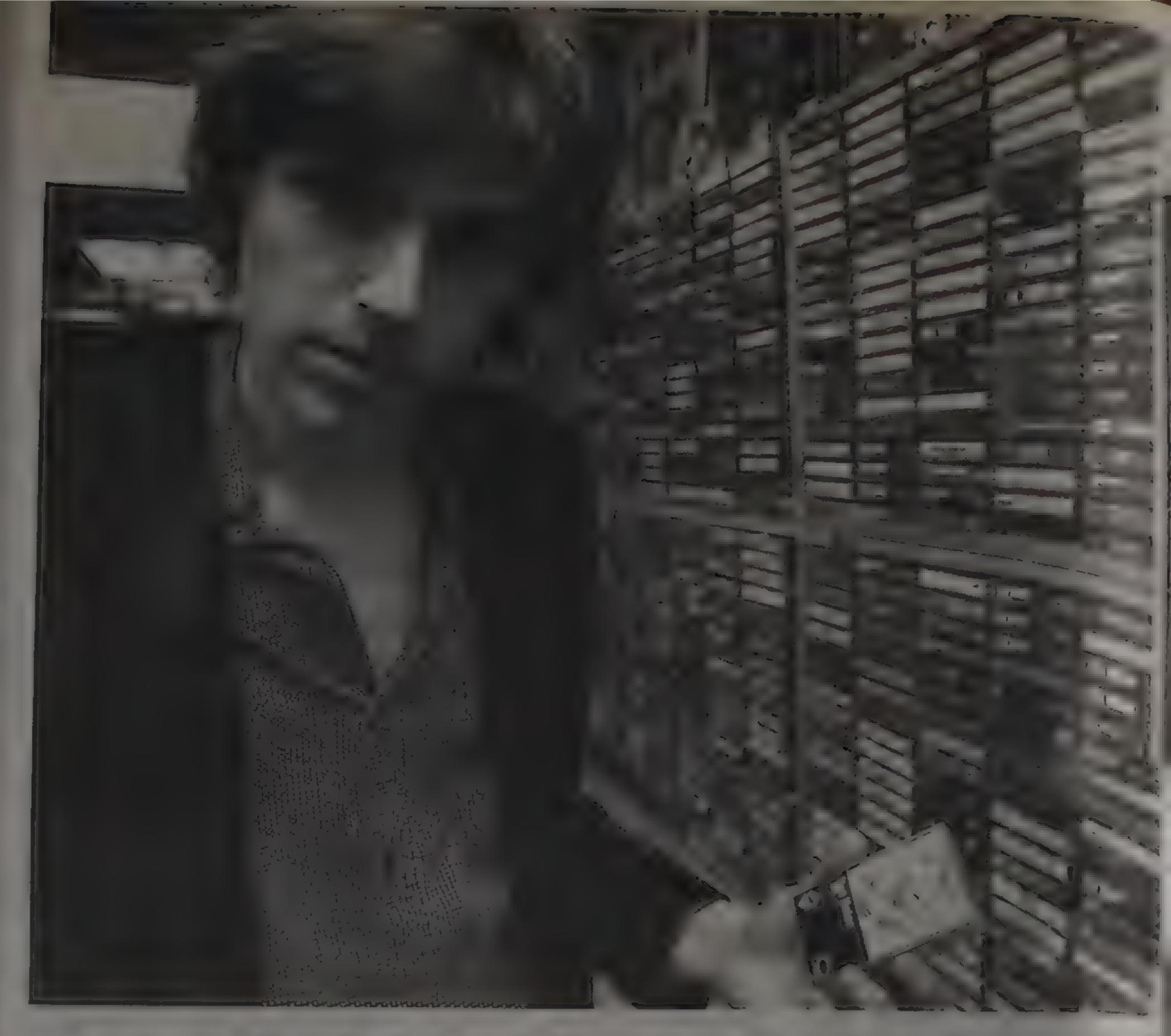
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JACK JOHNSON IN BETWEEN DREAMS

Champion surfer turned singer/songwriter Jack Johnson continues to please fans with those dreamy lullaby-like tunes on his 3rd full length In Between Dreams. On sale now.



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The Joel Plaskett insurgency

Canadian singer/songwriter invaded Arizona to record hummable new La De Da disc

BY STEVEN SANDOR

thile it may be a bit much to call Joel Plaskett the Canadian music scene's equivalent to Jack Kerouac, the songs on his new solo record La De Da were born on the road.

When Plaskett, former frontman for Thrush Hermit and current frontman for the Emergency, accepted an offer to travel to Arizona to record a solo album, the journey from Canada to the American southwest became the fuel for the songs that appear on his album and which will be featured prominently during his solo tour, which will see him taking the stage armed with only a guitar (save for a handful of tunes on which he'll be joined by tourmate Peter Elkas). "A lot of the songs were written on acoustic guitar," says Plaskett. "So this will give me more opportunities to play the songs the way they were written, not the way they were recorded."

Solo shows, Plaskett feels, change the expectations of the audiences, who often come out not to rock out, but to absorb the music—and that atmosphere rubs off on the musicians. "There's more of a feeling when you are with a band that you have to move the show along, to keep it building," he says. "There isn't the chance to slow it down and say, 'This is what I want you to get out of this song."

And there's a lot to get out of these new songs. From the playful "Television Set," a lampoon of America's love of the boob tube, to the travelin'-man ode "Love This Town," La De Da is filled with plenty of ref-

NOT ALT-COUNTRY

erences to the southwest. Plaskett came up with many of the lyrics as he was driving, making notes into his dictaphone—the rest he wrote once he got to the studio. "Some of the lyrics were done as I was standing at the mic in Arizona," Plaskett says. "I was recording and thinking to myself what would sound good in this spot. I wanted to do it right then and there so I wouldn't try and second-guess myself."

He's the first to admit that there's a documentary feel to the new album. "I love local music," he says. "I think it gives the music a sort of reference. And I love songs about places told from an outside perspective."

BUT HOW DID PLASKETT end up getting an invitation to Arizona? Well, it can all be traced back to the e-mail friendship he struck up with a guy named Bob Hoag a couple of

years back. Hoag ran a studio in Mesa, Arizona, and claimed to be a fan of Plaskett's work. When Plaskett headed across the border for a show in Los Angeles, he and Hoag finally had the chance to hook up. At that time, Hoag made Plaskett a standing offer of using his facility. When Plaskett got the itch to work on this solo project, producer Ian McGettigan reminded Plaskett of Hoag's offer, so Plaskett decided to head south and scope Hoag's facilities out.

Plaskett says that when he arrived in the desert, Hoag—who is currently doing keyboard work for the new Ataris album—acted like his guest was an alien dropping in (as aliens are wont to do in that part of the world). "Holy shit," Hoag exclaimed "I can't believe you came."

The result is the rootsiest effor that Plaskett's ever been a part of But while the music tries to captur everyday America and uses a heck or a lot of acoustic elements, don't you dare put the words "alternative" and "country" together to describe it That "alt-country" term makes Plaskett shudder. "I think of the song writers I really like, people like Nell Young or Bruce Springsteen; if the had put records out for the first time today then they'd be considered 'all country," Plaskett laughs. "I think it Led Zeppelin III came out right now !! would be considered alt-country." 0

With Peter Elkas • New City •
Fri, Apr 1 (8pm)

hings go better with Choke

dmonton punk terans deliver their reathlessly awaited s'ow Fade disc

Y ROSS MOROZ

hoke has just released their sixth full-length album, Slow Fade OR:
How I Learned to Question Infinity,
and now that they're gearing up for a nree-month cross-Canada tour, it
ms the Edmonton-based group is
ting a little sick of all the attention.

"There's been a whack of press

"I the last week, and I'm a little

l up with it right now," says

"I Clay Shea, who, perhaps real
"g that his opening statement

inds a tad dismissive, quickly

s, "I don't really mind doing it,

igh; it doesn't suck to talk about

t you like."

Shea's weariness is somewhat jusble. Since their inception in
94, Choke has relentlessly traveled
continent, building a strong fanse for their technical, challenging
which but garnering little interest
om corporate radio or big media.
hough their underground popuity has yet to translate into a
ainstream breakthrough, recent
evelopments are making Shea
hardedly optimistic. "There are
nds that are doing well that are
omewhat similar to us," he says.
The success of a band like Coheed

and Cambria is probably a good sign. Not that we sound all that much like Coheed, but seeing that band or Alexisonfire getting popular, it shows that minds are opening. These are sort of challenging bands to listen to, and it gives me a bit of hope to see bands that aren't really all that accessible doing well. Maybe mainstream music fans deserve more credit than I've been giving them."

While their inability to rise to the level of superstardom doesn't exactly dumbfound the members of

E PIINK

Choke (Shea fully accepts that "a lot of people went 'What the hell is this?" when the group released 1999's Forward, the album that defined Choke's sound), Shea does profess a certain amount of disappointment about the band's level of popularity in its hometown. "The hype doesn't exist in Edmonton, that's for sure. I definitely notice it my girlfriend thinks I have a complex about it," Shea confesses with a laugh. "I have to admit that part of the reason I was excited that we were on the cover of Exclaim! was because it might make people here realize how successful we are outside of Edmonton."

swayed by the new direction the band has taken on their latest album, released on Winnipeg's Smallman Records. Slow Fade has all

the requisite elements of a Choke record—viciously palm-muted guitar, punishing drums, jarring changes in pace—but the songs on the album are also more melodic and accessible than ever before, qualities Shea attributes to the group's maturation as songwriters.

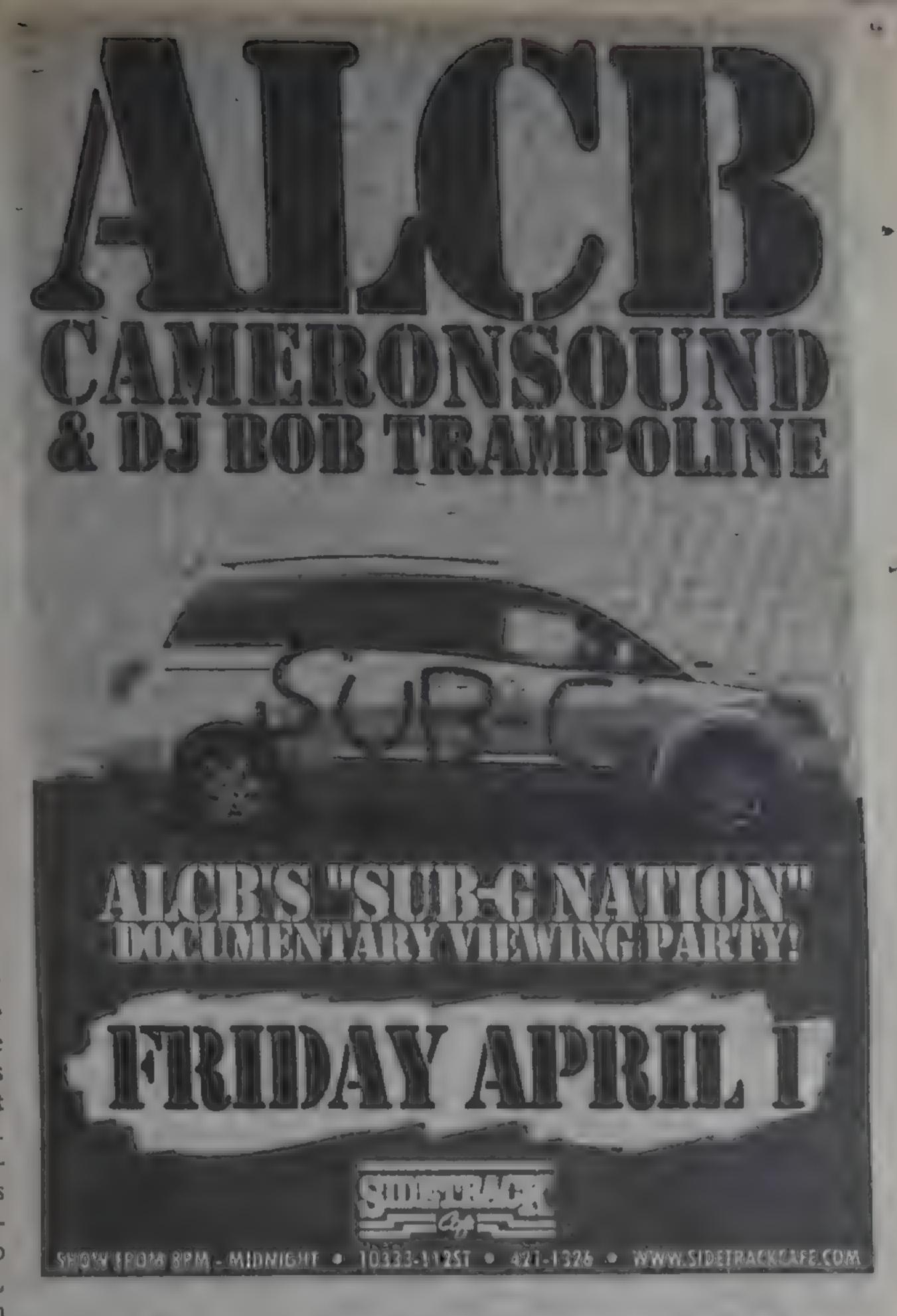
"We don't have the urge to 'give 'er' at eight million miles an hour all the time anymore," Shea laughs. "As we age, we're trying to write more coherent songs. We're not trying to be poppy, but all of us love great hooks and I think we've had a lot of hooks in our songs before now, except that they would just fly by because of how fast we were playing. On this record we've taken some of those parts and extended them to get the most out of them, instead of just piling riffs together."

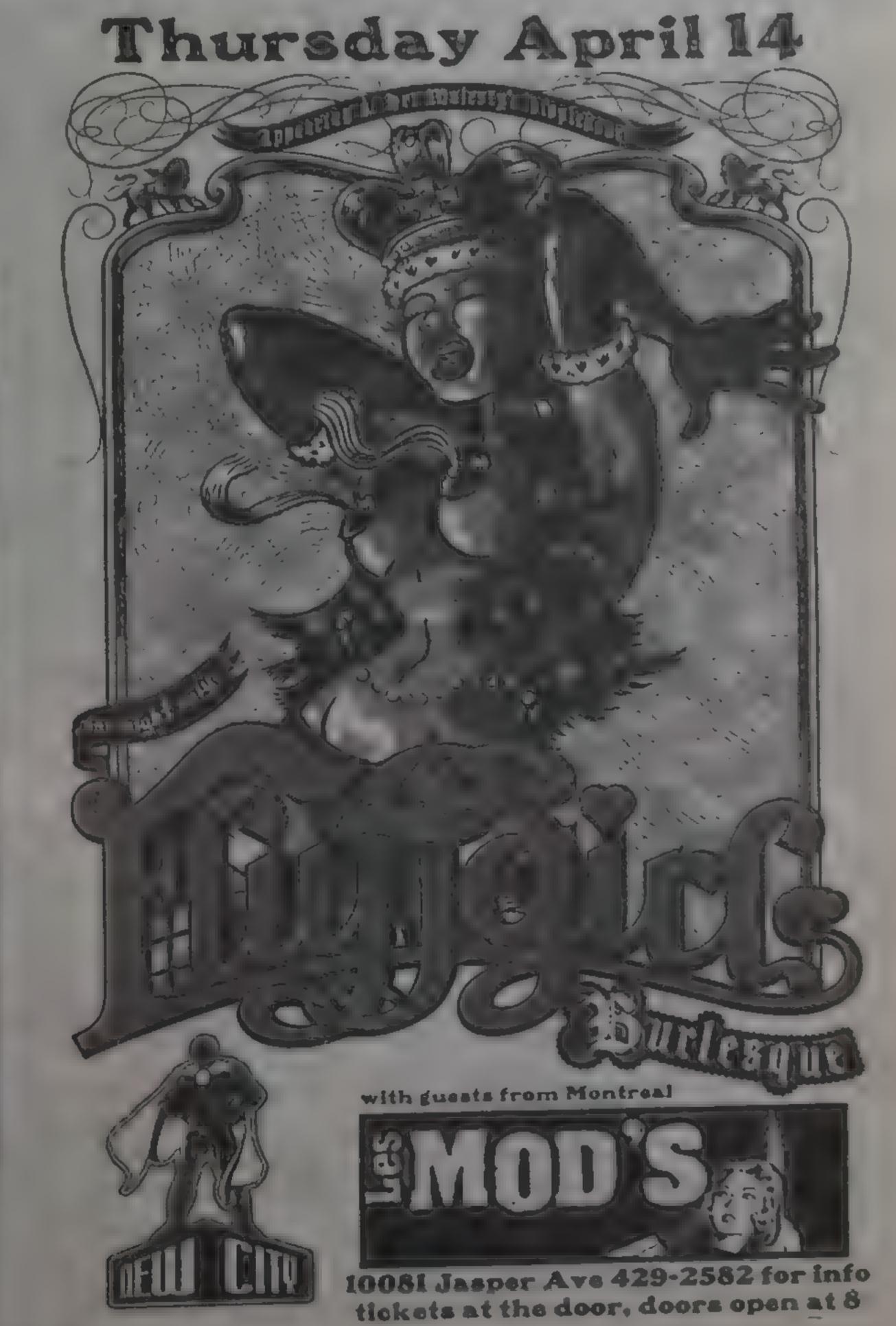
Slow Fade has been in stores for barely a week, so Choke will still have to wait a while to find out how the album is received. But in the meantime, they'll probably continue to give 'er just like they always have—after 11 years together, at least they all know how to get along. "Having some kind of shared passion, that helped for sure," explains Shea, who then imparts his half-joking advice for any band wanting to last as long as Choke has. "Respect, understanding and communication are the basis of any good relationship," he laughs. O

CHOKE

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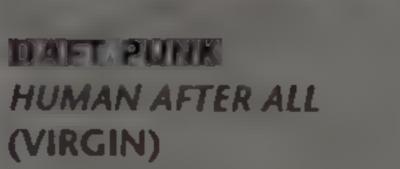
- 1) QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE LULLABIES TO PARALYZE
- 2) JACK JOHNSON IN BETWEEN DREAMS
- 3) BILLY IDOL
 DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND
- 4) MARS VOLTA
 FRANCES THE MUTE
- 5) SHAMA TWAM GREATEST HITS
- 6) K-0S JOYFUL REBELLION
- 7) 42
 HOW TO DISMANTLE
 AN ATOMIC BOMB
- 6) GIVEN STEFANI LOVE ANGEL MUSIC BABY
- 9) RAY CHARLES
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- 1) HIGREDIBLES
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- SEASON 9 (4DVD)
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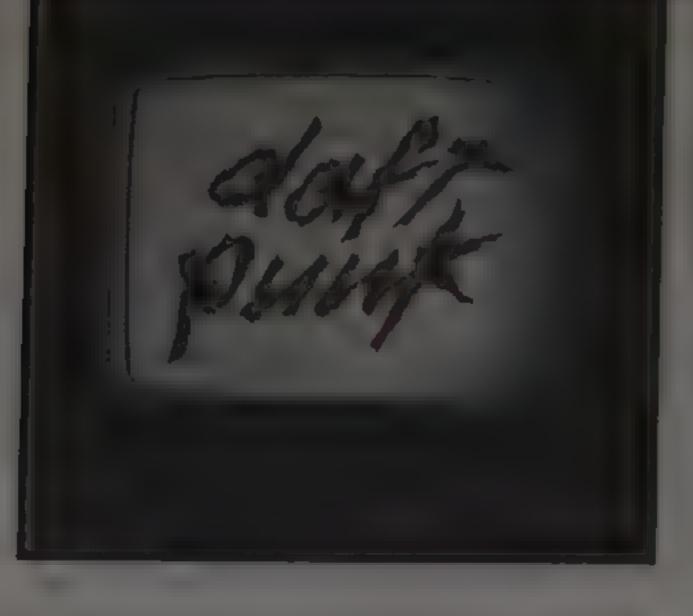
SEASON 1 (4 DVD)

10) BUG'S LIFE:
GOLLECTORS ED
(2 DVD)



Remember "electronica?" That late'90s mini-movement that caused the
music critics to declare the end of guitar rock? No? Good for you. There are
at least a dozen crummy memories
from that era (Prodigy, Therapy,
soothers, E) for every good one, and
Daft Punk is one of the good ones.

Their 1996 debut Homework, featuring anthems like "Da Funk" and "Around the World," was possibly the only genuinely great album to come out of the electronica era. They faltered a bit with 2001's Discovery, but they're now back with Human After All, a satisfying return to form that evokes the two previous albums without merely rehashing them. Human After All sees the duo incorporating elements of bombastic '70s stadium rock and '80s new wave, and they mostly pull it off with aplomb. On "Robot" Rock," the album's standout, a Keith Moon tom-tom explosion is paired

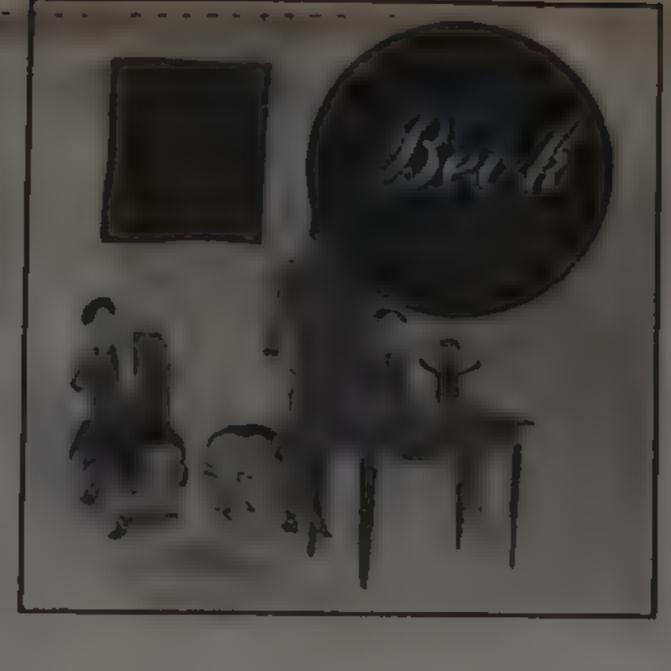


with a synthesized guitar riff that evokes ZZ Top covering Cheap Trick. Other highlights include "Prime Time of Your Life," which is built around a lurching "Personal Jesus"-style backbeat, and the title track, with its calland-response guitar lick and Gary Numan-esque synth riffage.

near as good as Homework, but Daft Punk have attempted something entirely new in essentially making a rock 'n' roll album with electronic instruments. It doesn't always work, but for the most part it's a tight enough pop record to almost induce nostalgia for the late '90s. Almost.

BECK GUERO (INTERSCOPE)

Ever since 1996's Odelay catapulted Beck's funky/bluesy brand of ingenious glitch-pop out of relative obscurity and onto dancefloors throughout the Western world, fans and industry people



alike have been pining for a repeat performance, all perhaps at least half-aware that we were doing so in vain. And today, nine years and four albums later, it just might be time to stop carrying that torch; chances are it's never going to happen.

Which, really, isn't that much of a bad thing. Mr. Hansen, after all, has made a career out of defying expectations, flitting indiscriminately between genres and sounds in the years after Odelay with results both surprisinggood (Midnite Vultures, Mutations) and surprising-lame (Sea Change). But if nothing else, the albums were always surprising, and always suggesting that, if Beck refused to revisit his past, it was because he was too busy moving forward. But now we have Guero-a mildly enjoyable but painfully average and unambitious effort that seems to suggest all that forward movement has come to an end.

Believe me, it breaks my heart to say it, but there's so little originality on Guero that it actually made me realize just how many clichés Beck has created for himself. Word-salad rapping over a fuzzed-out guitar loop? In abundance on the album's single and lead track, "E-Pro." Rusty slide blues guitar over a clanky found-sound drumline? Have a little "Rental Car." Slinky Latin rhythms? "Missing" has that covered. It's just all so... typical. Which is not to say it's bad, necessarily; even a fairly mediocre Beck album is by default funkier and better produced than the norm, and this album will indeed garner its fair share of fans. Considered on its own terms, Guero's not half-badbut considered within Beck's canon, with so little new ground gained, the disc could be a sign that Beck is finally tragically, starting to spin his wheek AAA—CHRIS BOUTET

THE JOHN BUTLER TRIO SUNRISE OVER SEA (LAVA)

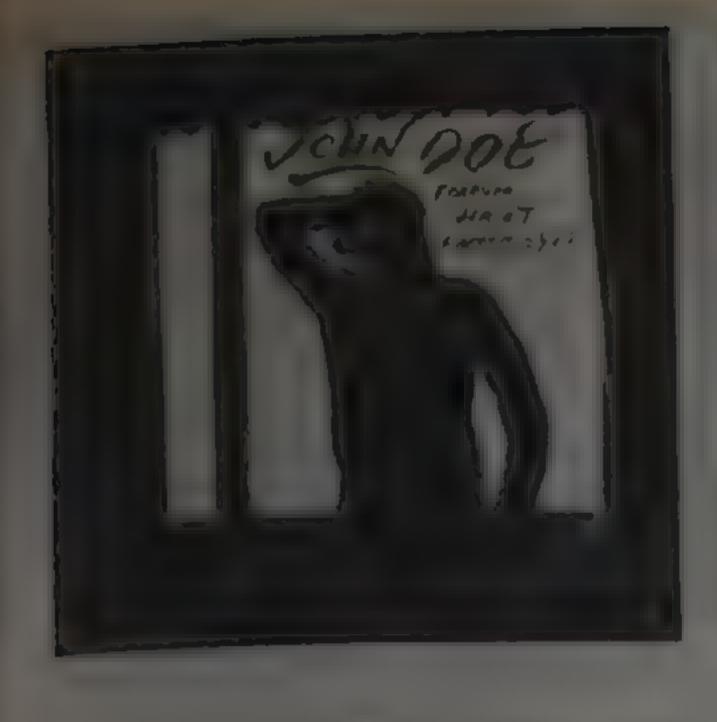
JUHN BUTLER TRIO

The first sound on the John Butler Triol Sunrise Over Sea is an acoustic slide qui tar. When the rest of the band kicks in moments later, the acoustic is joined by some lap-steel. Not just any lapsteel, though; this one is running some serious distortion as Butler lays down a heavy riff for the opening salvo, "Treat Yo Mama," and the playing only gets better as the album progresses through its 14 songs. Butler is a master of dynamics, demonstrating throughthe that he knows when to hold back and when to lay it all on the line. "Damnee to Hell" is short and to the point, as Butler accompanies himself with just a banjo. By contrast, "Sometimes" is an 11-minute epic that swells from an acoustic opening into a 10-ton rock monster, complete with a lengthy, outof-control guitar solo from Butler and some classic Hammond organ sounds from guest Tim Neil.

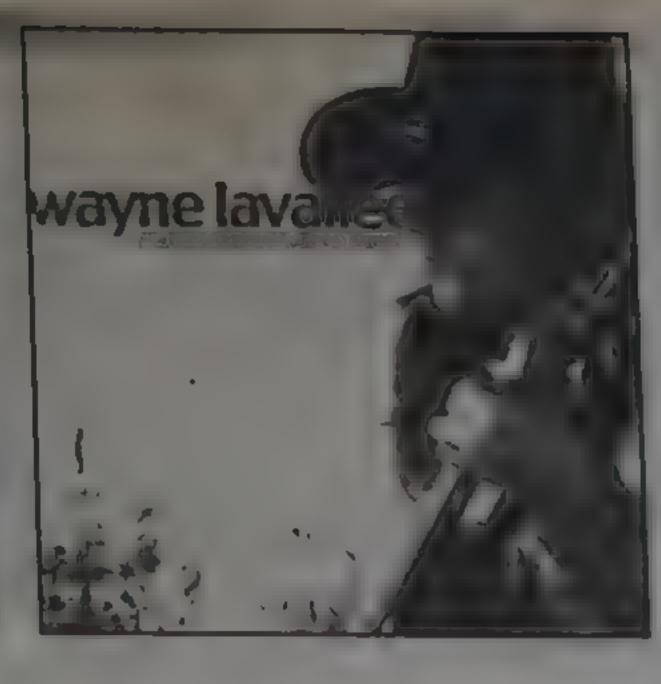
Butler's not alone here, with the Trio's other two-thirds doing more than simply providing generic support. Shannon Birchall chimes in on the bass (both electric and double) and Nicky Bomba presents convincing evidence that he's one of the best and most creative drummers around. They bring so much to the sound that it's











WAYNE LAVALLEE **GREEN DRESS** (ARBOR)

pard to imagine-that this album could have been made without them. In the and the music overshadows Buder's socially conscious lyrics, but it's so good that I just don't care. ** -EDEN MUNRO

JOHN DOE FOREVER HASN'T HAPPENED YET (YEP ROC)

Yes, John Doe, who, along with Exene Cervenka, made X the seminal California punk act before bands like Black Flag and the Dead Kennedys ever graced a stage, has returned. And just like California punk compatriot Mike Ness of Social Distortion, Doe likes to show off his love of country—and that's what this new album is: an unforgiving package of crusty chords and the odd twang, stuff you'd listen to while you cry in your beer, not mosh.

What makes this such an interesting project is who Doe has brought in to work with him: the New Pornographers' Neko Case adds her voice to "Hwy. 5," maybe the least country of all the songs on the collection, while former Throwing Muses leader Kristin Hersh and Grant Lee Phillips (of Grant Lee Buffalo fame) add their talents as well. Doe is at his strongest when he works with Phillips; "Heartless" is a fine, straight-ahead Saturday-night country rocker, while their dual gravelly vocals give "Twin Brother" a creepy —STEVEN SANDOR

resonance. The work of those two stands far above and beyond Doe's other collaborations on this record, and it makes me wish they would get together for a full album. *** STEVEN SANDOR

BRITISH SEA POWER **OPEN SEASON** (ROUGH TRADE)

Released by the first week of April, this album has barely had time to sit on the stands, and already the lead single, "It Ended on an Oily Stage," has soared up the U.K. charts. But after listening to the full album, you can't help but wonder how much further the '80sretro revolution can go. For anyone over 30 years of age, British Sea Power's music can launch only one debate: does the band sound more like the Psychedelic Furs or Echo and the Bunnymen? It's a tough call; the band's prevailing influence seems to switch back and forth with every song, almost as if by design. Furs? Bunnymen? Furs? Bunnymen?

Only the beautiful, moaning guitars of "The Land Beyond" break the '80s mold. As for the rest, close your eyes, think of John Cusack and Molly Ringwald, and imagining that it's British Sea Power and not the Furs providing the soundtrack to your favourite John Hughes movie. 本本才

I like the idea behind Wayne Lavallee's approach to music. He tries his best to combine the sounds of modern folkrock with elements of traditional Aboriginal music. And he frequently succeeds, effectively incorporating the sound of Cree chanting throughout this 13-song collection. The problem, though, is that most of these songs aren't very memorable. Also, Lavallee sings nearly every one of them in the same rhythm, so they all start to run together after a while. Then there's the strange quality of his voice. Most of the time, it sounds as though the vocals have been heavily processed in the studio, which doesn't mix well with the organic style of music.

It's not entirely a lost cause. Late in the album, Lavallee turns out three songs that go a long way toward redeeming the whole project: "Dusty Warrior" is a feel-good road song that showcases some excellent banjo and fiddle-playing; "Powwow Honey" is all about the combination of hand drums and an electric guitar riff; and "Intertribal" builds slowly into a raging storm. Lavallee is impressive when he has strong material to work with, but here the best stuff comes too late to pull the album out of the middle of the road. * -- EDEN MUNRO

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BY WHITEY AND T.B. PLAYER

Cone of Silence Sixty-Grit Sandpaper and Other Delights (Melograph)

Power pop genius Really, it's embarrassing lust how good they are

Faul Bellows Tape Deck Classics (independent) Local technophile Lays down catchy, mature songs And boy, can he drink

Armor for Sleep What to Do When You Are Dead (Iqual Vision) Lican unly child in the somewhere must love this v. time Beatit, kid

Detter Than Ezra Defore the Robots (Artemis) " and boring It assured, you're gonna hear T . stut out of it

Bramwell and the Left Overs Bramwell and the Left Overs (independent) I'm a sucker for

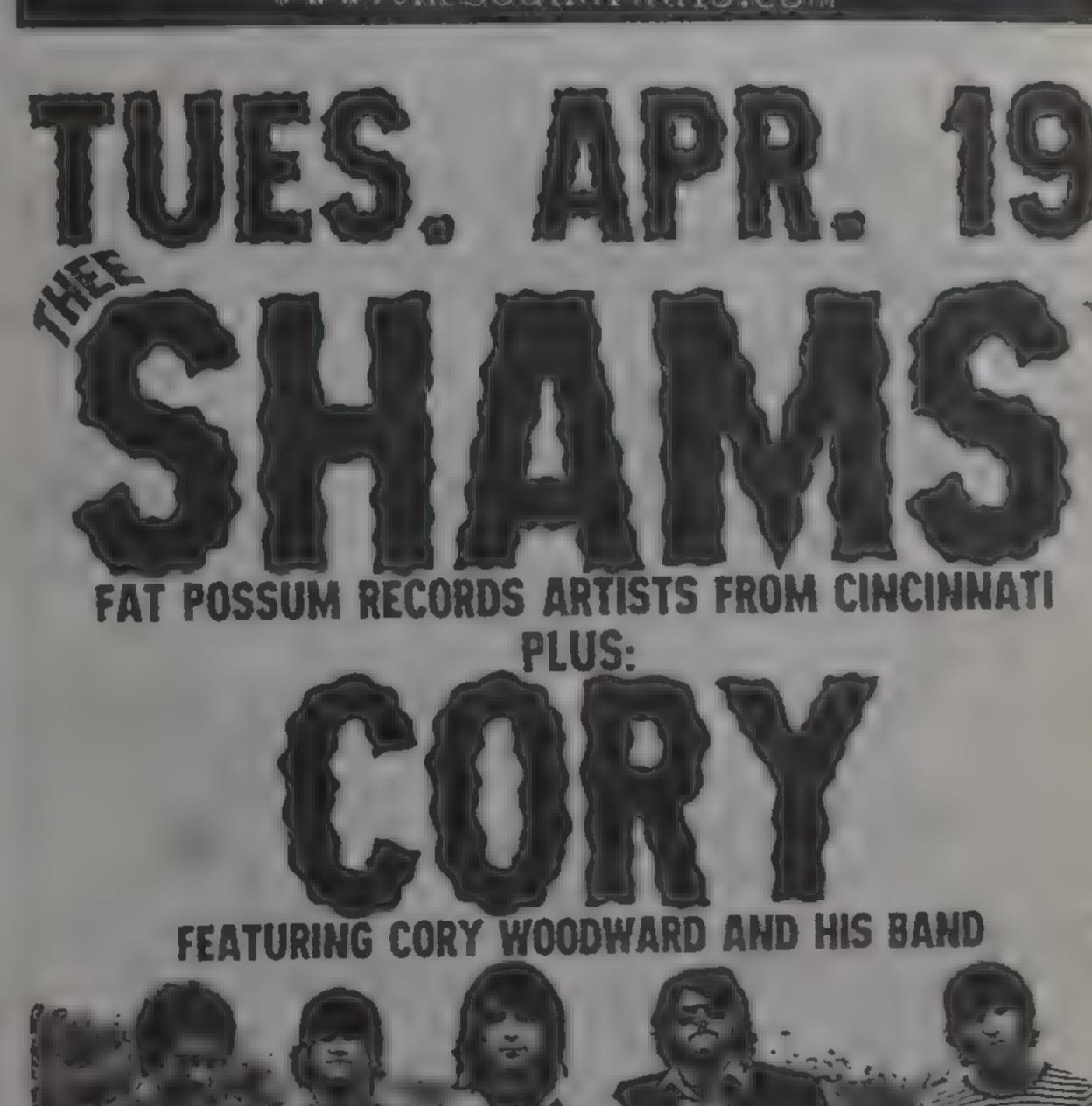
Well-sung, well-plucked country gems A flawless debut!

Etsans? (Alien8) Fronch noisemakers unite! Zeee boss delay et le korg How you say? Bitchin'l

Etsans

My Chemical Romance Three Cheers for Sweet Revenge (Reprise) Half great, half piss-poor! Captain eyeliner screams, yelps I'm indifferent

Los Lonely Boys Live at the Fillmore (Epic) 18 zillion notes Texican blues in your face Guitar bukkake







To live and direct in L.A.

Los Angeles Plays itself explores the real L.A. as well as the imaginary one

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

m'm from Hamilton, Ontario, and usually when I talk to my parents on the telephone, they've got news about the latest Hollywood movie being shot there. (Apparently the Barton Street neighbourhood is a particular hot spot; it's so rundown that it's a perfect place to zatoot films set during the Depression.) There's always a weird sense of displacement that sets in whenever I go see one of these movies and spot a local landmark being used in a particularly incongruous way—like the scene in The Long Kiss Goodnight where a fireball engulfs my beloved old CNR station.

People who live in Los Angeles must feel this disconnect with the screen more often than the rest of us; as Thom Andersen frequently notes in the narration to his wonderful documentary Los Angeles Plays Itself, L.A. is the most photographed city in the world, and actors and directors have used its buildings and its landscape as the backdrop for an improbably high number of wild scenarios. Consider

the Bradbury Building, a gorgeous 1893 office building full of airy walkways, wrought-iron elevators and a glass roof: in D.O.A., Edmond O'Brien shot down the man who poisoned him on one of the stairways; in Wolf, the building housed the publishing company that employed newborn werewolf Jack

Nicholson; and in Blade Runner, it was the decaying home of genetic scientist J.F. Sebastien. (One of the film's most memorable images showed a futuristic ship covered with lights and video screens flying over the roof.) Or the Ennis Building, whose Mayan-inspired architecture has been used as everything from the headquarters for a bunch of Japanese bad guys (Black Rain) to a futuristic laboratory where Klaus Kinski has developed some kind of time-travel potion (Timestalkers).

Andersen is at his most amusing when he demonstrates how, time after time, movie directors use the same locations in the exact same way: there's a funny montage, for instance, of one hapless actor after another getting kidnapped at L.A.'s Union Station. And there's another great sequence in which Andersen observes that the only people movie directors can imagine living in a

home designed by architect John Lautner are totally reprehensible villains, from Ben Gazzara in The Big Lebowski to James Garner in Twilight to the rogue South African diplomats in Lethal Weapon 2. (Andersen wryly notes that in Lethal Weapon 2, the house isn't just evil; it's accused of being so badly built that Mel Gibson can pull it down with a rope and a pickup truck.)

Angeles and the L.A. that's been misrepresent his city, whether it's a chase scene in which cars turn a corner and are suddenly driving down city—and, far from having played out behind closed doors, it was front-page news for months.

title with Andersen's film. "Forget the mystical blatherings of Joan Didion and company," he urges us over top of a clip of Barbara O. Jones stumbling down the street in 1979's Bush Mama. "They claim nobody walks in L.A. What they mean is, 'No rich white people like us walk.'"

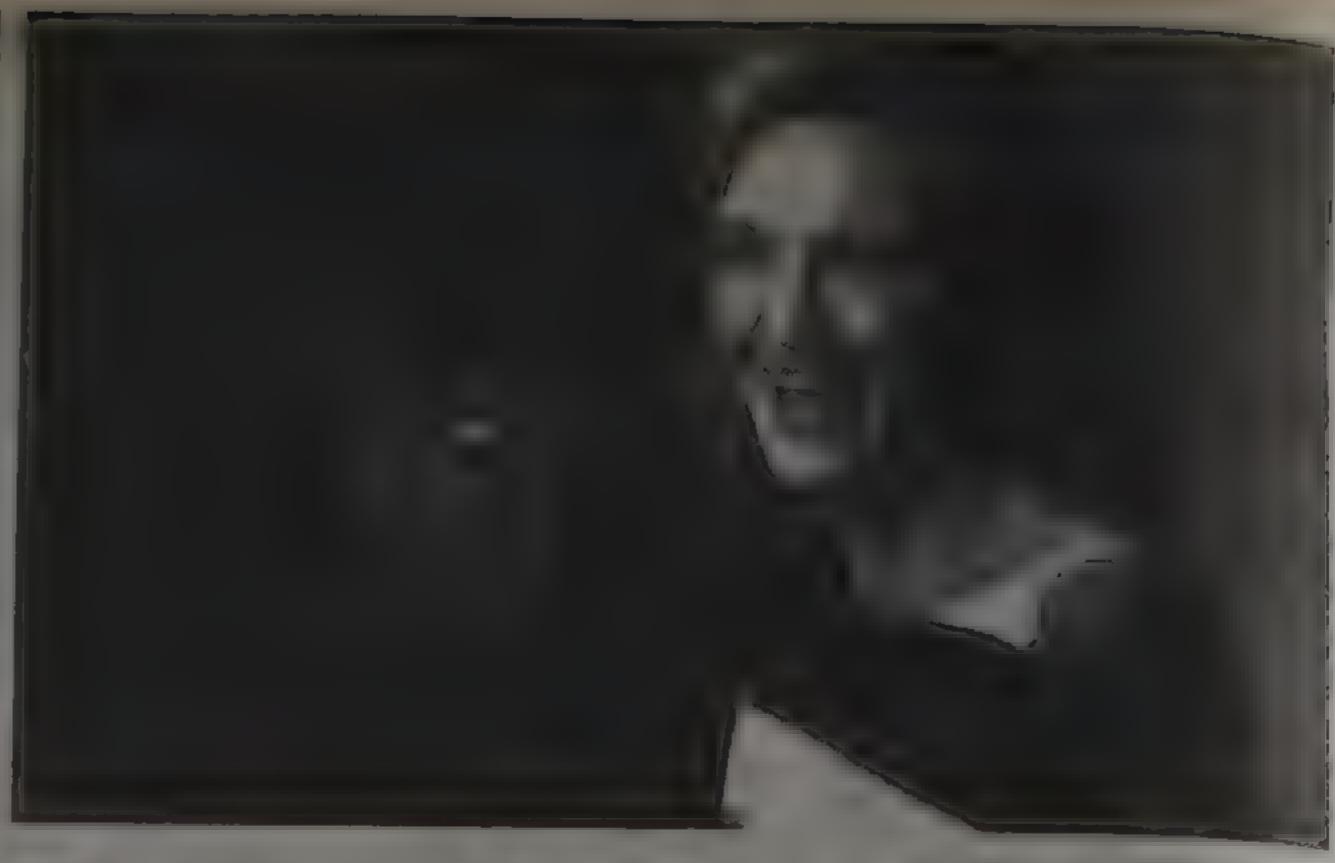
With a running time of nearly three hours, Los Angeles Plays Itself is paced more like a long walk than a car ride. But Andersen is a wonderful tour guide. His choice of movie clips is always unpredictable (scenes from L.A. Confidential and Armageddon bump up against sordid, straight-tovideo titles like L.A. Crackdown II), and his droll readings of individual films are always insightful: Chinatown is a disguised allegory about the importance of car ownership in L.A.; Dragnet boasts the most rigourous, formal directorial style since Ozu; it's hard to make a movie about L.A. that isn't, to some extent, about the police. Intelligent, funny and formidably well-researched, Los Angeles Plays Itself accomplishes what almost no documentaries about filmmaking ever do: it gets you to look at movies in an entirely new way. It might make you give your own city a second look as well. •

BUT LOS ANGELES PLAYS ITSELF IS a lot more than just a travelogue of famous movie locations; it's an extended meditation on the uneasy relationship between the real Los depicted in the movies. Andersen lives in Los Angeles, and he's genuinely bothered when filmmakers a street that's actually several miles away from where they started, or movies like Chinatown or Who Framed Roger Rabbit? whose fictional, fantasy versions of the backroom business deals that shaped the city's evolution have virtually replaced the actual historical record in the popular imagination. Andersen says the early '50s PR campaign that defeated public housing had a far more devastating effect on the

As a corrective to this way of thinking (as well as to blinkered, ultra-white portraits of the city like Hanging Up and L.A. Story), Andersen finds a more accurate portrait of Los Angeles in those rare indie films that explore the city's ethnic and sexual minorities-Charles Burnett's Killer of Sheep, Gregory Nava's El Norte, Kent MacKenzie's The Exiles, or even the gay porn movie that shares its

LOS ANGELES PLAYS ITSELF Written and directed by Thom Andersen • Zeidler Hall, The Citadel . Sat-Mon, Apr

2-4 (8pm) • Metro Cinema • 425-9212



There's no way to put a positive spin on Joan Allen's The Upside of Anger

BY JOSEF BRAUN

here's a scene in the happy-sad family saga The Upside of Anger in which newly dumped fortysomething Terry (Joan Allen), lying blotchy and inert in bed before her four pretty daughters, makes the painful realization that she's become like all the other women abandoned by their husbands on television and in movies. They whine and mope, she says, and she just wants to kick them.

There are indeed plenty of reasons why you might find yourself wanting to direct similarly violent impulses toward Terry—if not for her whining and moaning, then perhaps for her drunken insensitivity or her juvenile inability to communicate with her

loved ones or her almost total lack of warmth. But I honestly didn't really

want to kick Terry; I wasn't angry or exasperated or outraged (that would have been engaging); I was really just depressed watching The Upside of Anger, depressed and confused at this amazingly limp, bloated blob of middlebrow moviemaking that takes us on a fruitless two-hour search for some kind of tone, some meaning, some resonance that goes beyond watching actors cry, laugh or shout banalities on convention's cue. If there's any kind of an upside to this thing, I confess that I had a difficult time finding it.

The film begins bleakly and utterly unsure of itself, with Allen firing up the elongated and morose glare that will remain on her face through most of the proceedings. In a stroke of perversely appropriate casting, the once-vibrant Allen has fallen victim to the shameful limitations many mainstream actresses face once they hit middle age and find good roles severely lacking: she's become more and more hardened and blank, and sadly, that seems to suit writer/director Mike Binder's image of Terry perfectly. The permanent black cloud Terry casts over the film is meant to be tempered by the presence of her girls, but their giddiness is gruesome-

ly forced, their cutesy non-jokes about how the dog licked the roasted chicken falling flat, their attempts at generating some energy unsupported by Binder's meandering lack of rhythm. Weirdly reminiscent of The Flintstones, this is one of those movies where scenes repeatedly end with everyone spontaneously laughing for a brutally extended period over something that's really not funny. This movie is the opposite of funny.

THE DAUGHTERS each pile their own subnarratives over top of monster mom's woes, and there's also an ominous refrain about the subdivisions that are to be built on the idyllic woods out back that, bizarrely, no one takes the slightest interest in. (Trees and streams and fresh air literally right in your own backyard—who needs 'em?!) But all this isn't enough for Binder, so he injects some masculinity into things with Denny (Kevin Costner), a portly, unshaven, beer-guzzling, pot-smoking, sunburnt DJ and former ballplayer who condenses about six or

> seven previous Costner roles into one big loser. At least he's a bit more

shaded and developed and even occasionally likable. Binder has a slightly better ear for man-talk than girl-talk, and thus Costner actually turns in a performance that improves upon the blandly humble heroes he's specialized in for the last dozen years or so. Denny shows up during his own midlife crisis and is just delighted to be a part of a household of tense, angry women. But the character's just one more flavour in a muddy stew.

In five years of film reviewing, l don't think I've ever knocked a movie for being too character-based, but The Upside of Anger is a good example of everything that can go wrong when you arbitrarily build up characters with no greater purpose in mind. Maybe it's because the characters all feel like composites of overfamiliar types. Or maybe it's because Binder's notion of a "twist" ending feels like the biggest screenwriting cop-out of the year. The twist is also implausible and opens up one more unresolved theme.

THE UPSIDE OF ANGER

Written and directed by Mike Binder . Starring Joan Allen and Kevin Costner • Opens Fri, Apr 1

Strangers with candour

Patrice Leconte's Intimate Strangers can't figure out what to do with its fantastic premise

GY JOSEF BRAUN

the French director of Girl on the Bridge and Man on the Train, could just as neatly be dubbed Woman on the Couch as Intimate Strangers, the overcooked, "erotic thriller"-style moniker it bears here in Anglo-North America. (The original French title, for the record, is Confidences Trop Intimes.) As with Leconte's most widely received films, Intimate Strangers is shot through with heady romanticism, a certain middle-class moral subversion and a knowing, if not quite ironic, use of appealing genre clichés.

writ large in the first moments of this new film as the ominous opening credits are interspersed with shots showing the steady approach of ominous, black-booted feet, all accompanied by the ominous music of Pascal Estève, which sounds a bit like fussy Philip Glass. Dizzy, meticulously off-

tive of the wearer of the black boots as she enters an office in which each and every object seems rife with omen. And the stunned silence and stony expression of the man behind the desk she begins to speak to in this office completes the film's unified front of unmistakable portent.

In short, Intimate Strangers begins quite promisingly, luring us seductively into a familiar tone and style without insulting our intelligence or



losing its air of fun. Leconte wraps his introduction in markers of nearly forced intrigue but as he reveals the plot we also become aware of his sense of humour and play. The woman in the office is not your average femme fatale but a genuinely tormented seeker of psychotherapy. The man behind the desk isn't a hard-boiled private eye or even the psychotherapist the woman believes him to be: he's actually an unhappy tax attorney whose door the woman knocked on by accident while seeking the office of the shrink down the hall.

But was it really an accident? Through most of *Intimate Strangers*, Leconte keeps the camera on the

man (who somehow fails to inform the woman of his true vocation), preserving the aura of mysterious ambiguity that surrounds the woman, whose life and personality, outside of what will become regular appointments with the tax attorney during which she makes increasingly sordid confessions, remains hazy behind the veneer of dangerous neurosis she so effortlessly projects.

EVERYTHING'S SET to support Leconte's mise-en-scène: Fabrice Luchini's tax attorney is convincingly suspended between his sense of responsibility and his sense of desire, his look of constant astonishment giving away very little; Sandrine Bonnaire as the client is likewise restrained and totally natural, the erotic connotations of her intricately masked gestures in keeping with her desperation over the sexually perverse husband about whom she speaks with such devout marital concern. Even Ivan Maussion's production design perfectly enforces the balance Leconte requires, his dimpled leather doors, unobtrusive desk

lamps and dim, tastefully blank antechambers inform the atmosphere without spoiling the film's delicate mistaken-identity premise.

What finally fails Leconte's setup is, crucially, the same element that brought it into being: Jérôme Tonnerre's script. Tonnerre (who helped pen the recent Bon Voyage) succeeds so deftly in creating a foundation for novelty, suspense and Marguerite Duras-worthy psychosexual exchange that he seems to have painted himself into a corner that neither Leconte nor his actors can help him extricate himself from. The stumbles in the third act don't nullify the film's pleasures but it does render them ultimately ineffective. We gradually feel led-on, and we

learn very little about what these characters are really after or what challenges underlie their troubled existences, and the full circle the film curls into at the end feels tagged-on. If there's anything that makes Intimate Strangers worthwhile, it's the notion that the strange arrangement between Bonnaire and Luchini might come into being in the first place, and along with it, the hope that lives of quiet desperation can be shared, far away from the judging eyes of the world. O

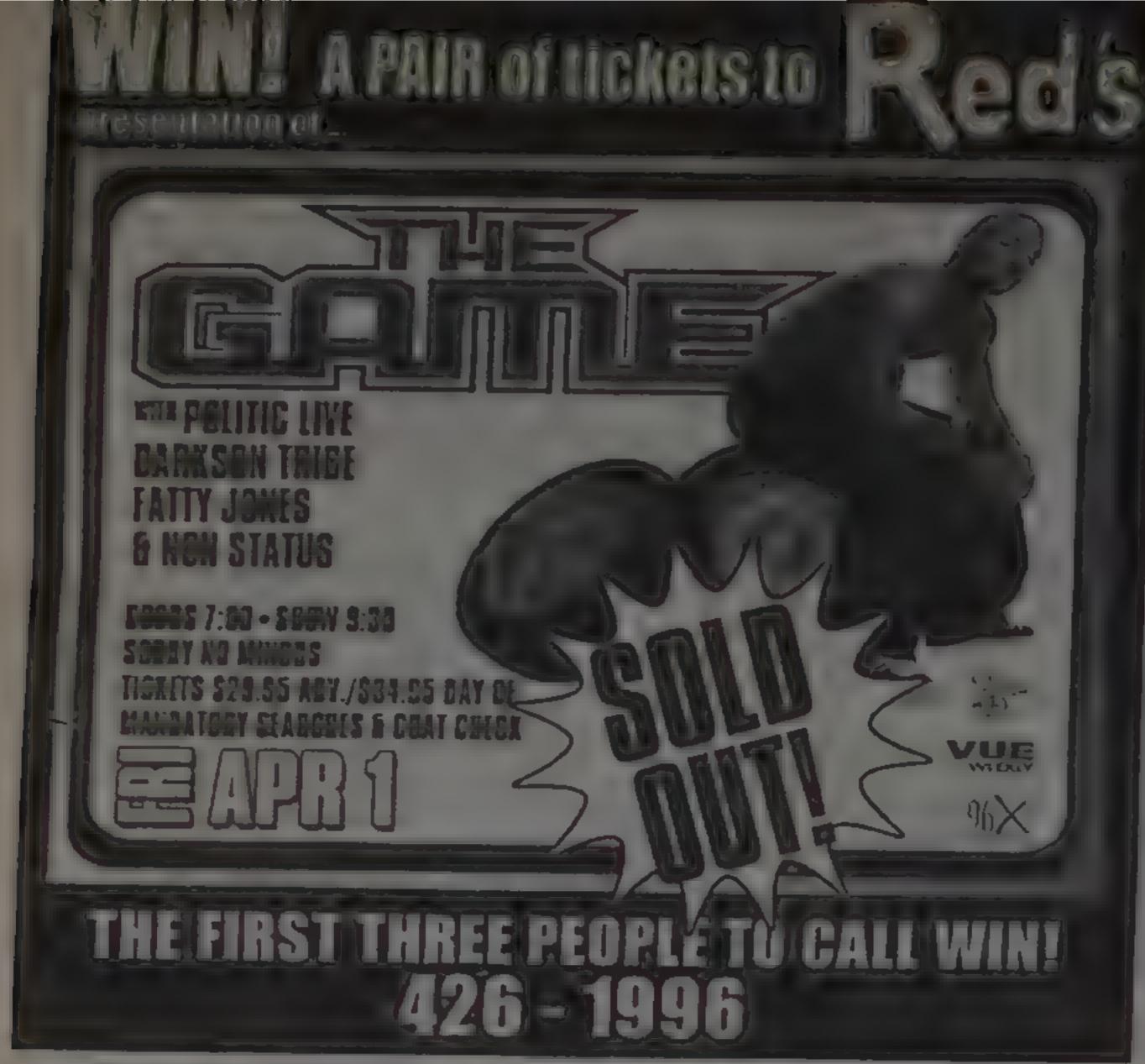
INTIMATE STRANGERS

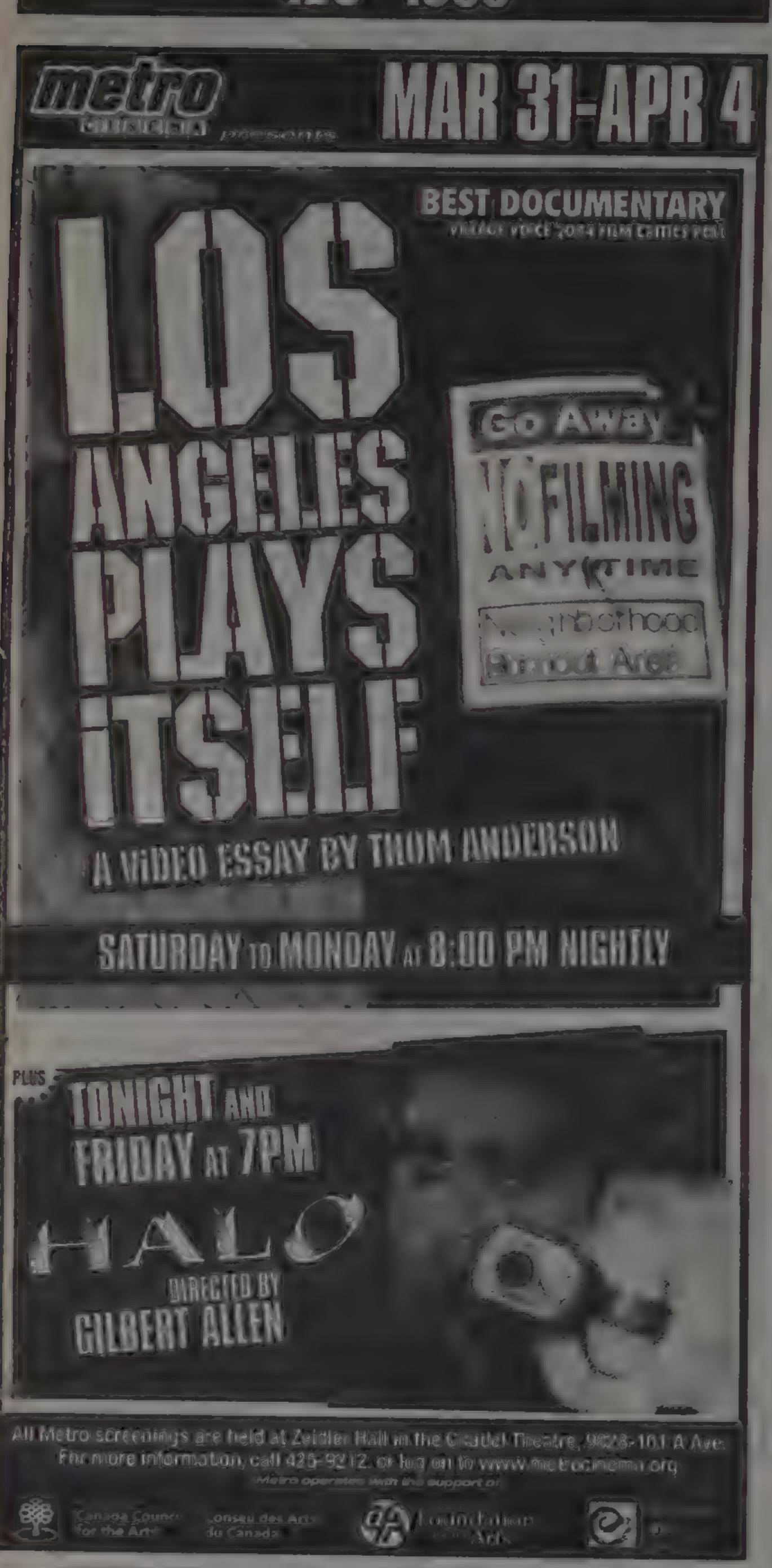
Directed by Patrice Leconte •
Written by Jérôme Tonnerre • Starring
Sandrine Bonnaire and Fabrice Luchini •
Now on DVD













Black and white and red all over

Sin City stuns with its stylized look, hardboiled attitude and half-dressed dames

BY JOCELYN AHLF

the cops are in on it. Bet the real enemy, the son of a bitch who killed the angel lying next to me, he's out there somewhere, out of sight, the big missing piece that'll give me the how and the why and a face and a name and a soul to send screaming into hell."

Someone finally got it exactly right. There have been a lot of good movies based on comic books in the past few years(Spider-Man, X-Men, From Hell), all of them huge leaps forward for what used to be one of the least critically respectable movie gen-

res around, but none of them have had the imagination or the technology at their disposal to truly translate the visual language of comic books into a film. Until now. Nerds rejoice! Your time is nigh! And film lovers rejoice too, because **Sin City** is the coolest, boldest, bloodiest experiment we have seen in a very long time.

Sin City is based upon three stories from Frank Miller's series of

ECOMIC BOOK

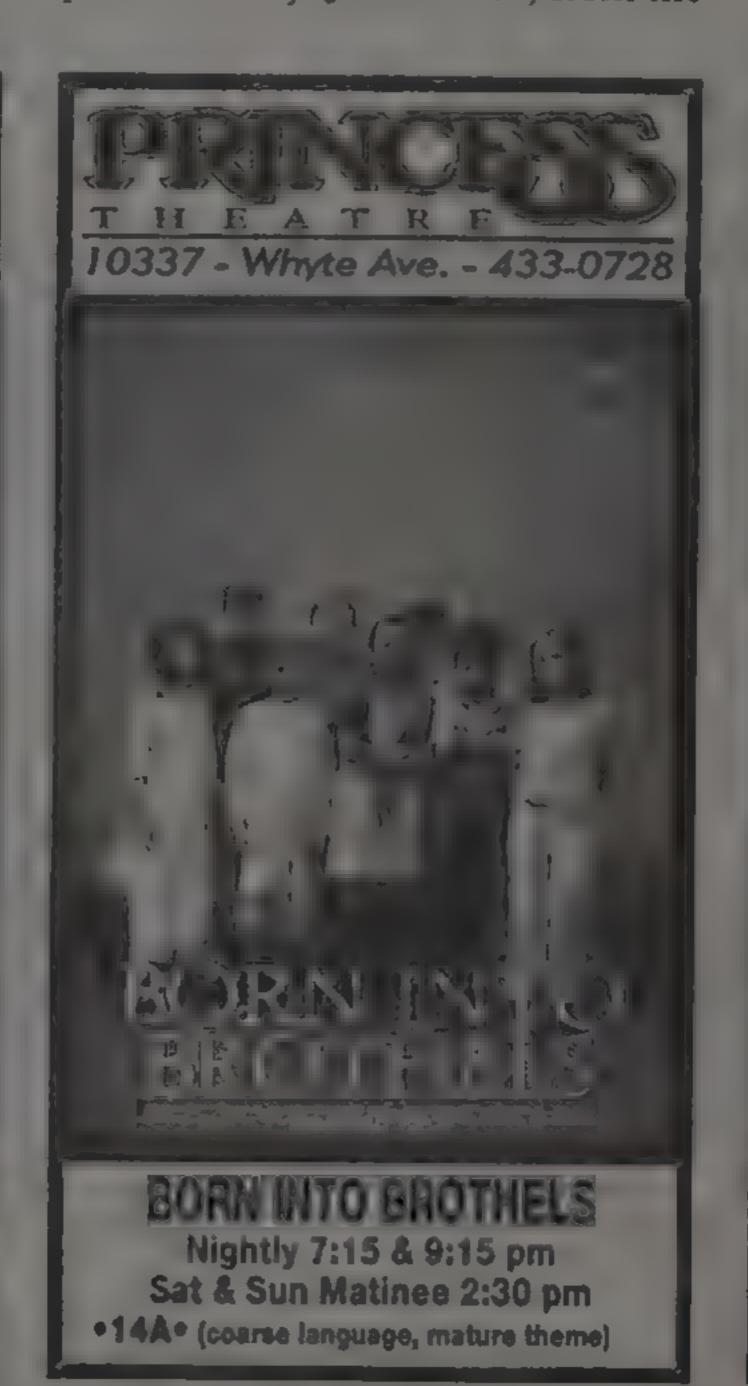
hardboiled, ultra-stylized graphic novels: "The Hard Goodbye," in which Marv (Mickey Rourke) sets out to avenge the death of his love, Goldie (Jamie King); "One Big Kill," in which Dwight (Clive Owen) tries to protect Gail (Rosarlo Dawson) and her girls from Jackie-Boy (Benicio Del Toro); and "That Yeliow Bastard," in which honest cop John Hartigan (Bruce Willis) goes to jail to protect Nancy (Jessica Alba) from the

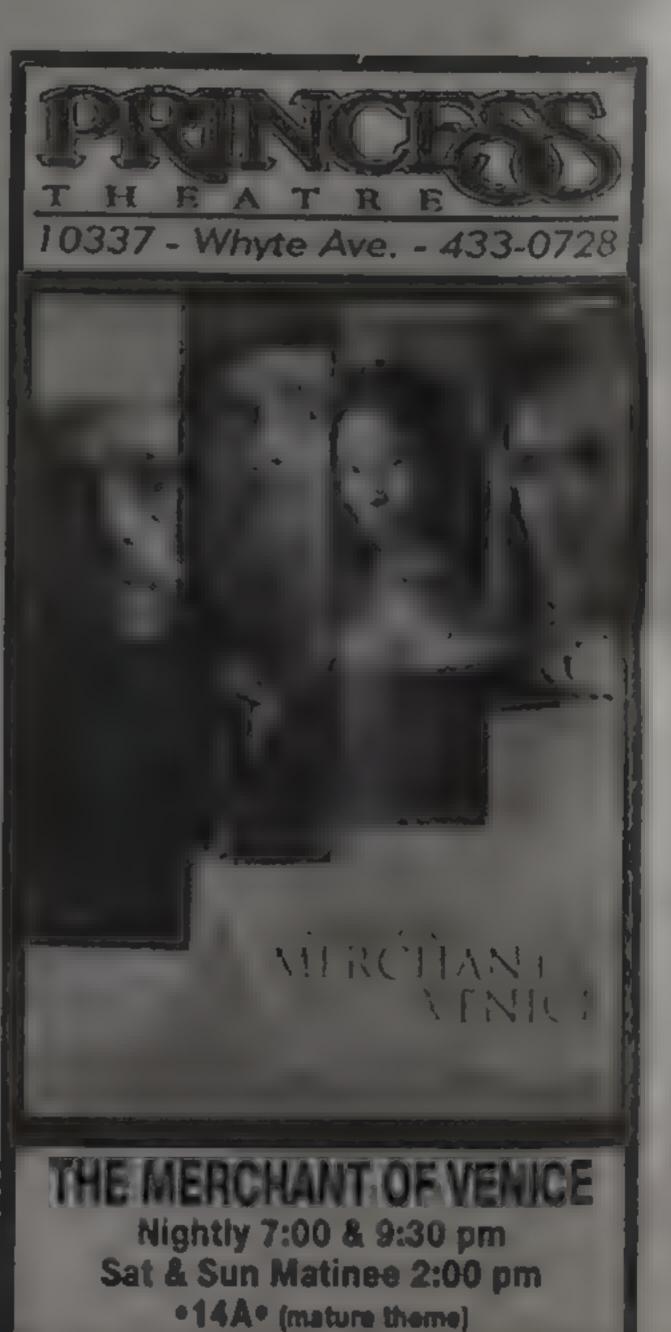
corrupt Roark family (Nick Stahl and Powers Boothe). This is noir, the Raymond Chandler stuff, with cucumber-cool voiceovers and dialogue to match. Fists are "mitts," women are "dames" and no one ever needs to use the f-word. This film is black and white-no, midnight black and snow white with strategic, purposeful hints of colour. That's a good thing, because all that white blood makes all of the beheadings, dismemberment and torture somewhat easier to take. The violence is also tempered by an almost Arthurian notion of love and loyalty. Bad, bad things are done in this movie for the noblest of reasons.

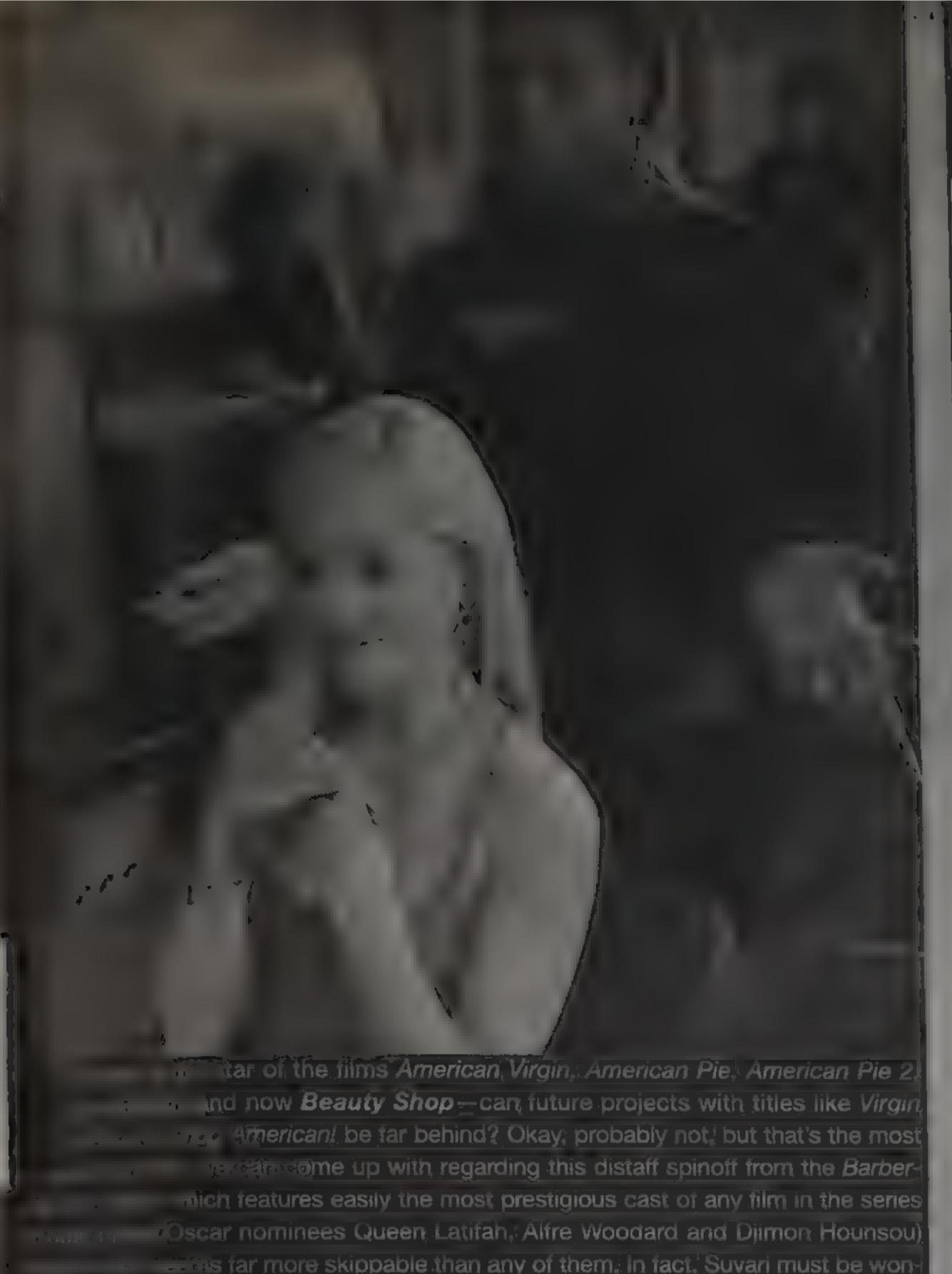
Sin City is one of the first entries in a new wave of digitally created movies (the other being the poorly paced Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow) and the visual meal offered is like nothing you have ever seen onscreen. The film was directed by

SEE PAGE 44









Islo Christian Mena, Alfie Zappacosta and Mercedes Treeter star in Winter Kill rector Gilbert Allan's locally-produced B-movie about a young martial arts spert on a mission to retrieve his sister, who has disappeared into the seedy, sexnd cocaine-fueled underworld of the Edmonton nightclub scene. Zeidler Hall, The tadel; Thu-Fri, Mar 31-Apr 1 (7pm)

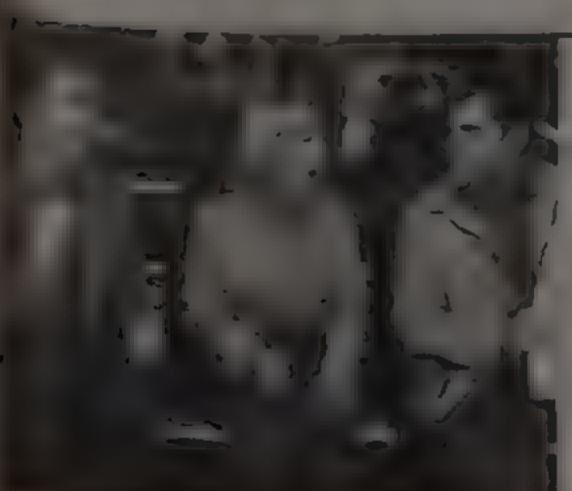
• • • • • tarring in it when every other nubile; half-dressed young

etting snapped up by the casting director for Sin City.

Los Angeles Plays Itself Eadward Muybridge, Zoopraxographer director Thom Andersen's fascinating epic documentary, which explores the gap between the real-life Los Angeles and the way the city and its landmarks Le been portrayed in Hollywood movies. Read Paul Matwychuk's review on age 40. Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Sat-Mon, Apr 2-4 (8pm)

Sin City Bruce Willis, Jessica Alba, Clive Owen, Benicio Del Toro, Rosario Dawson and Mickey Rourke star in writer/directors Robert Rodriguez and Frank Miller's gritty, violent, ultra-stylish film adaptation of Miller's series of aboiled graphic novels about various criminals, cops, strippers and psychos luing love, money and revenge within a grim, lawless city. Read Jocelyn Ahlf's on page 42.

Upside of Anger Joan Allen, Kevin Costner, Erika Christensen, Alicia Witt wan Rachel Wood star in Blankman director Mike Binder's comedy/drama a hard-drinking housewife and mother of four daughters who finds solace ter being abandoned by her husband in a new relationship with a retired base-Il star. Read Josef Braun's review on page 40.



Two of the funniest men alive, Will Ferrell and Steve Carell star in Melinda and Melinda, the new film by one of the most shockingly nowhere-near-as-funny-as-heused-to-be-and-actually-kind-of-depressingly-out-of-touch-with-the-modern-world men alive, writer/director Woody Allen. That's Radha Mitchell in the middle there, playing one of the titular Melindas. We don't know if she's funny or not.

Showtimes for friday, April 1 to Thursday, April 7

All showtimes are subject to change at any time. Please contact theatre for confirmation.

CINEMA CITY-12/MOVIES:12

Movies 12: 130 Ave, 50 St, 472-9779 Cinema 12: 3633-99 St. 463-5481

LEMONY SNICKET'S A SERIES OF UNFORTUNATE EVENTS (PG) Cinema City 12: Fri-Sun 11 45 Daily 2:05 4.50 7:05 9 25 Fn Sat late show 12:00 Movies 12: Fri-Sun 11.15 Daily 1 40 4:30 7:05 9:35 Fri Sat late show 11.55

ARE WE THERE YET? (PG) Cinema City 12: Fri-Sun 11,10 1,05 3,05 5 05 7:15 9 15 Fri Sat late show 11:55 Mon-Thu 2 00 4 30 7:15 9 15 Movies 12: Fri-Sun 11:25 Daily 2 05 4 50 7:25 9 40 Fri Sat late show 12:00 :

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SON OF THE MASK (PG, crude content, cartoon vio lence throughout) Cinema City 12: Fri-Sun 11.15 Daily 1 30 4.25 7.30 9:35 Frt Sat late show 11:50 Movies 12: Fn-Sun 10.55 Daily 1:05 3 10 5:15 7:25 9 40 Fri Sat late show 11:55

BECAUSE OF WINN-DIXIE (G) Cinema City 12: Fn-Sun 11 50 Daily 2:10 4:40 6 55 9 20 Fri Sat late show 11.45 Movies 12: Fn-Sun 11:30 Daily 1:55 4:35 7:00 9 20 Fri Sat late show 11 40

HIDE AND SEEK (14A, frightening scenes) Cinema City 12: Fn-Sun 11.00 Daily 1.25 4:30 7:40 10:00 Fri Sat late : show 12.10 Movies 12: Fri-Sun 11 20 Daily 2 10 4 20 7 30 10:00 Fri Sat late show 12:15

THE LIFE AQUATIC WITH STEVE ZISSOU (14A coarse language throughout) Cinema City 12: Daily 7.20. 9 50 Fn Sat late show 12.20 Movies 12: Daily 6:55 9:45 Fin Sat late show 12 10

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7:35 10 05 Fri Sat late show 12:25 THE INCREDIBLES (G) Cinema City 12: Sat-Sun 11:30 Daily 1:55 4:55 Movies 12: Sat-Sun 11:05 Daily 1:30

4:15

OCEAN'S TWELVE (PG, coarse language) Cinema City 12: Sat-Sun 11:05 Daily 1:40 4:20 7:10 9:45 Frt Sat late show 12:15

CITY CENTRE

10200=102 Ass. 421=7020

SIN CITY (R, gory violence throughout, no passes) Daily 12:50 3:50 7.00 10:00

THE UPSIDE OF ANGER (14A, mature content, coarse tanguage) Daily 1:10 4:10 7:20 10:10

THE RING TWO (14A, frightening scenes) Daily 1.20 4.00

6 45 9 30 HITCH (PG, sexual language) Fri-Tue 12.30 3 20 6 30

9:10 Wed-Thu 12 30 3 20 9:10

MILLION DOLLAR BABY (PG, mature content, not recommended for young children) Daily 9:00

ROBOTS (G) Daily 12.20 2:30 4.40 6.50 HOSTAGE (18A, gory violence) Daily 1:00 3:40 7:30

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GUESS WHO (PG, coarse language) Daily 1:30 4:20 7:10

THE ASSASSINATION OF RICHARD NIXON (14A, VIClence, mature themes) Daily 12:25 2:35 4:45 7:15 9:40 MISS CONGENIALITY 2: ARMED AND FABULOUS (PG, violence) Dally 12 40 3.30 6.40 9.20

CLAREVIEW

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THE PACIFIER (PG) Fri-Sun 12:50 3:00 5 10 7:45 10:10 Mon-Thu 5 10 7:45 10:10

BE COOL (14A, coarse language) Daily 7:15 10:05 HITCH (PG, sexual language) Daily 7:15 10:05

GALAXY CINEMAS @ SHERWOOD PARKS 2020 Sherwood Drive, 416-0150

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HITCH (PG, sexual language) Fri-Sun 12 20 3 20 6 45 9 20 Mon-Thu 6 45 9 .**

MILLION DOLLAR BABY (PG, mature content, not recommended for young children) Fri-Sat Mon-Thu 6 30 9 10: Sun 9 10

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WORLD'S BEST COMMERCIALS FESTIVAL (14A) Daily 7.00 9:00 Sat \$ -> 1

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ARE WE THERE YET? (PG) Fri Sat Sun 1 25 3 45

THE JACKET (14A, mature theme, disturbing content) Fri Sat Sun 1.15 4:00 7:20 9:50 Mon Tue Wed Thu 7:20

MAN OF THE HOUSE (14A) Fri Sat Sun 1.20 4.10 7:15 9:55 Mon Tue Wed Thu 7:15 9:55

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(PG, violence) 1 10 3 30 7:15 9:35 ROBOTS (G) 1.15 3.10 7:05 9.10

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HALO (STC) Fn 7:00

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IN GOOD COMPANY (PG, coarse language) Daily 8.50 SPANGLISH (PG, coarse language, mature theme) Daily

NATIONAL TREASURE (PG) Fri-Sun 1:40 4:10 7:10 9 40 Mon-Thu 4:10 7 10 9:40

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WWE: WRESTLE MANIA 21 (Classification not available) Sun 4:00

WESTMOUNT CENTRE:

111 Ave, Groat Rd, 455-8726

MILLION DOLLAR BABY (PG, mature thems, not recommended for young children) Fri Sat Sun 1:00 3:50 6:45 9:30 Man Tue Wed Thu 6:45 9:30

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Oh what a lovely Waugh!

Stephen Fry makes a glittering directorial debut with *Bright* Young Things

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

ephen kry has given his film ver-Sion of Evelyn Waugh's 1930 Phovel vile Bedies the new title Bright Young Things, a radical rechristening that would seem to suggest that Fry's opinion of the story's cast of characters is 180 degrees opposed from that of Waugh's. But in fact, Waugh couldn't have hoped for a more adoring, faithful interpreter. Fry-the tall, pudding-faced comedian whose droll presence has enlivened everything from the Blackadder TV series to Gosford Park to countless BBC panel shows—captures the full, absurd whirligig of Waugh's novel: the parade of wickedly caricatured characters bearing names like "Lady Thobbing," "Archie Schwert" and "Mrs. Melrose Ape"; the endless succession of decadent parties where outrageously costumed guests can be heard to exclaim, "I've never been so frantically bored in all my life!"; the

desperate, loveless emptiness at the heart of all this happy noisemaking; and the vague sense everyone has that the carousel they're riding is about to spin off its axis and fly into the abyss.

Bright Young Things is the title of a pseudonymous roman à clef that the film's hero, the good-hearted but almless Adam Fenwick-Symes (Stephen Campbell Moore), has just completed—and it's also the term that the popular press has applied to his circle of young upper-class



friends. You'd call these people the "idle rich," if only they weren't so intent on filling every waking moment with a hum of activity: every time we see them, they're dancing or snorting cocaine or falling into bed with each other or driving race cars, and sometimes all four things at once.

Adam is the most sensible of the bunch, but even he can never quite get his act together long enough to persuade his girlfriend Nina (Emily Mortimer, whose costumes are nearly as velvety and seductive as her voice) to marry him. No sooner does Adam lose his manuscript (and the

£100 his publisher has advanced him), for instance, than he wins £1,000 in an absurd barroom bet with a slumming aristocrat, which he then hands over to a drunken major (a sublime Jim Broadbent), who promises to bet it on a horse for him. And then promptly disappears. Eventually, just to make ends meet, Adam is

forced to take a job writing the "Mr. Chatterbox" gossip column for his publisher, Canadian press baron Lord Monomark (Dan Aykroyd, giving his funniest performance in years). But it's not good enough to hang onto Nina, who decides that money is ultimately more important to her than love.

Bright Young Things is the way he makes you care about Adam's circle of friends and lets you enjoy all their devil-may-care behaviour (and feel very badly for them when the party's over and they all come to their unhappy ends), without shying

away from showing you how callous and irresponsible and selfish they really are. And no one embodies this duality better than Fenella Woolgar, the young actress who plays the delightfully monstrous, coked-up party girl Agatha Runcible. Woolgar (who's also had small roles in Stage Beauty and Vera Drake) has one of the most unforgettable faces in movies today-she's got a huge jaw, a big nose, beady eyes, pale skin and bobbed blonde hair, and you can't take your eyes off her as she glides through this film, obliviously causing car accidents and toppling entire governments in her wake.

Indeed, anyone who enjoys that British school of stylized high-comic acting will just about die from pleasure as they watch this movie. Fry allows his wonderful cast to turn even the smallest role into a delicious comic turn: my favourites include Adrian Scarborough and Jim Carter as a pair of stern-faced customs officials ("I'll return your dictionary," one of them tells Adam, before adding,

"minus this page!"); Julia McKenzie as Adam's not-as-dotty-as-she-looks landlady; Simon Callow as a deposed prince still mourning the loss of his beloved gold fountain pen; and especially Peter O'Toole, who's just glorious as Nina's barking-mad father.

It's hard to say on the evidence of Bright Young Things whether Stephen Fry is a natural director, but he's an exceedingly witty and intelligent and energetic one, and he obviously knows how to persuade the very best people to work with him, which is almost as good. It's beyond me why this lively period picture, which is a hell of a lot better made than, say, Finding Neverland, never made it to theatres in Edmonton, but now that it's available on DVD, we can all join the party. As Agatha would say, "How thrill-making!" O

BRICHT YOUNGETHINGS

Written and directed by Stephen Fry •
Starring Stephen Campbell Moore
Emily Mortimer and Fenella Woolgar •
Now on DVD



Continued from page 42

Robert Rodriguez (Spy Kids, Desperado), with the assistance of Frank Miller and "special guest director" Quentin Tarantino (who contributes a hilarious, surreal bit in which Del Toro's head refuses to shut up), and is not an adaptation but a painstakingly faithful "translation" of Miller's original graphic novels. But you don't have to be a fan of the comic to appreciate the "lead-by-the-forehead" way Marv runs through the woods, or the sight of all those convertibles flying over the road, or the evocative use of light and shadow and silhouette. Rodriguez (who dropped out of the Directors' Guild so that Miller could get a codirecting credit) performs his usual juggling act of director, editor, composer and editor with palpable glee. This is the best movie of his career.

THIS IS ALSO the best movie of many of these performers' careers. Del Toro is both menacing and hilarious as Jackie Boy, and his presence is matched by the smoldering Clive Owen. I really enjoyed the girls of Old

Towne, particularly Alexis Bledel as Becky and Devon Aoki as the sword-wielding Miho. Everything that he ever happened in Mickey Rourke's life seems to have prepared him for this film—even disguised under several layers of hideous prosthetics, he is Marv. However, no one is as memorable as Elijah Wood's Kevin. He is the scariest thing you'll see at the movies this year (and will probably be the hottest costume at Halloween).

I loved Sin City but I don't think it's for everyone. The nonstop voiceover and violence make Kill Bill seem like a movie for pansies. As for the film's depiction of women... well comic book women are drawn for horny, emotionally immature teenage boys, and that's yet another element of the genre that Sin City duplicates with utmost fidelity. But this isn't the real world (thankfu' ly)—it's Sin City and all the sexist adds to the ambience. Still, my money would not approve. O

SIN CITY

Written and directed by Frank Miller and Robert Rodriguez • Staming Mickey Routh Rosario Dawson, Bruce Willis, Jessica Albi and Clive Owen • Opens Fri, Apr 1



TO ATTEND THE PREVIEW SCREENING OF THURSDAY APRIL 7TH 7:00 PM SOUTH EDMONTON COMMON PRESENTED BY:

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Horea counseling

Park Chan-wook's gripping military mystery JSA heralds an exciting new voice in Asian film

BY STEPHEN NOTLEY

Park Chan-wook. Chances are we'll be hearing it a lot in the tature, as he's a leading figure in an aggressive new cinematic style from Korea set to infiltrate and influence American moviemaking just as the 1990s Hong Kong school did. Park's 2000 breakout hit JSA (Joint Security Area) is just now popping up in DVD spots around town, and inephiles ill-served by the last few months of American filmmaking need to rent it immediately.

hooting, at a border outpost tween North and South Korea.

Jajor Sophie Jean, Korean-sired but raised in Switzerland, is dispatched as

part of a UN-style investigation and through her we are introduced to the

border, the line, the centre of the film. The North Koreans have their buildings on the north, the South Koreans have their own structures on the south. Soldiers stand on either side of the line, prohibited by law from communicating in any way with their opposite numbers. And then there's the outpost in question: two cabins on either side of a demarcatory ditch spanned by a 100-yard bridge, a bridge not for crossing, heavy posts barring vehicle traffic.

Uniquely among these people, Major Jean can move freely across the border, so we get a peek into both worlds, huge "Rice Is Communism" billboards lining the roads into the North Korean Headquarters. She reads the depositions, interviews the surviving North Korean solider, ergeant Oh, and the injured South orean soldier, Sergeant Lee Soofyuk, and examines the bodies of the wo dead soldiers. Soon inconsistentes in their stories start to crop up.

At this point, ISA feels like a proceal mystery. An American film likewould have made the mistake of seping it a mystery the whole way brough, using twists and red herrings to delay the revelation of the truth until the very end, thus leaving no time to actually deal with it. JSA does not make this mistake, so a third of the way through it shifts and devotes ets attention to the story itself, the strange subversive circumstances that ed two South Korean soldiers and two North Korean soldiers to be in that North Korean cabin that fateful night, in intense, heartbreaking examinaion of human beings living at the ripof a nation tom in two.

There's a stark, no-bullshit quality the storytelling. Scenes are intense,

but without the false intensity of fast cuts and sound cues. The camera tends to stand back and let events play out in front of it, relying on powerful compositions to make its points. The colours are subdued, lots of blacks and greys and silvers; this is a night-time movie. And yet, in these institutional places, these military bunkers, these ragged, fought-over fields, there are strange beauties, moonlight silvering the tops of dry reeds as enemies see each other for the first time.

And there are guns. Guns, shooting, violence: these are the staples of military stories, but ISA doesn't fetishize the act of shooting, preferring instead to deal with guns as objects, their weight, heavy steel, clunks on wood or the clacks and clicks of loading. There's an awareness of the weapon, always at the ready, not about violence but the threat of violence, the provocation, the taunt, the threat, the tension, underlying everything that happens, every relationship that evolves.

So when the film does return the mystery-plot for the last third, it's no longer a mystery but a powerful set of

relationships still at play in the aftermath. Brotherhood, comradeship,

friendship, enmity, all are driven to and beyond the breaking point, leading to the wrenching final revelation of the night of the shooting. "We're enemies, after all." It's a heavy film, heavier than we're used to, laden with sadness and tragedy, told with simplicity and compassion, a cry of anguish from a nation in pain. See it. O

JSA (JOINT SECURITY AREA)

Directed by Park Chan-wook • Written
by Seong-san Jeong, and Hyeon-seok
Kim Park Chan-wook • Starring Lee
Byung-hun, Lee Yeong-ae, and Song
Kang-ho • Now on DVD

ARIS

Put your hand in the puppet head

Puppets, pigs and metaphysical mayhem combine in The Unlikely Birth of Istvan

BY LEAH COLLINS

gary's Old Trout Puppet Workshop's production of The Unlikely Birth of Istvan, explains the group's co-founder, Judd Palmer. But considering Istvan's not-exactlytoddler-friendly themes of pig-killing and metaphysical philosophy, you'd be hard-pressed to believe him.

The play's stars—eerie, squeaky, Edward Gorey-esque wooden puppets—silently perform on a colourful set to a soundtrack of obscure records (including everything from forgotten Cuban and Polish recordings to a '50s-era sex-ed album). As for the story, on its most literal level Istvan is the tale of two men—one creative, the other destructive—battling over a singing pig. But Palmer says the plot is really just the springboard for a surreal journey through life and death—an allegory of the meaning of life. "How to live one's life is the problem that all dramas tend to tackle," he explains. "Ours just happens to do it with a singing pig and a puppet in a hot air balloon."

Okay... so where does the educational muppetry fit in? Says Palmer, while *Istvan* is distinctly un-Hensonian in its execution, the show is still childlike in its effect, a trait he feels all puppetry shares. "I think that there's something—a naïveté—that's encapsulated in the carving of the wood and the squeak of the joints,"

he says. "I haven't really been able to figure out why puppets fell so horribly from grace over the last century. Often they were considered a folk art form as opposed to a high art form like ballet or opera or something like that, but they weren't securely ensconced in the niche of children's birthday parties and educational TV."

Palmer thinks that attitude is changing, though, however slowly, thanks to recent innovations made by puppeteers around the world, artists like the Trouts and fellow Calgarian Ronnie Burkett, whose work is unafraid to con-

front audiences with grown-up themes and sometimes shocking imagery. "There's a kind of renaissance going on, there's a kind of rediscovery," he says. "So in a sense,



puppets are kind of new to a lot of people; like, the idea is 'What? You're doing a puppet show for adults? That's weird.' And so there's the initial discovery of what these things can be. They can be as easily Rodin as they are Henson."

rediscovery of the possibilities of puppetry only adds to the wonder audiences feel while watching a show like Istvan. And, that sense of child-like complicity is crucial to why the Trouts took up their craft in the first place. "Puppetry is an artform that's associated with the imagination,



with the fantastic, with the unfettered suspension of disbelief that we associate with childhood, but really doesn't need to die in adults," Palmer says. "So I think it's a pleasure to remember that part of yourself sometimes, and to just let that be.

"Puppets emphasize the aspect of theatre that you have to do the believing. You're not going to be fooled by anything that's going to happen onstage in the way you're sort of going to be fooled by a movie. So you're going to have to make that investment—and that investment actually means you're more connected to the show in a funny kind of way. Otherwise, you're really just watching some lumps of wood stagger around, being waved around by some hairy dude." O

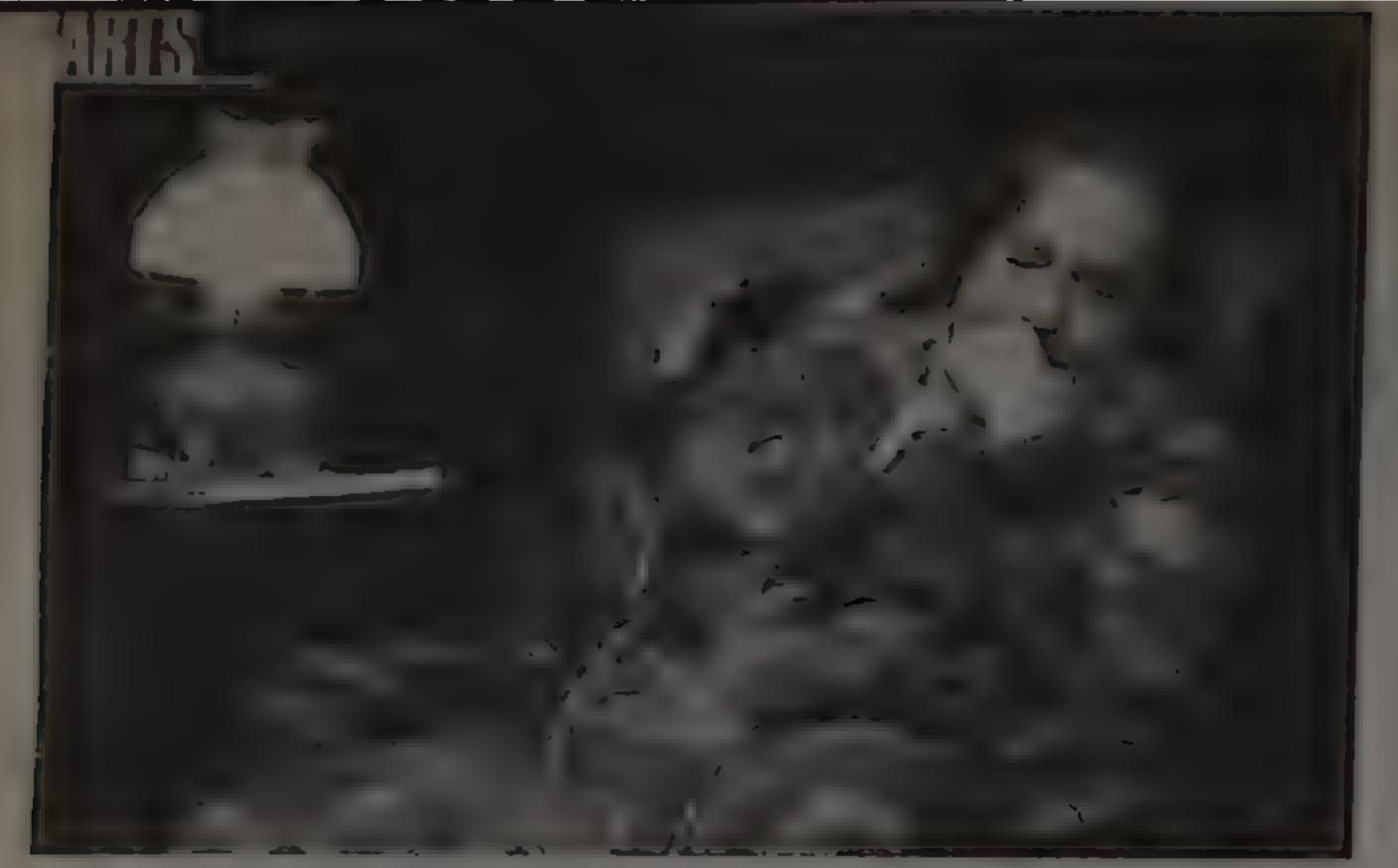
THE UNLIKELY BIRTH OF ISTVAN

Created by the Old Trout Puppet

Workshop • Catalyst Theatre • To Apr 3

• 431-1750





Russian archetypes

Vanya fails to fully translate Chekhov's masterpiece into Albertan setting

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

everal times in Vanya, which relocates Anton Chekhov's Uncle Vanya onto an Alberta farm in 1928, the idealistic but dissipated Dr. Astroff (David McNally) stares self-consciously out into the audience and asks, "What will future generations think of us, 50 or 100 years from now? Will they even

give us a second thought?" In the original Chekhov play, that line is infused with doubt; the characters are genuinely uncertain about their place in the universe and their prospects for future happiness, especially when circumstances keep squashing their dreams at every turn. But in this new adaptation of Vanya by Tom Wood (who also plays the title role), the line can't help but seem a little self-congratulatory---"We haven't forgotten; just look at this giant play we're putting on about them!"

And yet, I'm not sure the play benefits from its new Albertan setting. Not that the Alberta prairie and Chekhov's Russia don't share plenty of striking

similarities—a vast, rural landscape, with a hard-working, self-sacrificing population living far away from the urban, academic world (whose representatives will have a profound effect on the rest of the characters in the play). But this Vanya doesn't do much to reinvent the play on Albertan terms beyond changing a few of the references: Astroff now drinks whiskey instead of vodka; Vanya's mother is now involved with Emily Murphy's "persons" case and the fight for women's rights; Nana, the old family housekeeper, is now a native woman. (Some of these changes are a little odd: for instance, when Vanya has his big speech about how he's wasted his life, instead of saying how he could have devised a new philosophy or been another Dostoevsky or Schopenauer, he now wails that he "could have been another Robert Service," which doesn't exactly seem like a tragedy.)

paraphrase much of the dialogue into less formal language, all of the scenes still play out in pretty much exactly the same way, with the conversations all following pretty much the same path. The new setting doesn't help us suddenly appreciate the play in a fresh or startling new light, the way, say, West Side Story (for all its flaws) reinvented Romeo and Juliet; instead, the characters just seem like morose, talkative Russians all dressed up in prairie drag. (The play could have used more stuff like the beautiful, quiet moment at the start of the second half, when the characters all watch a flock of geese fly overhead—a perfectly

observed bit of prairie behaviour that's also an understated meraphor for life passing these characters by.) I can understand Wood's reluctance to monkey around too much with the structure of Chekhov's masterpiece, but if the prospect of doing any big changes is that daunting, why not just do Uncle Vanya as it is?

Wood, as always, is a confident, endlessly watchable onstage presence as Vanya, especially in his scenes with Jan Alexandra Smith's Elena, the beautiful young married woman Vanya has a pathetic crush on. At the same time, Wood isn't quite convincing as a failure in life like Vanya—he tends to be much better as high-status tyrants who gradually reveal chinks in their armour (Scrooge, Sister Mary Ignatius, Big Daddy). He's a little bit

too adorable here. While Grant Reddick does a fine job with the role, I think it would have been interesting to have seen Wood play Alexander, the petulant, condescending visiting professor, instead.

A lot of the performances are like that—they capture one element of the role, but not the other. Jan Alexandra Smith suggests Elena's restlessness and boredom with her marriage (I love the way, in one scene, you can see her wandering around outside, idly gnawing the pearls on her necklace), but not the entrancing, vulnerable allure that casts such a spell over Vanya and makes him con-

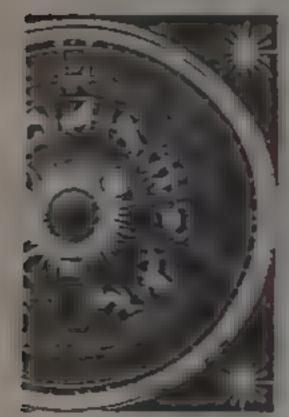
sider her such a kindred spirit 3.11 Catherine Fitch conveys Solly 1's sense of duty and responsibility, but not the soulful determination to work hard and persevere in the face of pain and suffering that makes her. in many ways, the soul of the play.

THE PRODUCTION IS ON the weige of being overdesigned, but I think Leslie Frankish's sets and costumes ultimate. ly work to the play's benefit-especial. ly that long, wonderfully atmospheric late-night scene where a whole series of intimate conversations plays out by lamplight inside the farmhouse while a thunderstorm threatens outside. (Jan Alexandra Smith's outfits are particularly sumptuous, although I won. der whether the wife of a Canadian academic in the 1920s would have been seen sporting the flamboyant Louise Brooks get-ups and bobbed hair that Elena does here.)

It's impossible to know what people 50 or 100 years from now will think of Vanya. But right now, it seems like an honourable attempt to pay tribute to a classic play and our provincial heritage that doesn't quite pay off dramatically. According to Wood's bio, he's also written a new version of Peter Pan set in Alberta during the Depression; perhaps Captain Hook will feel more at home on the prairies than Uncle Vanya does.

VANVA

Directed by Bob Baker . Written by Tom Wood . Starring Tom Wood, Jan Alexandra Smith, David McNally and Catherine Fitch . Shoctor Theatre, The Citadel • To Apr 10 • 425-1820



astrology

BY ROB BREZSNY



Mar 21 - Apr 18

Sabotage all attempts at co-operation. Resist acts of unification. No matter what, refuse to forgive anyone. Your role models should be the Israeli rabbis who prayed for the failure of February's peace summit between prime minister Ariel Sharon and Palestinian leader Magmud Abbas. APRIL FOOL! I was just kidding, of course. Don't you dare pray for continued dissonance, even if it seems to serve your shortrange interests. It may not be obvious yet, but you're on the cusp of a breakthrough in your ability to blend your energies with others. You shouldn't let anything get in the way.



Apr 20 - May 20

The mummified middle finger of Galileo's right hand is on display at a museum in Florence, Italy. I propose that you regard it as your sacred power object in the coming week. May rt inspire you to flip the bird at everyone who crosses you. APRIL FOOL! While I do think you should derive inspiration from Galileo's middle finger, you should do so only at truly important moments. Not to express road rage, for God's sake; not to express disdain toward loudmouths using cellphones. Please, Taurus, flip a metaphorical bird only to protest the kind of

high-level idiocy Galileo had to endure when the Church persecuted him for proving that the Earth revolves around the sun.



May 21 - June 20

To quote Malcolm X, you've been hoodwinked. You've been had. You've been lead astray. You've been bamboozled. Wake up and smell the deceit before it's too late, Gemini. APRIL FOOL! What I just said is a complete lie. Here's your real horoscope: You're actually very well-armed against illusion and delusion. At no other time in your life have you been less likely to get fooled or ripped off or manipulated. You have a sixth sense that allows you to sniff out hidden agendas that simmer beneath the official stories. This wonderful development is the result of your growing determination to be honest with yourself.



Several New Age futurists have predicted that the U.S. will someday have a Secretary of Prophecy, a cabinet-level official who uses shamanic insight to counsel the president on the health of the nation's soul. Personally, though, I can't imagine it will happen any time soon. And that's too bad, because I'm perfect for the job. My psychic powers are growing, as are my political skills, my practical compassion and my vision of how to do what's best for the most people. APRIL FOOL! Everything I just bragged about is as much true about you as it is about me. We Crabs are in an astrological phase when many of us are becoming better equipped to serve as intuitive advisers to the powers that be. In fact, I suggest you start pushing for more responsibility and clout.



July 23 - Aug 22

It would be a good week for you to obtain a burglar alarm, self-defence pepper spray and

a psychic protection amulet advertised in the back of a tabloid. You should obsess on making yourself ultra-secure and absolutely safe. APRIL FOOL! I was just testing to see how gullible you are to the media's compulsive fear-mongering. The truth is, Leo, you're in a phase when you should expand your sense of adventure and increase your willingness to take smart risks. Instead of the burglar alarm, pepper spray and amulet, why don't you get yourself something like a rope ladder, crocodile spear and camel saddle?



Aug 23 - Sept 22

Renowned psychic Victoria Bullis is working on a cookbook filled with recipes she's channeling from dead celebrities, including Chris Farley, Princess Diana and John F. Kennedy. Since you also have a talent for this kind of work right now, you might want to contact her and communicate your research. She's at www.victoriabullis.com. APRIL FOOL! While it's true that you have more access than usual to departed spirits, I suggest you use this privilege wisely--certainly not by seeking recipes from formerly famous people you never knew. Instead, seek help and insight from loved ones and friends you trusted while they were alive.



Sept 23 - Bct 22

Remember that moment some time back when you buried your tear-stained face in your pillow and begged God to please send you your soulmate? I hate to say it, Libra, but I believe it's possible that God may have heard you incorrectly, thinking you said "cellmate" instead of "soulmate." That's the bad news. The good news is that it's an ideal time to fix that misunderstanding. I suggest you summon the same desperate longing that launched your prayer way back when, only this time clearly enunciate the words "soulmate." APRIL FOOL! God can read your mind,

and always knows what you mean---if, that is, you know what you mean. Do you? This is a perfect time to figure out exactly what it is you really want in an intimate relationship.



Oct 28 - Nov 21

It's illegal to hunt whales in landlocked Utah, ride a bike in a swimming pool in California and walk on your hands while crossing a street in Hartford, Connecticut. You risk arrest in Nova Scotia if you water a lawn while it's raining, and could be thrown in jail for eating ice cream on Sunday while on Ottawa's Bank Street, I recommend that you research all the similarly dumb laws that are on the books in your part of the world and systematically break them. APRIL FOOL! You've got better revolts to attend to than that, Scorpio. Don't waste your time rebelling against irrelevant laws that few people know about. Direct your dissent at dumb rules that are truly hurtful.



More than half of the people polled say they would keep their jobs if they won the lottery. You yourself may have to make that decision soon, Sagittarius. Will being a millionaire cause you to completely renounce your current way of life? I hope not. APRIL FOOLI I am not, in fact, predicting you will win the lottery. However, it's quite possible that you'll be blessed with some other stroke of luck that will tempt you to leave behind familiar things that helped put you where you are today. Be thoughtful about how you navigate your way through the changes caused by your good fortune.



The information produced in the world every year would fill 37,000 Library of Congresses.

Dec 22 - Jan 19

Unfortunately, you haven't been keeping up very well. If you know what's good for you, you'll dramatically increase your uptake of raw data. Read more newspapers and magazines, please. Spend more time surfing the Web. Watch more TV. APRIL FOOL! 99,99 per cent of all that raw data is useless, meaningless and corrupted with half-truths. In fact, to best serve your mental health you should get a high-quality Bullshit Detector. Either that or invite more silence into your life.



You seriously need to subscribe to Lucky magazine or the Robb Report or some other glossy rag about shopping. Your consumer skills have deteriorated. You're becoming hopelessly inept at finding luxury items at bargain prices. Shape up, Aquarius. APRIL FOOL! The truth is that it's an excellent time for you to take a sabbatical from consumerism. See if you can go entire days without spending any money at all. Build psychic barriers in your imagination that will make you immune to seductive commercials. Read Adbusters magazine.



Feb 18 - Mar 20

You're about to enter a phase that will resemble Bizarro World, the fictional realmin Superman comics. It's a cube-shaped planet where everything is the opposite of life on Earth: Stupidity is revered, hypocrisy is rou tine and nothing's regarded as true unless it's ugly. APRIL FOOL! The conditions I just described as characteristic of Bizarro World are actually pretty close to the values that prevail here on our planet. So while it's true that you'll be in a phase when everything's the reverse of normal life, that will be a vergood thing. Compassionate intelligence will be revered. Many people will be painstakingly consistent in serving their high principles Truth and beauty will often be found in the

Path to enlightenment

Personal contact
with a refugee
Tibetan nun gives
Path of Promise
photos special
meaning

BY AGNIESZKA MATEJKO

exhibition of photographs of efugee Buddhist nuns taken by ffrey Davis) a year ago, I would have marveled at the beauty of the nuns' gentle smiles, admired their simple lifestyle or gazed curiously at their repetitive rituals. Yes, it would have seemed like a good show, one worth writing about and worth seeing, but truthfully, I would have soon forgot-

mountably alien

shaven heads, alizarin-coloured robes, rosaries, bells and drums. These people are just not of our world; they seem like movie characters, not real, breathing, feeling and suffering women with problems and joys that we secularized, industrialized, liberated Western women can share.

But something happened to me in the meantime that made the nuns in this show come alive in a way that no photograph, however brilliant, could ver convey. A year ago, our family decided to sponsor one of these 600 or so nuns who had to flee Tibet due the Chinese authorities' brutal epression of Buddhism and who have tound a safe harbour through the ausvices of the Tibetan Nuns Project in India (TNP). Ours was not a particularly grand donation, and we probably would have barely remembered making it had it not been for a letter that arrived in the mail a few months later. On the front of this letter was a photograph of an 18-year-old girl in monk's robes.

Than from a province in eastern life the safety of her family home.)

Our country is covered by snow cat ped mountains and the landscape

is very beautiful. My father died three years after his release from prison. In 1983 my father and a few others from our village had offended the Chinese by building a temple in our town and as a result they were arrested. My father and his friends remained in prison for over 12 years."

for his religious faith, the girl decided that there was no way that she would ever attend a Chinese school. She spent her entire childhood herding animals and helping her mother in the kitchen. She was determined to go to a Tibetan school and learn about Tibetan Buddhism and culture. She became a nun at 16 and two years later escaped with a guide and six other people to India. "We walked mostly in the night and during the day we slept in a very safe place," she explains. "We crossed the Sharkumbu

Pass and many other passes like-wise. It took us over a month to

reach the Tibet-Nepal border." She soon learned that the nunnery built by the TNP was accepting applicants. "I was lucky to get selected.... I am so happy that I made it. I want to work hard and if possible go back to Tibet after I complete my education. I aim to become a good teacher in Tibet."

I don't know if the picture of the nun our family now writes to is among Davis's photographs. I looked for her, but I could not recognize her features among the dozens of nuns. But I saw her face in every one of the women in this show. Just like her, the vast majority of them fled through the mountains to escape religious persecution, with only a minority having been born in exile. Some were tortured by Chinese authorities and need long-term medical attention. Yet all of their faces have a wonderful glowing serenity about them. Their bright smiles light the darkness of all lives filled with persecution, torture and repression of their abiding faith. The joyful faces of distant nuns looking down from photographs in this show tell me-a free Western woman—that joy and the ability to overcome adversity are universal.

PATH OF PROMISE:
THE TIBETAN NUNS PROJECT
By Jeffery A. Davis • Nina Haggerty
Centre for the Arts • To Apr 25

ARTS WEEKLY

Fax your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mail them to Glenys at listings@vueweekly.com Deadline is Friday at 3pm

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DANCE

iBULLA! Arden Theatre, S.St. Anne Street, St. Albert (459-1542/451-8000) • Decidedly Jazz Danceworks • Until Mar. 31 (8pm) • \$22.50 (adult)/\$18.50 (student) • Tickets available at Arden Theatre box office, TicketMaster

CARMEN Timms Centre for the Arts, U of A Campus, 87 Ave. 112 St (428-6839 ext. 1/451-8000) • Presented by Alberta Ballet, choreography by Jean Grand-Maitre • Apr. 13-16 (8pm), Apr. 16 (2pm) • \$145-\$160 (season tickets) • Tickets available at TicketMaster

MIND SHIFTING BODY STIRRING John L. Haar Theatre, Grant MacEwan Centre for the Arts, 10045-156 St (497-4470/497-4393) • Apr. 8-9 (8pm) • \$10 (adult)/\$5 (student/senior) • Tickets available at the Grant MacEwan box office, door

PEDRO GUASP DANCERS Provincial Museum Theatre, 12845-102 Ave (420-1757) • Spanish Flamenco show • Sun, Apr. 10 (4pm) • \$10 (adv)/\$12 (door) • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

OUM! OUM! HIZZ! Provincial Museum Auditonum, 12845-102 Ave (488-0706) • Middle Eastern dance recital • Sat, Apr. 9 (8pm) • \$10 (adv)/\$15 (door)

| Jasper Ave (709-3500) • Every Sat (3-4pm) • Free performance of a Brazilian fusion of martial arts, dance, and music, Invented by African slaves

GALLERIES/MUSEUMS

ALBERTA CRAFT COUNCIL GALLERY 10186-106 St (488-6611) • Open Mon-Sat 10am-Spm (closed all hols) • ALL ABOUT ALBERTA: LAND, PEOPLE, HISTORY AND CULTURE; until Apr. 2 • Discovery Gallery: BODY ORNAMENT WEST.

Leading jewellery designs by Western Canadian artists; until Apr. 2 • ARTSTRAVIGANT FACES: Fibre art portraits by Wendy Rao; Apr. 9-May 21; opening reception: Apr. 9 (1-4pm)

ART BEAT GALLERY 26 St. Anne Street, St. Albert (459-3679) • BACKLANE BLUE AND OTHER HUES: Oil paintings by Kari Duke • Until Apr. 16

ARTSHAB STUDIO GALLERY 3 FI, 10217-106 St (439-9532/423-2966) = Open: Thu 5-8pm or by appointment BEYOND OLYMPIA: Artworks of the female form = Until Mar. 31

CHRISTL BERGSTROM'S RED GALLERY 9621-82 Ave (439-8210) • FLESH-BEYOND THE SURFACE Oil paintings by Christl Bergstrom • Until May 14

COLLECTIV CONTEMPORARY ART AND DESIGN SHOP 6507-112 Ave (491-0002) • Open; Wed-Fri 12-6pm, Sat 10-6pm, Sun 12-4pm • Various artworks and objects • Until Apr. 1

St. Albert (466-4310) • QUILT WALK: Presented by the St. Albert Quilters' Guild • Apr. 1-May 1

EDMONTON ART GALLERY 2 Sir Winston Churchill Sq. (422-6223) • Open Tue-Wed and Fri 10:30am-5pm; Thu 10:30am-8pm; Sat, Sun 11am-5pm. Closed Mon * FROM NEAR AND FAR: Artworks that explore Canada as a multicultural society; until May 23 . 19TH CENTURY FRENCH REALIST MASTERWORKS FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA until May 29 . Realism in Art Lecture Series: Protest, Violence and Reality on the Farm: Millet and the French Peasant, lecture by Victor Chan, Thu, Mar. 31 (7pm); Revolutionary Reverbertations in French Realist Art, lecture by Joan Greer, Thu, Apr. 7 (7pm) . BETWEEN BORDERS: Until June 19 . EYE FOR ARCHITECTURE: Photographs by James Dow; Apr. 9-May 8 . RE: BUILDING THE WORLD: Artists' interpretation of architecture; until May 8 . Architecture for Lunch: The Gomer Opera and the Auditorium Building in Chicogo; Thu, Mar. 31 . Kitchen Gallery: OBSERVANCES: PAINTINGS OF SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS: By David Janzen; until May 8 . Children's Gallery: TIR-NA-NOG (FOREVER YOUNG): By Spider Yardley-Jones; Apr. 9; opening and meet the artist: Sat, Apr. 9 (1-4pm) • \$9 (adult)/\$6 (student/senior)/\$3 (child 6-12)/free (member/child 5 and under)

ELECTRUM DESIGN STUDIO 12419 Stony Plain Rd (482-1402) • Open Tue by appt. only, Wed-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-4pm, closed long weekends • COLLECTION 2005: Rotating show of artists works.

FAB GALLERY Room 1-1, Fine Arts Building, 112 St, 89 Ave, U of A Campus (492-2081) • Open Tue-Fri 10am-5pm; Sat 2-5pm • THE ALCUIN AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE IN BOOK DESIGN IN CANADA, 2004: Until Apr. 2

FORT DOOR 10308-81 Ave (432-7535) • Open: Mon-Wed, Sat 10am-6pm, Thu-Fri 10am-9pm, Sun 12-5pm • Open Mon-Wed, Sat 10-6, Thu, Fri 10-9, Sun 12-5 • Chukchi Siberian Eskimo schrishaw, walrus tusk carvings by Telotyna. Caribou tufting by J. Wetasticoot • Through March

PRINGE GALLERY Barnt 10516 Whyte Ave (432-0240) • Open: Mon-Sat 9:30-6pm • METAMORPHOSIS: Featuring artists from Harcourt House Art Centre; until Mar. 31 • Artworks by Cynthia Gardiner; through April

GRANT MacEWAN CITY CENTRE CAMPUS 10700-104

Ave • Design works by graduates of Grant MacEwan's visual communication design program • Apr. 4-9

HARCOURT HOUSE 10215-112 St (426-4180) * Open Mon-Fri 10am-Spm; Sat 12-4pm * CHAIN MAKING: Installation by Suzanne Caines; until Apr. 16 * Front Room: GAME PLAN. Paintings by Kim Sala; until Apr. 16

JASPER MUSEUM 400 Pyramid Lake Rd, Jasper (780-852-3013) • Open Thu-Sun 10am-5pm • AN ARTIST'S JOURNEY: Acrylic paintings by Erik Visser; until Apr. 3 • Graffit-pop paintings by Tristan Overy; Apr. 8-24; opening reception: Apr. 8 (7-10pm) artist in attendance

Centre, 10831 University Ave (433-5807) • Open Mon-Fri 9am-4pm • Artworks by Ghodssi Razavy and friends from the Iranian community in Edmonton • Apr. 11-May 5 • Opening reception: Wed, Apr. 13 (6:30-8:30pm)

JOHNSON GALLERY 7711-85 St (465-6171) . Open Mon-Eri

9am-5:30pm, Sat 10am-Spm • Artworks by Sheila Cline, Marilyn Rife, Jim Cupido, Shirley Thomas, Raymond Cox, Jim Painter, Pottery by Helena Ball, western bronzes by Gina McDougall-Dohoe • Through April

JOHNSON GALLERY 11817-80 St (479-8424) • Open Monfri 9 30am-5:30pm; Sat 9 30am-4pm • Artworks by Dave Ripley, Don Sharpe, Jim Brager Etchings by Thelma Manarey Silkscreens and sengraphs by Josh Kakegamic, Sam Ash, Jackson Beardy, Garry Meeches, Richard Bedwash, Isaac Bignell and Paul Williams • Through April

WHAT IS USE ABOUT: Artworks by More Than Seven • Mar. 31-Apr. 30 • Opening reception: Apr. 2 (1-4pm)

McMULLEN GALLERY U of A Hospital, 8440-112 St (407-7152) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-8pm; Sat-Sun 1-8pm • UGHT-NESS OF BEING: Artworks by members of the Sculptors' Association of Alberta • Until May 1

MCPAG MULTICULTURAL PUBLIC ART GALLERY 5411-51 St. Stony Plain (963-2777) • Open: Mon-Sat 10am-4pm Sun 10am-6:30pm • Still life paintings by Robert Nichols and wall sculptures by Pierre Oiberg; until Apr. 5 • CONSIDER THE LILIES: Paintings by Glenda Hope Lewisch; Apr. 7-May 1; opening reception: Sun, Apr. 10 (1-3:30pm)

MULTICULTURAL HERITAGE CENTRE Dining Room
Gallery, 5411-51 St. Stony Plain (963-2777) • Rug hook
ing display • Apr. 7-28 • Demonstrations: Apr. 9-10,
Apr. 16-17, Apr. 23-24 (1-3pm) • Opening reception
Sun, Apr. 10 (1-3pm)

MUSÉE HÉRITAGE MUSEUM S St. Anne Street, St. Albert (459-1528) • Open Mon-Sat 10am-Spm; Sun 1-Spm • SEAMS LIKE OLDE TYMES: Hentage quilts from across Canada • Until Apr. 30

MUTTART CONSERVATORY 9626-96A St (496-2925) • CLASSICAL GLIMPSES. Display of spring flowering bulbs in the Show Pyramid; until Apr. 3 • HERE COME THE BRIDE Spring flowering bulbs in the Show Pyramid; Apr. 9-june 5 • Sunday Funday: Jack and the Beanstalk with with the Toy Theatre; Apr. 10 (1-3pm)

NINA HAGGERTY CENTRE FOR THE ARTS Stollery Gallery, 9702-111 Ave (474-7611) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-2pm, Sat 10am-noon • THE PATH OF PROMISE: photographs by Jeffery Davis of the Tibetan Nuns exiled in India • Until Apr. 23

Albert (460-4310) • Open Tue-Fri 12-Spm; Sat 2-6pm • HIDDEN TALENTS V- Artworks by students curated by Diane Gwilliam; until Apr. T • THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A FAT QUARTER: Quilts from across Alberta presented by the St. Albert Quilters' Guild; Apr. 7-30; opening reception: Thu, Apr. 7 (7pm)

PROVINCIAL MUSEUM OF ALBERTA 12845-102 Ave (453-9100) . Open Mon-Sun 9am-Spm . A CENTURY PAST REFINED UVING IN THE NEW ALBERTA: Until Sept. 30 . SYN-CRUDE CANADA ABORIGINAL PEOPLES GALLERY: Spans 11,000 years and 500 generations, people of the past and present, recordings, film, lights, artifacts and more. Permanent exhibit . FACES OF SALT: Until May 14 . EDMONTON GRADS, Until May 1 . BACK HOME 2005: Photography by Karen Browniee, until Apr. 3 . OUR ALBERTA: Alberta Photographic Society; Apr. 8-May 20 . The Natural History Gallery: . BUG ROOM: Live invertebrate display. Permanent exhibit . THE BIRD GALLERY: Mounted birds, Permanent exhibit . TREA-SURES OF THE EARTH: Geology collection. Permanent exhibit . WILD ALBERTA GALLERY: Permanent exhibit . Wild Alberto every weekend. Presentations start at 1pm and 2pm • Admission is half price Sat and Sun (9-11am) . Terrace: BIG THINGS 3: Large-scale sculpture; until Sept. 13

ROWLES AND COMPANY GALLERY 10130-103 St (426-4035) • Open Mon-Fri 9am-5pm, Sat 12-5pm • Watercolours by Frances Alty-Arscott, Jeanne Findlay, Sigrid Behrens; oils by Audrey Pfannmuller, George Schwindt, Bruce Thompson; acrylics by Steve Mitts, Elaine Tweedy, Angela Grootelaar; sculpture by Rogelio Menz, blown glass by Darren Petersen, Susan Gottselig, Mark Gibeau • Westin Hotel (Lobby): Oils by Nei Kwiatkowska; (Pradera Room): Oils by Audrey Pfannmuller

SCOTT GALLERY 10411-124 St (488-3619) • Open Tue-Sat 10am-Spm • CHINATOWN TANGO, TOO: Mixed media artworks by Dick Der • BORDERUNE. New paintings by Marianne Wachtel • Apr. 2-19 • Opening reception: Sat, Apr 2 (2-4pm) artists in attendance

SHAP GALLERY 10309-97 St (423-1492) • Open Tue-Sat (12-Spm) • SEARCHING FOR AGUA: Printworks by Tomoyo Ihaya • Until Apr. 30 • Artist lecture and demonstration: Sat, Apr. 9 (1-4pm); free

STUDIO GALLERY 143 Grandin Park Plaza, St. Albert (460-5990) * INTERPRETATIONS OF TEXTURE: Artworks by gallery artists * Until Apr. 30

VAAA GALLERY 3rd Fl, Harcourt House, 10215-112 St (421-1731) • JOURNEYS Featuring fibre art by Anna Hergert and watercolour landscapes by Wilfred Chiu • Until Apr. 16

WALTERDALE ART IN THE LOBBY Walterdale Playhouse, 10322-83 Ave (488-8368) • A CELEBRATION OF LIFE Celtic fibre artworks by Cecile Jacobs • Mar. 30-Apr. 9

WORKS GALLERY Commerce Place, 10150 jasper Ave (426-2122) • Open Mon-Fri noon-Spm, or by appointment • CHICKENS Paintings by Peter Field • Until Apr. 1 • Closing reception: Apr. 1 (7-9pm)

CITERARY

AUDREYS BOOKS 10702 Jasper Ave (432-9427) •
Poetry readings by Adnana Davies, Dawn Carter, and Delvina Greig. Strong Brew Trio (A Lover's Journey CD Jaunch) • Apr. 6 (7-30pm)

BACKROOM VODKA BAR 10324 Whyte Ave, upstairs (914-8620) • The Raving Poets Live; open stage poetry • Every Tuesday, starting Apr. 12 (8pm sign-up sheet)

GRANT MACEWAN BOOKSTORE Downtown Campus, 106 St Bldg • Reading by Deborah Lawson • Apr. 1 (12:30pm)

MELTING POT 10351 Whyte Ave (433-2932) • TALES Edmonton—A Storytelling Café featuring stones by Jennifer Kennedy, Bethany Ellis, Mane Anne McLean, and Jennie Frost • Thu, Apr. 7 (7-9pm) • \$3

NAKED CYBER CAFÉ 10354 [asper Ave * Music, poetry, and performance art open stage hosted by the Naked Edectic Electric Orchestra * Every Thu (8pm)

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA Humanities Lecture Treas is (432-9427) • Readings by Meredith Quartermain of Vancouver Walliams, and Andy Weaver, author of Weiler Bees • Tue, Apr. 5 (Zpm)

LIVE COMEDY

THE COMEDY FACTORY 3414 Gateway Boulevard (469 4999) • Thu 8.30pm, Fri 8.30pm, Sat 8pm and 10:30pm • Lamont Ferguson; Apr. 1-2 • Lief Skyving; Apr. 7-9

THE COMIC STRIP 1646 Bourbon St. WEM, 8882-170 St. (483-5999) • Show times nightly at 8pm; weekends 8pm and 10 30pm • Mitch Fatel with Rick Bronson and Paul Brown; Mar. 31-Apr. 3 (8pm Sun-Thu; 8.30 and 10:30pm Fn; 8pm and 10:30pm Sat) • Silly Sundays for Kids with Sheldon Casavant (magic) and Dan the Balloon Man; Apr. 3 (12-1.45pm) • Get hypnotized with Sebastein Steel Tue, Apr. 5 (8pm) • Improv Extravaganza with The Second City Improv Players; Wed, Apr. 6 (8pm) • Danny Villalpando, Marty McLean and more; Apr. 7-10 • Silly Sundays for luds: magician Ron Pearson, balloon artist Steven Dubetz, Sun, Apr. 10 (12-1:45pm)

HORIZON STAGE 1001 Calaboo Road, Spruce Grove (902) 8995) • Lome Eliott • Sun, Apr. 10 (7:30pm) • \$20 (adult)/\$15 (student/serior) • Tickets available at the Horizon Stage box office (962-8995) or Tickets

WUNDERBAR HOFBRAUHAUS 8120 101 St (436-2286 • The Lederhoosers Super Carnedy Dryhump • Every Fri (8:30pm) • Free

9857) • Andrew Grose; Mar. 31 • Andy Dick; Apr. 1-2

THEATRE

ARCHANIANS Theatre Lab, Grant MacEwan Centre for the Arts, 10045-155 St (497-4470) • Aristophanes's class c anti-war comedy about an Athenian man who, sick of the endless war between Athens and Sparta, sends an envoy to the enemy to negotiate a separate peace for himself and his family • Apr. 6-10

ART SHOW Jekyll and Hyde Pub, 106 St, 100 Are (489-3826) • Comedy sketches • Apr. 12-16 • \$10 (door)

Ave. 112 St (420-1757) • Jim Defelice directs George
Farquhar's classic 18th-century comedy about a pair of
cash-strapped London gentlemen who disguise themselves
as a lord and his servant in order to trick a pair of wealthy
women into marrying them • Mar. 31-Apr. 9 (8pm); if 3t.
Apr. 7 (12.30pm), \$5; no show Apr. 3 • \$8-\$20 • Tickets
available at the Studio Theatre box office one hour page to
performance, TIX on the Square

BEST OF FRIENDS jubilations Dinner Theatre, 8882-170 St. (484-2424) • A group of stylish twentysomethings cope with single life and unaffordable big-city lifestyles in this spoof of the TV senes *Friends* • Until Apr. 3 (Wed-Sat 6 30pm door, Sun 5pm)

COW BOY POÉTRÉ La Cité Francophone, 8627-91 St (420-1757/469-8400) • Presented by L'UniTheàtre • Daniei Coumoyer directs Joey Lespérance, Crystal Plamondon, Steve Jodoin and Jason Kodie in Life After Hockey playwright Kenneth Brown's new play about a rising rodeo performer whose love affair with the wife of a more established star exposes him to the harsh realities that he behind the romanic image of the cowboy lifestyle • Apr. 7-10, 14-17 (8pit 5... Apr. 10 and 17 (2pm) • \$19 (adult)/\$14 (student) • T Last available at La Librairie Le Carrefour, L'UniTheàtre, TIX on the

THE CRIPPLE OF INISHMAAN Walterdale Theatre, 10322-83 Ave (439-2845/420-1757) • Karl Fixberg directs Martin McDonagh's black comedy about a young linsh outcast who becomes the talk of the village when he decides to cross the sea to a neighbouring island and audition for a visiting Hollywood director who's filming a documentary there • Until Apr. 9 • \$12 (adults)/\$10 (student/senior) Fri-Sat: \$14 (adult)/\$12 (student/senior) • Tickets available at TIX On The Square

Dff.-NASTY! Varicona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave (433-3399) •
An all-star cast of the city's top comic actors travel back to the Middle Ages—a time when love was courtly, desire was sinful and personal hygiene was suspect at best—for the 14th season of Edmonton's only live, improvised soap opera • Every Mon (8pm) until May 30 • \$10 (door)

Inn, 16615-109 Ave (483-4051) • Philip King's old-fashloned British farce about an American actress, an English
vicar, an American soldier, a ditzy maid, a Russian spy, a
confused bishop and a hopeless tangle of mistaken identities • Until Apr. 10 • \$52-\$82

SNOWFLAKE Westbury Theatre, Arts Barns, 10330-84 Ave (448-9000) • Fringe Theatre for Young People • Gale Lajoye's enchanting children's play about a lond-hearted street vagrant with the uncanny ability to transform the simplest of discarded objects into magical props and items of wonder • Apr. 8-17 • \$18.19 (adult)/\$13.91 (student/senior)/\$11.77 (child)

SUMMER OF MY AMAZING LUCK The Roxy, 10708-124 St. (453-2440) • Bradley Moss directs Beth Graham, Chris Craddock and Caroline Livingstone in Chris Craddock's adaptation of Minam Toews's novel, a pointed comedy about a welfare more who embaris on a road top to Colorado in search of the fire-eating busker who fathered her children • Apr. 5-24 (Tue-Sat 8pm, Sun 2pm) • \$21/\$17, fn-Sat \$22/\$18; Two-For-One: Tue, Apr. 12

THE UNLIKELY BIRTH OF ISTVAN 8529 Cateway
Boulevard (431-1750/420-1757) • Calgary's Old Trout
Puppet Workshop performs this unique "visual poem" in
which a cast of puppets and manonettes presents a grand
unified theory of the meaning of birth, death and every
human phenomenon in between • Until Apr. 3 • \$21
(adult)/\$16 (student/senior) • Tickets available at TiX on
the Square

VANYA Citadel Theatre, Main Stage, 9828-101A Ave (425-1820) * Bob Baker directs Tom Wood in Wood's new adaptation of Uncle Vanyo, which transposes Anton Chekhov's classic drama about love, disillusionment and the gulf that separates the rural world from the sophisticated life of the city to northern Alberta in 1928 * Until Apr. 10 * Tickets available at the Citadel box office





theatre notes

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

Beaux and cons

The Beaux' Stratagem • Timms Centre for the Arts (University of Alberta) • Mar 31-Apr 9 • preVUE

The Beaux' Stratagem may be a Restoration comedy, says director Jim DeFelice,

"But for the characters, the noose is never very far away from their necks."

The play's two heroes, Aimwell and Archer, have spent nearly all their money on drinking, whoring and gambling, and unless their current plan to snag a

rich wife by posing as a wealthy aristocrat and his servant succeeds, the only option left open to them is likely a fatal one: joining the army and winding up as cannon fodder somewhere in France or Belgium. "It's a comedy," DeFelice says, "but it's a dangerous comedy."

The playwright, George Farquhar, was no stranger to death either. Farquhar began as a young actor with a traveling Dublin troupe, but he quit the stage after just a year; as the story goes, in a performance of John Dryden's The Indian Emperor Farquhar forgot to exchange his weapon for a harmless stage foil in a big swordfight scene and wounded his co-star so severely that he nearly died. Deeply traumatized by the experience, Farquhar turned his hand to playwriting and scored several successes while still in his twenties. But his career was cut short by tuberculosis—he wrote The Beaux' Stratagem literally on his deathbed, and died at the age of 29 shortly after its premiere in 1707.

"He was penniless, he was dying of T.B., and he was really looking mortality in the eye as he wrote this play," DeFelice says. "But knowing that he was going to die, I think he decided he could say what he thought without suffering any consequences. He could be satirical and not have to worry about being censored or arrested; in his prologue, he could thumb his nose at Queen Anne and make fun of her preference for plays that were just patriotic and upheld what nowadays we'd call 'family values'; he could criticize the culture of never-ending war; he could criticize the existing marriage and divorce laws and not worry about how the play would be received. But in fact, the play was very successful and the money even allowed him to support his widow and his two stepchildren after his death."

The play's most potent (and most modern) element is the character of Mrs. Sullen, the unhappy wife of a drunken country squire who strikes up a flirtatious rapport with Archer in his ser-

vant's guise. Trapped in a loveless marriage by stringent divorce laws—not to mention property laws that would transfer all her property to her husband, leaving her destitute even if a divorce came through—Mrs. Sullen is a tragic figure but also the source of the play's sharpest barbs. "She's wrestling with a moral dilemma," DeFelice says, "but she expresses it in language and sentiments that are amazingly fresh, even today."

But DeFelice isn't interested in loading the play with "modern relevance"; he just wants the characters to be what they are, whether that means they're honourable or loathsome, and express themselves in an honest manner that's true to Farquhar. "That's the mistake people always make when they do Restoration comedy—they make everybody artificial," he says. "But in fact, only the artificial characters are artificial. I feel these plays are realistic; the characters are rooted in the mores and customs of the time. They provide a real window on the past, but at the same

time, the experience of watching a pl, like this one should be immediate and vital. I'm not interested in 'dusting off an old classic'; I want to do something that's vibrant and in-your-face."

Heroes and vaudevilleans

Meanwhile, people who prefer their theatre quaint, old-fashioned and preferably performed by actors with handlebar mustaches will want to check out A Night of Vaudeville, a fundraiser for this year's Sterling Awards ceremony taking place at the Varscona Theatre on Saturday, April 2 at 8 p.m. Mark Meer will host, and the entertainment will include the silent-screen comedy of the Pantaloonatics, music by Celina Stachow, Jocelyn Ahlf and Keiran Martin Murphy and a recitation of "Casey at the Bat" by Glenn Nelson. Plus, I'll be doing a bit with fellow the atre critic Colin Maclean-come out and see which one of us gets the hook first. Tickets are \$15 at the door. @

ENEMIS WEEKLY

Fax your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mall them to Gienys at listings@vueweekly.com

Deadline is Friday at 3pm

CLUBS/LECTURES

BIODIESEL MEETING Strathcona Farmers' Market, 103 St, 83 Ave, concession (435-2393) • Ed Beggs presents information on biodiesel and SVO (straight vegetable oil) • Sat, Apr. 9 (3:15pm) • Free

BOREAL ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVISM 7, 6328A-104 St; every Thu (6:30-8:30) • Organic Roots, 8225-122 St • Every third Thu (6:30pm)

CANOEING IN CANADA Hostel International, 10647-81 Ave (454-6216) • Slide presentation by John and Eleonore Woollard • Mon, Apr. 11 (7:30pm) • Free

T8-W2, Tory Building, U of A Campus • The U of A

, • Accounting Club prepares tax returns for people with low income • Until Apr. 1 (Mon-Fn) • Free

COMPOSTING WITH WORMS John Janzen Backyard Composting Education Centre, Fox Dr, Whitemud Dr (496-2925) • Learn how to turn your kitchen scraps into compost • Wed, Apr. 6 (7-8:30pm) • Free

Stanley A. Milner Library, The Edmonton Room (basement), 7 Sir Winston Churchill Sq (471-0023) • An aid to help divorced fathers learn skills to resolve parenting, custody and access issues • Apr. 2-3 • \$20.00

CREENING YOUR HOME Concordia College North
Campus, Schwermann Building, Rm S-304 (457-9519) •
Presentation by Kann Adhead on how to reduce utility bills
• Sun, Apr. 3 (12-2pm) • \$5

THE HUMAN FINGERPRINT Rm 2-117, CS8, U of A Campus (492-6408) • Featuring The Great Warming documentary, co-ordinated by Dr Soskolne • Wed, Apr. 6 (noon-12:50pm)

IS EDMONTON GROWING SMART? SUB Stage, U of A Campus • Video presentation by the Sierra Club of Edmonton • Thu, Mar. 31 (7:30pm) • Free

IS OUR FOOD SAFE? Stanley A. Milner, Library Theatre, 7
Sir Winston Churchill Sq (435-2402/456-9523/490-0905) *
Presentation by Lester Friedlander on mad cow disease
(BSE), chronic wasting disease (CWD), e-coli, Confined
Feeding Operations and how food is being produced.

Presentation by Tove Reece on the inhumane treatment of
animals in confined feeding operations * Wed, Apr. 6
(7pm) * Free

Stanley A. Milner Library (Main Floor, SW Comer (492-0448) • Philosophers' Café featuring speaker Karyn Ball • Sat, Apr. 2 (2-3.30pm)

College North Campus, Schwermann Building, Rm S-304 (457-9519) • Presentation by Karin Adhead • Sun, Apr. 3 (2-4pm) • \$5

LTVING POSITIVE www.edmlivingpositive.ca (1-877-975-9448/488-5768) • Edmonton Persons Living with HIV Society • Every Tue (7pm): Peer-facilitated support groups • Daily drop-in, peer counselling

MEDITATION • Garneau United Place, 11148-84 Ave (412-1006) Drop-in meditation with with Gen Kelsang Phuntsog; every Thu (7-9pm); \$10 (donation) • Diamond Way Buddhist Centre, 4th Fl, 10314 Whyte Ave (455-5488) free meditations every Wed (8pm) • City Arts Centre, 10943-84 Ave; The Way of Life meditation; last Tue each month (7pm door) • Transmission Meditation, Stilipoint Healing Centre, 10350-124 St (433-

3342) every Tue, Thu, Sun (8-9:30pm); free

Westend (944-5453/496-5919)/Northeast (944-5467/944-5477) • Groups for 60+ who are having difficulties with their adult children • Every Thu (Apr. 7-May 26) west-end • Every Wed (May 4-June 22) Northeast

STRAW BALE CONSTRUCTION John Janzen Nature
Centre, Fox Dr, Whitemud Dr (496-2925) • Information
session with Simply Straw on straw bale home construction
• \$25 (adult) pre-register • Sat, Apr. 9 (1-4pm)

THIS OLD EDMONTON HOUSE Fort Edmonton Park, Fox Dr, Whitemud Dr (496-2925) • Public seminars about owning, maintianing and restoring an historic home • Mechanical and electrical systems; Mon, Apr. 4 (7-9pm); \$15 • Historic interiors tour; Wed, Apr. 66 (7-9pm); \$15 ° Roofs and extenors; Mon, Apr. 11 (7-9pm; \$15

TOASTMASTERS • St. Paul's Church, 4005-115 Ave (476-6963) • Learn public speaking; every Thu (7-9pm) • Baker Centre, 10th Fl, 10025-106 St (477-2613) Upward Bound Toastmasters; every Wed (7pm) • Norwood Legion, 11150-82 St (456-3934) Norwood Toastmasters Club Weekly meeting about public speaking, and how to improve your communication and leadership skills; every Thu (8-10pm) • Central Lions, 11113-113 St (405-6408/489-83) Enthusiastic Seniors Toastmasters meetings first and third Tue every month (1:30pm)

Equipment Co-op, 124 St, 102 Ave (479-6406) •
Presentation and slide show by Neil Haggard • Wed, Apr. 6
(7.30-9pm) • Free

VEGETARIANS OF ALBERTA Riverdale Community Hall, 9231-100 Ave • Potluck supper (5.30pm) featuring speaker Viky Russell (6.30pm) • Sun, Apr. 10 (5.30pm) • \$2 (member)/\$3 (non-Member)

WOODSWORTH-IRVINE SOCIETY MEETING City Arts
Centre, 10943-84 Ave • General meeting, polluck and presentations by Fiona Cavanagh on increased poverty due to the global economy and by Pedro Rodriguez on democracy in South America • Fri, Apr. 8 (6pm polluck, 7pm meeting)
• Free

QUEER LISTINGS

AGAPE Faculty of Education, U of A Campus • Sex, sexual, gender differences in education and culture focus group • Contact Dr. Andre Grace (andre.grace@ualberta.ca) for info

AXIOS (454-8449) • A support group, local chapter of the international organization of Eastern Orthodox and Eastern 1Rite Catholic Gay and Lesbian Christians

BISEXUAL WOMEN'S COFFEE GROUP
bwcoffeegroup@yahoo.ca • Social group for bi-curious and

bi-sexual women • Second Thu ea month (7:30pm)

BOOTS AND SADDLES 10242-106 St (423-5014) • Large tavern with pool tables, restaurant, shows. Members only

BUDDYS NITE CLUB 11725 Jasper Ave (488-6636) • Open daily 9-3, Fri 8pm • Mon: Amateur strip (12:30); DJ Alvaro, Ashley Love • Tue: retro, top 40 with DJ Arrowchaser, malebox night, free pool • Wed: DJ Eddy Toonflash; Drag shows (12:30) • Thu: Wet undies contest (12:30) w/Connie Lingua and DJ Squiggles • Fri: Dance party with DJ Alvaro • Sat: DJ Arrowchaser, pool tournament • Sexy Sundays with DJ Eddy Toonflash, all request dance party

DIGNITY EDMONTON (482-6845) • Support community for lesbigay Catholics and friends

DOWN UNDER 12224 Jasper Ave (482-7960) • Steambath

6207) • An organization for gay men and lesbians in business and their non-gay friends to share business knowledge, learn, make friends and network in a positive, proud space where

being yourself is the norm

FREE-TO-BE-VOLLEYBALL Oliver School Gym, SE Entrance, 10227-118 St (444-5673) • Mixed recreational volleyball league catering to the GLBT • Wed (7:30-9:30pm) (Sept.-May) • \$3 (drop-in)/\$20 (term)/\$40 (year)

GAY MEN'S OUTREACH CREW (GMOC) 45, 9912-106 St (488-0564) • Peer education initiative for gay/bisexual men that works toward preventing the spread of HIV by improving self-esteem

HIV NETWORK OF EDMONTON SOCIETY 105, 10550-102 St (488-5742) • Programs and support services for people affected and infected by HIV/AIOS and related illnesses. Counselling, referrals, support groups, harm reduction, education, advocacy and public awareness campaigns

ICARE 702A, 10242-105 St (448-1768) • www.icarealberta.org • The Interfaith Centre for AIDS/HIV Resources and Education (formerly Interfaith Association on AIDS) provides spiritual support and connections for those affected by HIV/AIDS

ILLUSIONS SOCIAL CLUB GLCCE, Suite 45, 9912-106 St • Meetings every second Thursday each month

INSIDE/OUT U of A Campus • Campus-based organization for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and queer (EGBTQ) faculty, graduate student, academic, straight allies and support staff • Third Thu each month (fall/winter terms): Speakers Series. Contact Kris (kwells@ualberta.ca) or Manone (mwonham@ualberta.ca) for schedule

United Church, 11148-84 Ave (474-0753) • Every Sun (7pm): Worship services. Serving the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered community

LUTHERANS CONCERNED www.lcna.org (426-0905) • A spintual community which gathers monthly for shanng, friendship, individual support and a safe space for our own spiritual questions

MADELEINE SANAM FOUNDATION Faculté St. Jean, 8406
Mane-Anne Gaboury (91 St) Rm 3-18 (490-7332) • Program
for HIV-AIDS prevention, treatment and harm reduction in
French, English and other African languages • Every 3rd and
4th Sat (9am-5pm) • Free (member)/\$10 (membership) •
Pre-register

MAKING WAYS SWILLIAMS CIUS

www.geocrties.com/makingwaves_edm • Recreational and competitive swimming with coaching, beginners ericouraged to participate. Socializing after practices • Every Tue and Thu

MEN TALKING WITH PRIDE (488-3234) • Every Sun (7pm): A safe, supportive, confidential discussion group talking about all gay related issues, for men at any stage of coming out • Free • talkingwithpide@hotmail.com

TON (429-2321) • Weekly non-denominational church ser-

PFLAG GLCCE, Suite 45, 9912-106 St (462-5958) • Meetings every third Tuesday of the month at 7:30pm • Support/education for parents, families and friends of lesbians/gays/bisexuals transgenders

POLICE LIAISON COMMITTEE (421-2277/1-877-882-2011, ext. 2038) • Edmonton Police Service and the gay and lesbian community

PRIDE CENTRE 10010-109 St = Grand opening = Fri, Apr. 8 (6-8pm) = Free

PRIME TIMERS (426-7019) • Meetings every second Sunday of the month at 3pm. A social group for gay/bisexual men over 40 and their friends

(990-0038) • Lesbian and gay bar/restaurant

THE ROOST 1034S-104 St (426-3150) • Open Sun-Thu 8pm-3am, Fn-Sat 8pm-4am • Wed: Amateur strip with Weena Luv, Sticky Vicky, DJ Alvaro • Thu: Rotating shows. Sticky's open stage and the Weakest Link game second and last Thursday with DJ Jazzy • Fri: Upstairs: Euro Blitz: New European music with DJ Outtawak Downstairs: DJ Jazzy • Sat: Every Sat like new years: Upstairs: Monthly theme parties with DJ Jazzy Downstairs: New music with DJ Dan and Mike • Sun: Betty Ford Hangover Clinic Show: Every long weekend with DJ Jazzy • Tue-Thu \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-

member); Fri-Sat \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-member); Sun \$2 STEAMWORK\$ 11745 Jasper Ave (451-5554) • Steambaths

open daily (24hrs)
TRANSMERRING/TRANSCERIOUS SUPPORT CREATE

egret@hotmail.com • Meetings every fourth Tuesday of the month • Information and mutual support for transgendered people in an open, friendly and safe environment. Open to transsexuals, transvestites, cross-dressers, drag queens/kings

WOODY\$ 11723 Jasper Ave (488-6557) • Open Daily (noon) • Sat-Wed: Karaoke with Annie and Tizzy (7-12pm) • Tue, Sat-Sun: Pool tournaments

YOUTH UNDERSTANDING YOUTH 45, 9912-106 St • www.members.shaw.ca/yuy • Every Sat (7-9pm) • An adult facilitated social/support group for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered, and straight youth under the age of 25

SPECIAL EVENTS

THE AMAZING JOHN X'C SHOW Red Strap Market, 10305-97 St (497-2211) • Tightrope walking and tuba music • Sat. Apr. 2 (2-4pm) • Free

BIRTH AND BABY FAIR Wellington Hall, 13440-132 St (479-6406) • Fundraiser for The Doula Association of Edmonton • Sat, Apr. 2 (10-2pm)

BODY AND SOUL AND SPIRIT EXPO Shaw Conference Centre, 9797 Jasper Ave (1-877-560-6830) • Featuring exhibits, lectures, alternative therapies, yoga, astrology and psychics • Apr. 1-3

BRUNCH WITH THE BISHOPS Foundation of Newman Theological College, St. Joseph Seminary, 15611 St. Albert Trail (447-2993) • Mass with Archbishop Thomas Collins and Emeritus Joseph MacNeil • Sun, Apr. 3 (9:30am mass/10:30am brunch) • \$15

CYBERNAUGHTYKA Red Strap Art Market, 10305-97 St • Cabaret of expenmental music, art, and fashion; a fundraiser for HIV Edmonton featuring Agape Ray Gun, Marc Ladouceur and Bob Jahrig, Laura Singh, Dead City Serpents, Middle Aged Crazies, Babe Lloyd and the Wheel of Meat, Bill Carley, Amazing John, and more • Fri, Apr. 1 (7pm door, 8pm show) • \$10 (door)

DINNER AND ANTIQUES Multicultural Hentage Centre,
Stony Plain (963-2777) • Dinner, musical entertainment and
antiques and collectibles with Dawn and Bill • Fri, Apr. 1
(6:30pm cocktails, 7pm dinner)

USIKU YA UTAMADUMI WA AFRIKA International Centre, 172 Hub Mall, U of A Campus (433-3533) • Food, fashion, music and dance from Africa presented by the students of Swahili 112 • Thu, Mar. 31 (7:30-9:30pm) • Free

WOMEN'S HEALTH AND SEXUALITY FILM FESTIVAL Rm 1-09, Business Building, U of A Campus (492-2743) • Heroines: The Photographic Obsession of Lincoln Clarkes; Thu, Mar. 31 (7pm) • The Naked Feminist, talks on the ways in which feminists can reappropriate the "sex show" for their own politicized aims; Fri, Apr. 1 (7pm) • Free

KARAOKE

AVENUE PIZZA 8519-112 St (432-0536) • Every Thu (9:30pm)

B-STREET 11818-111 Ave (414-0545) • Every Wed-Sun (9pm): with Brad Scott

BANKER'S PUB 16753-100 St (406-5440) • Every Fri-Sat (9pm-1am): Off-Key Entertainment with Ken

BILLY BOB'S Continental inn, 16625 Stony Plain Rd (484-7751) • Every Thu/Fri/Sat (9:30pm): with Escapade

BILLY BUDD'S 9839-63 Ave (438-1148) • Every Sat (9:30pm)

BLUE QUALL 326 Saddleback Rd (434-3124) • Every Fn/Sat (10pm)

BORDERLINE PUB 3226-82 St (462-1888) • Every Thu-Sat (9:30pm)

BUD'S LOUNGE St. Albert (458-3826) • Every Fri-Sat (9:30pm-1:30am)

CAMELOT SPORTS BAR 10231-95 St (425-4298) • Every Sun (8pm): Hosted by Jeannie

CEILI'S IRISH PUB 10338-109 St (426-5555) • Jameoke • Every Sat (9pm)

CLAREVIEW PUB Victoria Trail, 132 Ave (414-1111) • Every Tue (9:30pm-2am)

CLIFF CLAYVIN'S 9710-105 St (424-1614) • Every Fri/Sat (10pm)

DOYLE'S PUB 2619-151 Ave (473-1961) • Every Fri/Sat

(9:30pm): with Stone Rock **DUSTER'S PUB** 6402-T18 Ave (474-5554) • Karaoke ever

FIRST CITY SPORTS LOUNGE 10136-100 St (428-3399) • Every Sun (10pm) with Mr. Entertainment

FRANCO'S 14059 Victoria Trail (478-4636) . Every Thu-Sat

(9pm): with Debra-Fae

FUNKY BUDDHA 10341-82 Ave (433-9676) • Every Sun
(9:30pm): with Scott

GAS PUMP 10166-114 St (488-4841) • Every Tue/Wed

HILLVIEW PUB 311 Woodvale Rd. W. Millwoods (462-

0468) • Every Fri/Sat (9:30-1am)

(8:30pm): Name that tune

JIMMY RAY'S 15211-111 Ave (486-3390) . Every Fn/Sat

KELLY'S 11540 Jasper Ave (451-8825) • Every Sun/Wed **KINGSKNIGHT PUB** 9221-34 Ave (433-2599) • Greedy

Bastard Thursdays

L.B.'S 23 Akins Dr, St. Albert (460-9100) • Every Tue/Thu

LEGENDS PUB 6104 172 St • Karaoke every Thu

MARK'S BACK PUB 13403 Fort Rd (406-5152) • Every Fri/Sat (9pm): with Peggy Sue

MICHAEL'S 11730 Jasper Ave (482-4767) • Every Mon

ORLANDO'S & 15163-121 St (457-1195) • Every Wed-Thu

(9pm-2am): Off-Key Entertainment with Nicole

ORLANDO'S II 13509-127 St (451-7799) • Every Tue/Weo
(9pm)

OVERLAND RESTAURANT 12960 St. Albert Tr (454-0667)

• Every Fri/Sat (9pm): Off-Key Entertainment with Comme

PEPPERS Westmount Centre, St. Albert Trail, 111 Ave (451-8022) • Every Thu

with Kriegs from Stone Rock Productions

RATTLESNAKE SALOON (438-8878) • Karaoke Carral Tue

RATT U of A Campus (492-2048) • Karaoke Wednesdays

Sat hosted by Mr. Entertainment

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STRATHEARN PUB 9514-87 St (465-5478) • Every Wed/Fe (9pm)

TODAY'S 5224-86 St (465-6223) • Every Erl/Sat (9pm-1am)
WINSTONS PUB 9016-132 Ave (457-4883) • Every
Wed/Fri/Sat (9:30-m-1am)

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VUEWEEKLY



BY ANDREA NEMERSON

Avoid rage

Dear Andrea:

I've been dating this guy a little over two months. I really like him and think we have potential. We do live over an hour apart, but that's no problem. For the last month and a half he's being going through some stress and feeling really down, so we haven't seen each other. I understand, but at the same time I'm becoming irritated. I want to see where this relationship can go. I'm wondering if I should say something about it, and if so, how?

Love, Counting the Days

Dear Days:

It doesn't matter how you say it, as long as you say it soon. Yikes. I'm not the only one getting a bad, sinking feeling here, right? I think you know this isn't going anywhere, and I think that's why you're so reluctant to bring it up—nobody wants to hear bad news. Heck, I don't want to hear bad news either, but honey, have you done the math? Did you really mean to tell me you've been "seeing" this guy a little over two months, in other words, approximately nine weeks, and he's been avoiding you for six of them? I really hate to add to the hype surrounding a not-that-interesting book that's been painfully over-flogged already, but... may I suggest a quick flip through He's Just Not That Into You? Maybe they've got it at the library.

Love, Andrea

Wired science

Dear Andrea:

My (fairly new) relationship is exclusive in practice but open in theory, at least

until last week when he hooked up with a mutual friend at a conference. Since then I've found myself jealous of his friendships with other women. I like the idea of openness but wonder: if I'm jealous, does that mean I'm just not wired for this?

Love, Half-Open

Dear Half:

I noticed that your e-mail's subject line was "nature or nurture?" My answer to that question is always "both," but not in equal measure. Some traits are clearly more naturish, others more obviously acquired, and this one skews toward the "born that way." It's obvious to me by now that there are people who are "wired" for monogamy, just as there are those who find forsaking all others inconceivable but are quite good at keeping all the other standard promises of coupledom. There are people who can spread that true love around (the "amory" part of polyamory), and people who need an exclusive, twoperson emotional bond but like to roll around with somebody else's body now and then. If I'm right, and these and all their variations are natural inclithe difference between "I have no feelings about what you do" and "I have no feelings about you?" See? Creeeeeeeepy.

It's important, though, to pay attention to what inspires your jealousy fits, what kind of jealousy we're talking about here (jealousy is a genus, not a species), and whether it's a tamable beast or a rampaging monster. Is the bad feeling coming from fear of losing your partner, of failing to measure up to the competition, of missing all the fun? is it just general insecurity? Is it actually not jealousy at all, but dismay at hearing after the fact that your boyfriend apparently decided unilaterally that it was time to make a longstanding fantasy ("Let's have an open relationship!") into a reality while out of town and away from your sphere of influence?

All of these feelings are perfectly reasonable and quite dealable-with, except when they aren't. If you two sit down and make some general rules (do not get suckered into believing that you can predict and codify every possible future situation and reaction—that way lies madness, or at least divorce) and then obey them, checking

The utter lack of jealously evinced by some of your noisier non-monogamists kind of creeps me out—how can you tell the difference between "I have no feelings about what you do" and "I have no feelings about you?" See? Creeeeeeeepy.

nations, then little good can come of trying to force yourself (or worse, your partner) to buck the trend.

Which kind are you, though? I couldn't tell you, and I suspect that you couldn't tell me yet, either. It's too new, too unexplored; it would be better just to look around a while and figure out the territory. First, though, you must expunge from your consciousness any assumption that feeling jealous means that you are not suited for polyamory, or polysexory, or whatever it is you're trying to achieve here. Jealousy is not bad! I kind of like it! The utter lack of jealously evinced by some of your noisier non-monogamists kind of creeps me out—how can you tell

in often and negotiating as you go, and you still feel like ripping his guts out and draping them about the city walls as a warning to outsiders, chances are that you are not cut out for this.

Love, Andrea

P.S.: As reluctant as I am to plug He's Just Not That Into You at this point, that's how eager I am to flog Easton and Liszt's The Ethical Slut. It may be the only book on this exact subject, but it's also the best. •

Andrea Nemerson writes and teaches in San Francisco. You can e-mail her a question at andrea@altsexcolumn.com.

artist to artist

Artistic Director required for semi-professional non-profit theatre co. Two/three productions a season. Directing opportunities. Ph Bob 454-8606.

Erato Collective looking for poets with experience in other art forms i.e. dance, theatre, music, visual arts. Mel 232-8122.

Local artist seeks males to play submissive roles in a video/performance piece. Contact: stupechubaby@hotmail.com. Serious replies only.

Call to Enter ArtsHab Studio Gallery features guest artists. Incl: Proposal (w/physical desc., special requirements); 10 slides/photos; CV; Artist statement. Ph Tim 423-2966.

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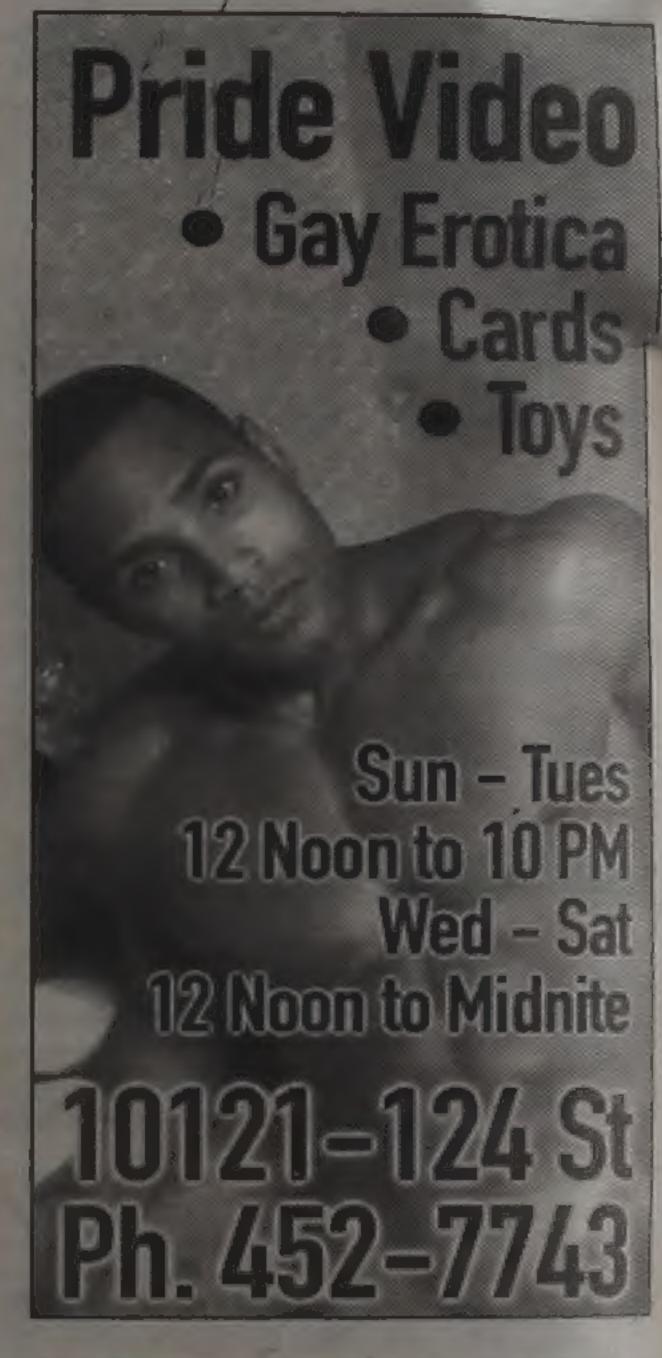
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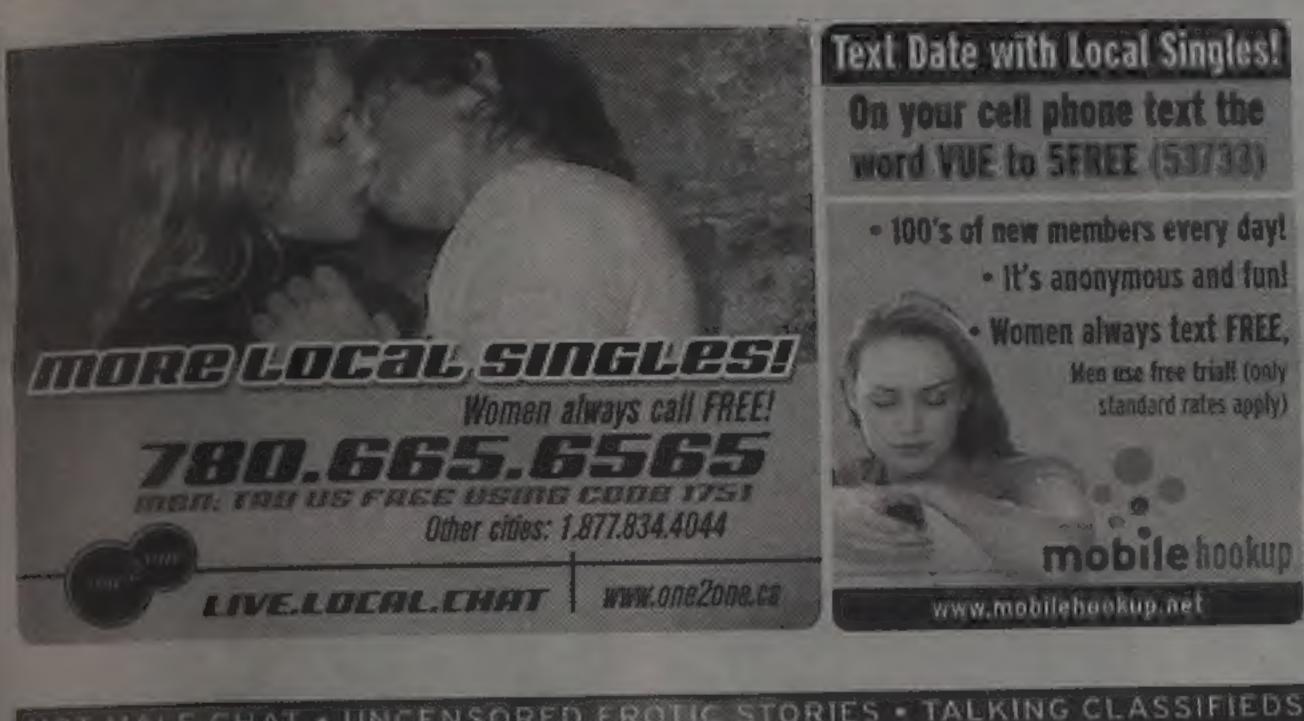
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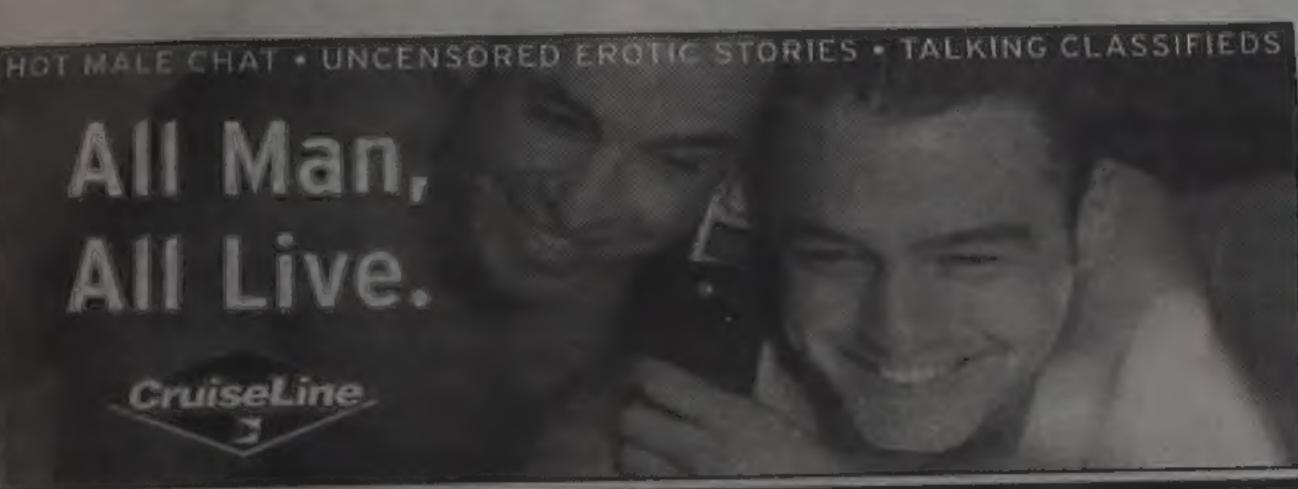
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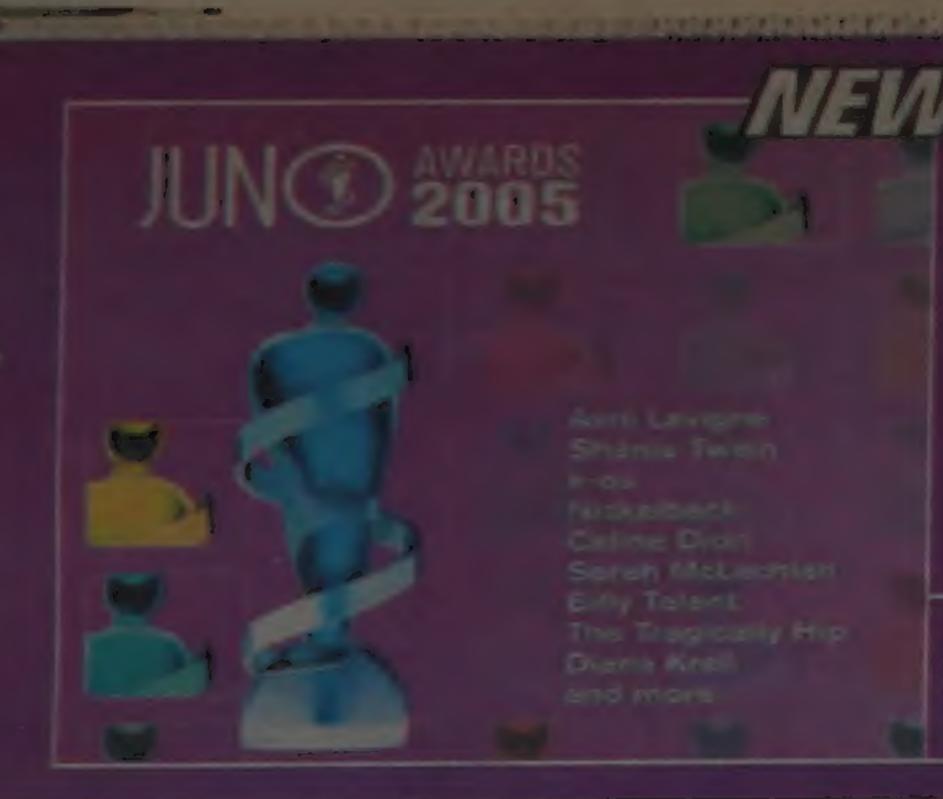
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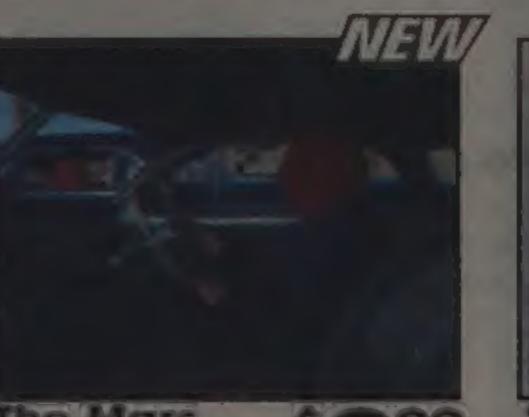
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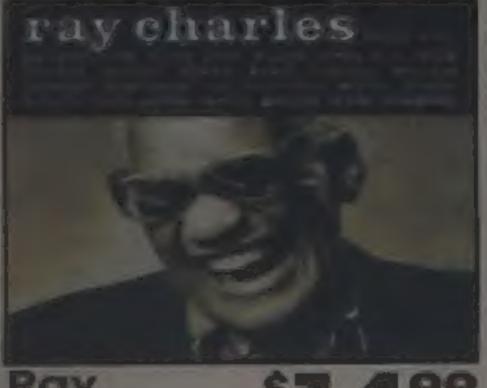
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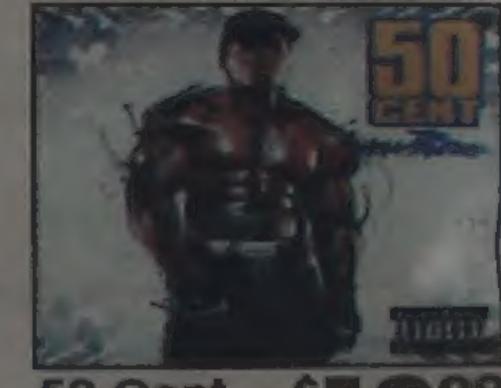
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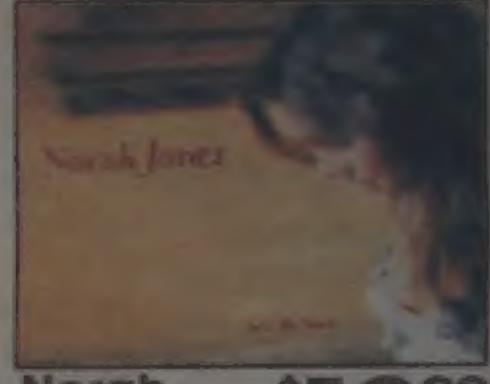
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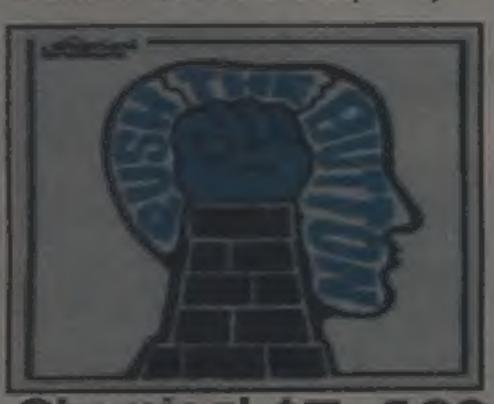
Norah Jones Feels Like Home



Motley Crue Red White & Crue



Ben Harper \$" Blind Boys Of Alabama Live At the Apollo Push The Button



Chemical Brothers



Joss Stone \$7 999 Mind Body



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Big Shiny Tunes 9



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Michael Buble



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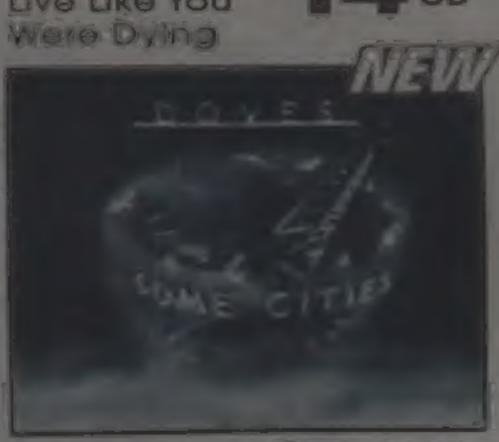
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